

THIRTY CENTS





At a sidewalk cafe in downtown Buenos Aires

Why you'll fall in love with Buenos Aires as you once did with Paris



B.A. landmark
A love affair with a city is all too rare a thing. You shared one once with Paris. You will share one with B.A.

In Paris, though, you never fell in love to gaucho guitars. You never saw *pato*—a kind of basketball played on horseback.

Or cruised along canals in your own private launch. You can only do those things in B.A.

You can be doing them the very first day of your vacation if you fly with Panagra's overnight El Inter Americano DC-8 Jets. Round-trip Jet Economy fare from Miami to Buenos Aires is only \$578. Or, enjoy a 3-week tour of five countries for as little as \$934—including jet fare.

B.A.—or, to use her full name, La Ciudad y Puerto de Santa María de los Buenos Aires—is a very big town. The longest street in the world is here. So

is the widest street. And the biggest opera stage.

But, for all its bigness, B.A. is a town full of little delights. Like the little hats our horses must wear in the summer—it's a law.

Like the little outdoor theater in the waterfront quarter called La Boca. It's on a street fenced off at one end. People lean out of windows, gather on balconies, laugh, shout, ad lib.

After the show, go along with the crowd to "The Little Fish"—a delightful seafood spot. Or grab a cab to *La Cebolla*. Here, Chateaubriand King Edward VII, the fanciest steak in the house, will set you back about \$1.50.

Set aside a day for the gaucho cookout called an *asado*. You'll find it just outside B.A. on the pampas. There's wine, and folk dancing—and *Gaucho at teatime*.



a cool Southern breeze called the *pampero* ruffling your hair.

Ready to go? So are we, with the most frequent jets to Peru, Chile, Argentina. No change of plane over the



Pato—a wild game with a six-handled ball
routes of National/Pan Am/Panagra.

Panagra is the only U.S. airline that specializes only in South American travel. We can help you stretch your time and money. See a travel agent, or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

Write for free tour folders to Panagra, Room T-33, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y. For our 130-page guide to South American sights, shopping, restaurants, hotels, enclose 25¢.

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puts himself in your shoes!

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in the Yellow Pages.

ANOTHER LONG-DISTANCE-FOR-PROFIT CASE HISTORY



"Long Distance helped us gross over \$500,000 in one week!"

—says Mac Kaplan, President, Sunnyvale Industries, New York City

How do you tell the story of a big, new advertising promotion—last—to 9000 retailers all over the country, so they can stock up to meet demand?

Sunnyvale Industries did it *by telephone*—and sold a record volume of its new line of "Pat Perkins" dresses.

Briefed on telephone selling by telephone company experts, Sunnyvale salesmen called their retailers, told them when the advertising would

break and urged them to protect themselves with adequate stocks.

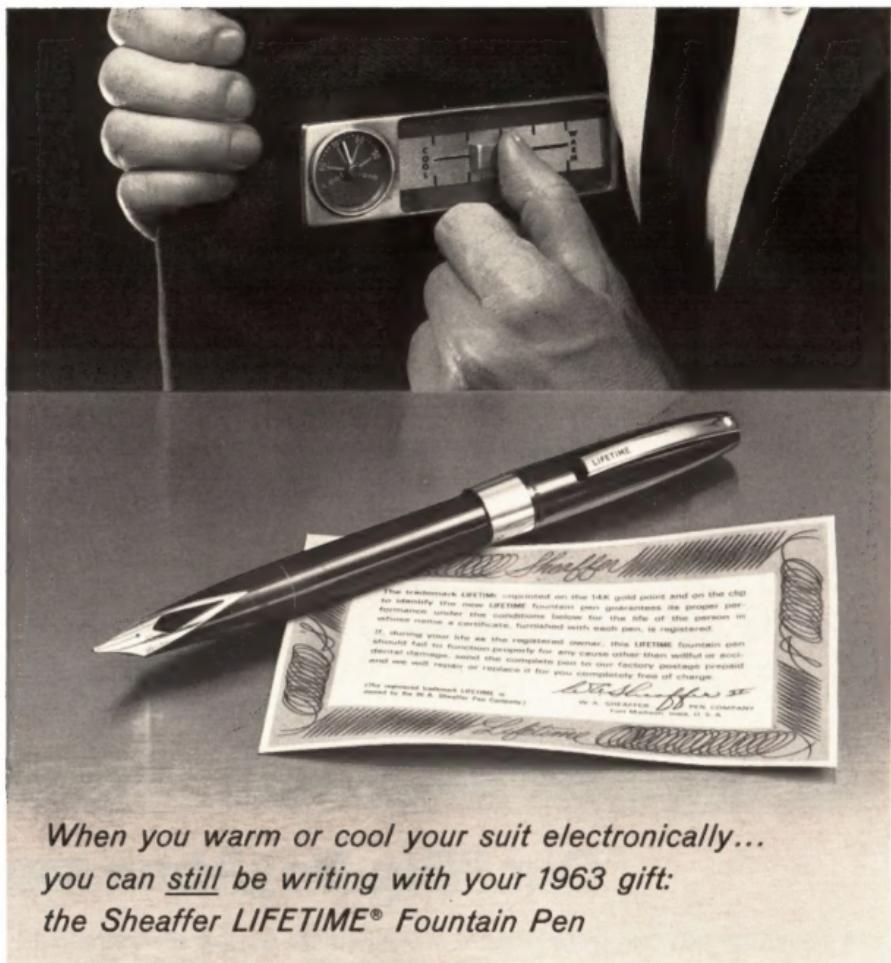
"We wrote more than \$500,000 worth of business in the first week," says Mr. Kaplan. "Our volume was easily nine times as large as it might have been if we had depended on field visits alone. Long Distance is a great sales tool!"

Long Distance can produce extra sales and profits for *you*, too. Put it to work today!



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance pays off! Use it now...for all it's worth!



When you warm or cool your suit electronically...
 you can still be writing with your 1963 gift:
 the Sheaffer LIFETIME® Fountain Pen

Sheaffer introduces the one pen so nearly perfect it's guaranteed for life.

Please give the 14K gold point its 24th inspection. (The Sheaffer craftsmen have already checked the point 23 separate times during its manufacture.) Notice how the point curves upward? Just as an expert skater meets ice at the correct angle for relaxed gliding, so this Turned-up Tip meets paper. At an exclusive angle that moves the pen forward almost effortlessly. Flexibly. The final Sheaffer "Smooth-Test" even resembles skating. The inspector writes a series of "figure-8's" with the point. The slightest drag, and it's rejected. Judge your signature with this Turned-up Tip by your toughest standards.

We sincerely believe you'll experience such a smooth writing sensation you'll never want another pen (even in the 21st Century).

Don't you know someone who deserves a gift as fine as the Sheaffer LIFETIME Fountain Pen?

This modern fountain pen fills quickly, cleanly, and surely with a leakproof Skrip cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50. With matching pencil \$20.00. Now in a night-blue gift box at your fine pen dealer's.

© 1963 W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Ft. Madison, Ia.



SHEAFFER'S

... all you need to know about a pen



Our "Big Boy" box car

WE call it "BIG BOY" because it *is* big — the largest box car, we believe, ever built for regular service on any railroad in the world. Why so big? So it can haul more freight at *less* cost. So it can save money for *you!* For, never forget, the person at the end of the line who picks up the tab for freight transportation charges is you, the consumer.

"BIG BOY" is only one of our ever-growing *big fleet* — the largest in the South — of new, cost-cutting special-purpose freight cars. Most of them were developed by

Southern. In the past few years we have spent hundreds of millions of dollars for new customer-tailored freight cars, new diesel engines, modern electronic yards and for other cost-cutting equipment and improvements. We try to share with you the savings in cost that result from our improved railroad technology. But our efforts to lower our freight prices are often blocked by outmoded, discriminatory regulation.

The public — that's you — will save huge sums of money with the enactment of Presi-

GIANT ECONOMY SIZE



saves you money!

dent Kennedy's reduced freight rates legislation (commonly called "minimum rates" legislation) now before Congress. All common carriers—rail, highway and waterway—will have freedom to reduce rates on agricultural products and bulk commodities such as coal, grain, sand, gravel, salt and sugar.

This will help lower your cost of living. Small shippers will be helped, too, because this is "small shipper" legislation that will give them the same advantages large shippers now have.

In the national interest—in *your* pocket-book interest—write your Congressman to support H.R. 4700 and your Senators to support S. 1061. This is public interest legislation that can help lower your transportation bills by several billion dollars each year.

D.W. Bishop
PRESIDENT

**SOUTHERN
RAILWAY SYSTEM**

WASHINGTON, D.C. SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH





SONY MICRO-TV... DESIGNED FOR THE TRAVELER

As portable as a briefcase and not quite as large, the remarkable new 25-transistor SONY Micro-TV is ready to go anywhere, anytime. No longer need you miss your favorite program or events of international importance. With the Television of the Future in your luggage, watching TV is as easy as turning a switch, because Micro-TV operates on its own rechargeable battery, on a 12v auto/boat electrical system or AC. A feather-

er-light 8 lbs., it is hardly larger than a telephone, and includes a host of Space Age electronic "firsts" such as epitaxial transistors in the power supply, 70" picture tube with low-drain electron gun, Synchro-Noise Suppressor circuit to permit operation in the back of a moving auto*, and close-up viewing with all controls handy. Price is only \$189.95. Rechargeable battery, accessories extra.

*Before installing or using a TV set in an automobile, check with your Motor Vehicle Bureau to verify permissibility.

SONY

RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



TR-817—8-transistor pocketable with on-off button, pop-in battery chamber, tuning meter. With battery, earphone, case, extra antenna. \$39.95.



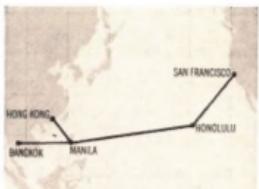
TFM-65—9-transistor FM/AM portable adapts to auto use with optional bracket. Jack for auto antenna. In black, cream, turquoise, complete with batteries. \$79.95. Auto bracket \$12.95.



TR-730—7-transistor miniature beautifully designed and boxed for gift giving. Black or bone white and gold. With battery, earphone, case. \$29.95.

SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA • 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Your first trip to the Orient? Jet there in Sampaguita style (Only Philippine Air Lines has it)!



Get the Most Out of Your Trip

Without spending one extra penny of air fare, you can visit Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong, Bangkok, return via Taipei and Tokyo... all for the jet economy round-trip fare to Bangkok. And you'll have more time to enjoy it all—because you fly jet all the way! Let your travel agent show you how to see *more* of the Orient for no extra air fare when you fly on Philippine Air Lines.

A Pioneer of Trans-Pacific Service
Philippine Air Lines has a long record of dependability. There is a PAL plane in the air every minute of the day. You'll soar the Pacific in a magnificent PAL DC-8 fan jet—the newest and longest range commercial jet in the air today. And PAL has one of the most extensive maintenance systems in the Far East, servicing U.S. Military planes and other international air lines as well as its own.

Superb Service—Sumptuous Meals

Whether you fly first class or economy, you can really luxuriate in PAL's famous Sampaguita Service*. You step into the atmosphere of the Orient the moment you board a PAL flight. Ask for your favorite cocktail in almost any language (your flight attendants speak several). The food on Philippine Air Lines is truly superb—you are served the kind of sumptuous entrees you'd expect to enjoy in the world's finest restaurants. And nothing in the air surpasses the thoughtful personal attentions of Sampaguita Service*.



Looking for Excitement?

If you want to see the unusual don't miss the Philippines—a part of the Orient you'll never forget. You'll dis-



Hugao rice terraces, Philippines.

cover in these 7,000 islands a fascinating mixture of Spanish influences and Polynesian culture dating back 3,000 years. And Hong Kong is only an hour and 45 minutes away.

More Good Reasons to Fly PAL
There's no extra air fare for your flight to San Francisco if you wish to start your trip from Los Angeles, Portland or Seattle. And PAL has six fabulous tours of the Orient to choose from, all expenses included. Ask your travel agent about PAL's attractive pay-later plan.

To learn more about PAL's services, mail the coupon, or contact your travel agent—or KLM, General Sales Agent for Philippine Air Lines.

* The hallmark of gracious Philippine hospitality.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



KLM, GENERAL SALES AGENT FOR PAL IN U.S.A.



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Please send me your complimentary folders with more information on the Orient and PAL's Sampaguita Service.*

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CINEMA

The postmark is an actual reproduction.



You get big, year-long coverage of the small town market for about the cost of one page in a major mass magazine. For less than \$34,000, your 9"x12" unit will appear in 10 issues of *GRIT* . . . reaching and selling 900,000 families with frequency and impact. Economy? You said it! About \$2 per town for a year's campaign.



Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.

Grit Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit;
In Los Angeles and San Francisco—Doyle & Hawley Division, The Katz Agency

To Kill a Mockingbird. Gregory Peck's Oscar-winning performance as Atticus Finch is good, but the kids, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford and John Megna almost steal the show in this pleasant screen version of the Pulitzer Prizewinning novel.

Lazarillo. Based on a 1554 Spanish novel, Lazarillo is a sort of 16th century *Huckleberry Finn* which details the misadventures of its young hero as he pits wits and wiles against a world of unscrupulous adults.

Mondo Cane. The bite of this documentary of depravity is even worse than its bark: the thesis that the world has gone to the dogs.

Lafayette. The main reason for seeing this Louis XVI version of the American Revolution is to watch what happens when the French try to give U.S. audiences a taste of their own wide-screen. Technicolor medicine, Orson Welles, in a Father Knickerbocker suit and a frenzied-fright wig is hilarious as Benjamin Franklin in one of the film's few intentionally comic scenes.

The Stripper. William Inge's play, *A Loss of Roses*, comes to the screen with a title that will infuriate customers hoodwinked into thinking they are going to see a sequel to *Gypsy*. The locale is the same familiar tank-town-in-summer that is the favorite setting for Problem pictures; who would guess what was going on inside the tacky little white house there behind the hydrangea bushes? Who, really, would care?

Fiasco in Milan. This one takes up where *Big Deal on Madonna Street* leaves off, with Comic Carlo Pisacane trying desperately to keep his tapeworm living in the style to which it has become accustomed. Vittorio Gassman and his *Madonna Street* gang wiggle through some funny scenes.

The Man from the Diners' Club. Danny Kaye has got into the clutches of the Jerry Lewis people and is forced to caper through a series of predictable sight gags, but television's Telly Savalas as a murderous mobster almost hijacks the show with his menacing geniality.

Landru. A highly colored documentary on France's World War I Bluebeard who killed ten women for their money. Françoise Sagan's script drips cynicism, but Claude Chabrol's provocative camera work and the archly stylized acting of the cast (Charles Denner, Danièle Darrieux, Michèle Morgan) manage to make it worthwhile.

How the West Was Won. The wrap-around wonders of Cinerama embrace huge chunks of U.S. history in a spectacle that is part pageant, part shoot-'em-up and part travelogue. A stampede of stars compete with a herd of buffaloes, and comes off second best.

Love Is a Ball. The ball is filled with hot air, but Hope Lange and Glenn Ford keep it bouncing all along the Riviera.

The Birds. The sea gulls will get you, if you don't watch Hitchcock.

The Ugly American. Ambassador Brando, in a Ronald Colman mustache and a Fred Astaire top hat, matches ideologies with a native revolutionist in faraway South Sarkan. Most of the Americans involved in this fanciful adaptation of the

Don't bother to read this ad. Just taste Chivas Regal.

Since you're paying no attention to our first suggestion, maybe we can get you to act on the second.

Why should you taste Chivas Regal?

After all, the world is full of Scotches. All good. Many excellent. Some great.

We'd like you to judge for yourself the remarkable smoothness of Chivas Regal.

Many people consider it to be the smoothest whisky of all. (Or, bluntly, "the best Scotch in the world.")

Sip a little, neat.

This is the sure test of the quality of a Scotch.

You won't find a trace of "bite." You'll have no tendency to gasp or shudder.

Chivas Regal goes down毫不hesitatingly. As smoothly as honey.

What's the secret?

It's not that we won't tell you. We can't. We don't know. Age has a lot to do with it, though...

Every drop of Chivas Regal is twelve years old.

We ship old sherry casks from Spain to add a touch of distinction to the aging. (At a cost, we might add, of £35 the cask.)

And we own the oldest known distillery in the Scottish Highlands.

We don't even know exactly how old the Strathisla-Glenlivet Distillery is. The Laird of Findlater and Seatfield signed a charter assigning its lease in 1786. And there's one in one of the granary bins that's dated 1695.)

But we do know that our distillery produces a prize whisky for Chivas Regal.

There are many things that make it so.

Such as the clear water we draw from our springs.

The quality of the barley.

And the pure, fresh Highland air.

Then (hushed voices, please!) there's the skill of our Blenders.

By nose alone, they judge if

the whisky is fit to be called Chivas Regal.

If they're still in doubt, they moisten their hands with the whisky and cup them over their nose. This test is infallible.

Provided you own a Blender's nose.

Now, many people ask us, Is Chivas Regal a "light" Scotch?

Yes, it is.

But don't imagine that "lightness" has anything to do with strength. Chivas Regal is 86 proof, like most other Scotches.

And don't think that "lightness" has anything to do with color.

A "light" Scotch is a smooth Scotch.

And smooth Chivas Regal most certainly is.

As we started to tell you, don't bother to read this advertisement...

Oh, well. Too late.



positively crackles with masculinity!



That Man'
a man's man's cologne
by REVOLN

(also after-shave lotion)

Burdick-Lederer novel are so lacking in charm that it is hard to decide just who is the ugliest.

Bye Bye Birdie. Ann-Margret is almost convincing as she sings and dances through the story about a small-town chick who tangles with a rock-n-roll rooster and nearly loses some tail feathers. All the songs from the Broadway original are here, but most of the life in *Birdie* seems to have flown the coop.

The Balcony. Jean Genet's allegory of life as a bawdyhouse where men buy illusions at the price of their masculinity. Shelley Winters is the madam.

I Could Go On Singing. Members of the Judy Garland Underground will love this more-than-slightly biographical story about a famous singer who goes to London to sing, gets involved in a child-custody wrangle, ends up on the lonely side of the rainbow.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 8

Israel—It Is No Fable (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A special documentary look at Israel, including an interview with Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion.

The Dick Van Dyke Show (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). The show's Creator-Writer-Producer Carl Reiner turns actor for an appearance in this episode called "When a Howling Pin Talks." Listen.

Thursday, May 9

The Twilight Zone (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). An *Outward Bounder* of a story called "Passage on the *Lady Anne*," with Gladys Cooper, Wilfred Hyde-White and Cecil Kellaway.

Friday, May 10

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests Pearl Bailey and Peggy Cass will beard Peter Ustinov. Color.

Saturday, May 11

ABC's Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). A film-clip reprise of the Pan American Games from São Paulo, Brazil.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). In this episode Lawyer Lawrence Preston falls in love with a client (Geraldine Brooks) who is seeking a divorce.

What's Going On Here? (WNET-TV, 9:30 p.m.). Anti-Establishment satire comes to U.S. television in a show patterned on the BBC's *That Was the Week That Was*—a rude, comic look at the news. Performers include Jonathan Miller and Peter Cook from *Beyond the Fringe*; Oh Dad's Barbara Harris, The Establishment's John Bird, Second City's Roger Bowen and others.

Sunday, May 12

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Airport Jam," a discussion of the problems of jet-age airports, including interviews with FAA Administrator Naseeb Halaby and homeowners who live near airports.

Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). James Cagney as Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey in *The Gallant Hours*.

What's Going On Here? (WNET-TV, 9:30 p.m.). *Re-apear* of the Saturday night premiere. (See above.)

The Dinah Shore Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *Re-apear*. E.D.T.

NY 3

Expressly

in Royal Viking style

Only daily jets to COPENHAGEN

transatlantic from New York
transpolar from California

SAS

Scandinavian Airlines System
638 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.
or see your SAS travel agent



VERY EXPENSIVE

And understandably so. Brush Creek is not just a solitary savor, but nine great tobaccos in all! Four are legendary Turkish varieties, and five are the great ones from America! These rare and costly tobaccos are blended so mild, you get all the flavor and aroma you've missed in lesser pipe tobaccos. If you have trouble finding Brush Creek, we'll direct your steps. Send your name and address to Brush Creek, Box 142, Wheeling, W. Va.

TIME: MAY 10, 1963

Haspel days are here again

(Time for the best of all summer clothing)

SUITS FROM \$39.95

SPORT JACKETS FROM \$29.95

HASPEL BROS. INC. NEW ORLEANS U.S.A.

TIME, MAY 10, 1963

NY4



drink it
together
... you'll
never part

BOTTLED, IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, N.Y. N.Y.

STREGA & LIME:

the bewitching after-dinner drink
made with Italy's favorite liqueur

the recipe: combine the juice of one-half lime with crushed ice in an old-fashioned glass. Fill with Strega. Top with a lime twist. Add short straws for gentlefolk.

the pièce de résistance: Strega Liqueur. a unique combination of sunny citrus and more than 70 herbs. Often credited with being a witches brew (it means "witch" in Italian) and the basis for a romantic legend ("enjoy it together, you'll never part").

the reminder: ask for "Stray-ga"—at all the better restaurants and spirit sellers. Italy's original and still Italy's favorite liqueur!

p.m.). An au revoir from Dinah—the last of her regular series (except for re-runs) for a while. Color.

Monday, May 13

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Irene Dunne plays Queen Victoria and Alec Guinness plays Disraeli in *The Mudlark*.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). The second of two parts on Haiti.

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Academy Award Winner Ed Begley is consulting physician in "Hang No Hats on Dreams."

Tuesday, May 14

As Caesar Sees It (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The first silent TV show—Sid Caesar and guests re-create pre-talkies movies (an opportunity for viewers to turn off the sound on the commercials and leave it off).

THEATER

On Broadway

She Loves Me is head over heels in love with love. The musical's sweethearts are Barbara Cook and Daniel Massey, son of Raymond. Carol Haney's dance spoofs and the Sheldon Harnick-Jerry Bock score keep this romantic fairytale spinning gaily.

Rattle of a Simple Man, by Charles Dyer, locks a London floozy and a virginal Manchester clerk in a bedroom and then busily prevents them from going to bed. Stalemated between farce and pathos, the play does not go anywhere either, but Tammy Grimes is a beguiling imp and Edward Woodward a touchingly vulnerable bumpkin.

Mother Courage, by Bertolt Brecht, is intellectual TNT by Broadway standards. In the title role, Anne Bancroft pulls her canteen wagon across the face of Europe during the Thirty Years War and tragically loses her three children. Brecht's reflections on peace and war are deeply ironic, but Anne Bancroft lacks the depth for her part.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill, puts its characters on a kind of verbal couch for 4½ hours, but all of the amateur psychoanalyzing currently seems both comic and a trifle Freudulent. Nevertheless, Star Geraldine Page rings as true as 14 carats.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. There is an improvisational air to this play that lends freshness to a stately familiar genre, the Jewish family comedy. As a youngster with a yen to act, Alan Arkin is rib-splittingly funny.

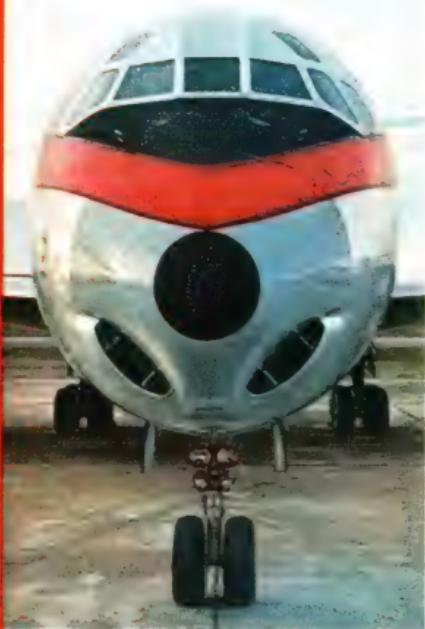
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee. Winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle award as the best play of the year, *Virginia Woolf* detonates a shattering three-act marital explosion that, for savage wit and skill, is unparalleled in the recent annals of the U.S. stage. As the embattled couple, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen enact their roles with magnificent ferocity.

Off Broadway

The Boys from Syracuse. This can't be fluff because it unreels so well—even if it has been 24 years since Abbott, Rodgers and Hart opened it on Broadway, after purloining the mistaken-identity story line from William Shakespeare's *Comedy of*



Who gets even closer,
more personal attention
than a passenger on
Iberia Air Lines?



Me

On every IBERIA flight—New York to Madrid or no matter where—you are important—and you'll be made to feel important. You'll receive gracious personal attention that will make your trip a journey you'll long remember.

Frankly, though, we must admit, the plane gets even more attention than you. IBERIA ground crews are among the finest in the world. IBERIA pilots are highly trained veterans; most of them have over 1,000,000 miles of flight experience.

So remember, if you want the closest, most personal attention possible—fly IBERIA Air Lines of Spain—where only the plane itself gets more attention than you do!

DC-8 Fan Jets daily, except Sunday, from New York to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe. For reservations and complete information, see your travel agent or call your nearest IBERIA ticket office.

Ticket offices now in: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Wash., D. C., Los Angeles, San Francisco, Pittsburgh

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NEW YORK, MADRID, LONDON, PARIS, FRANKFURT, ZURICH, GENEVA, LISBON and other leading cities throughout the world.



The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to cruise through the canals of Holland



BURGEMEESTER van Hall, Mayor of Amsterdam, invites you to cruise Holland's amiable waters—the rivers, the lakes, the canals.

In Amsterdam, the canals wind through the heart of the city. You'll pass the steep-gabled houses built by merchant princes in the 17th Century. You'll see the home in which Rembrandt lived and painted. Age-old trees line the canals.

In Holland, there's water to swim in, to fish in, to sail in. Come to Holland for sailing. It's so inexpensive. A week's sailing for six costs a mere \$200, including a skipper.

If you're a landlubber, the golf courses are superb. (Did you know the Dutch invented

golf?) Good riding, too. Or go bicycling. Everybody does, in Holland.

Holland is a shrewd shopper's dream world. Diamonds. Antiques. Delft china. Fine cigars. Tulip bulbs. Fabrics. You'll enjoy every minute of your bargain hunting in Amsterdam.

And the food? Unsurpassed. The world's best oysters. Pink shrimp no bigger than a peanut. Cheese with breakfast. Indonesian rijsttafel. The Dutch love their food—and so will you.

So plan on Holland this year. The Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester van Hall of Amsterdam.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



The RELAY communications satellite was designed and built for National Aeronautics and Space Administration by RCA.

First Honorary U.S. Citizenship awarded via RELAY Satellite

Satellite designed and built for NASA by RCA provides intercontinental live TV coverage—demonstrates another of the many ways in which you benefit from products at RCA...

Millions of TV viewers in Great Britain and on the European continent watched—while it actually took place—a live telecast of the historic ceremony in Washington, D. C. It was even received behind the Iron Curtain in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

RELAY permitted direct TV contact between North America and Eu-

rope, while viewers of both continents saw honorary citizenship conferred on Britain's wartime leader. News commentators and leaders of the British television industry called this the clearest picture ever seen in a live trans-Atlantic satellite transmission.

Thus, RELAY, the versatile spacecraft designed and built for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center by RCA, added another to more than 500 scientific experiments and demonstrations carried out since its original launching in December 1962.

How RCA makes electrons more useful: Advanced research centers at RCA are working on projects as advanced as live intercontinental telecasts, and as down to earth as your home color TV. These discoveries are then carried into instruments all of us can buy. Result: finer products and services wherever you see the RCA name and trademark.



The Most Trusted Name
in Electronics

TM&SJ®

Errors. Song and skin—but no soots, no sorrows, no sighs.

To the Water Tower. The Second City troupe is unequaled among U.S. revue groups for its acting skill, imaginative verve and satiric intrepidity. It lives up to its own reputation, in this tart hit-and-run raid on Cuba, bomb shelter salesmen, and the fantasy life of after-hour private club cutups.

Six Characters in Search of an Author is quite possibly the best thought-out and most excitingly executed revival of the Pirandello classic ever to be seen in the U.S. Under William Ball's exceptional direction, a topnotch cast responds seismographically to the dramatic shifts between illusion and reality.

RECORDS

Back in Bean's Bag (Coleman Hawkins, Clark Terry; Columbia) was intended as an epochal encounter between Hawkins' tenor sax and Terry's virtuoso trumpet. Then something went wrong; the true soloist turns out to be Tommy Flanagan on piano. During Hawk's flights of fancy, a wildly distorted recording balance hides the horn behind the accompaniment.

Who Is Gary Burton? (RCA Victor) is a question few jazz listeners will be asking a year from now. The answer: a 19-year-old vibraphone player who sounds like Lionel Hampton's sophisticated little brother. He plays with great technique and inventiveness, and behind him is a pluperfect jazz ensemble: Phil Woods, alto sax; Clark Terry, trumpet; John Neves, bass; Joe Morello and Chris Swanson, drums; and of course, Tommy Flanagan, piano.

Orchestra U.S.A. (Colpix) presents the debut of John Lewis' new enterprise, a 30-piece jazz orchestra amazing both for the excellence of its personnel and the flatness of their group performance. Solos by Saxophonist Phil Woods, Trumpeter Herb Pomeroy and Flutist Eric Dolphy far exceed the level of their support.

Red's Good Groove (Red Garland Quintet; Jazzyland) is easy, lyrical and hard-swinging music the boys can all cook to their own taste, and here the choice of the whole group is well done. Blue Mitchell plays the trumpet too prettily, but the rest of the group are drivers: Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; and Garland on piano.

Afro-Bossa (Duke Ellington; Reprise) contains Duke's proof that he was on the scene with something like *bossa nova* when Brazilians and their music were still in Brazil. Duke called it "Afro-Cuban" in those days. Now he calls it "une nouvelle vague exotique" or "gut-bucket bolero." But it still sounds like bird calls.

The Thundering Herds (Woody Herman; Columbia) is a collector's item of three records that covers the progress of the First and Second Herds (Woody's name for his bands) as if Herman were General Patton. The music is the hardest swing ever played by a big band.

Five Feet of Soul (Jimmy Rushing; Colpix) presents the man who inspired the song *Mr. Five by Five*, singing in the warm blues style no one around but Ray Charles would dare attempt. Rushing's songs are all dandies—*Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do, Trouble in Mind and My Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, among others.

Affinity (Oscar Peterson Trio; Verve)

NY7

TIME, MAY 10, 1962



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floral
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is just the word to describe how Peterson and his two sidemen seem to feel about one another's music. Ray Brown's bass and Ed Thigpen's drums give substance to Peterson's filigree piano style.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Lord Byron's Wife, by Malcolm Elwin. A fascinating and scrupulously documented study of a marriage—Byron's to the former Annabella Milbanke—in which the emotional vocabularies of the partners were disastrously different.

Texture of Life, by Hortense Calisher. The obvious is made moving and the clichés eloquent by a skilled technician in this odyssey of early marriage.

The Mercy of God, by Jean Cau. A controversial young French novelist looks with rare insight into the lives of four prisoners racked with guilt.

The Tin Drum, by Günter Grass. In a sprawling first novel, the most inventive talent to come out of Germany since the war presents a comic and seirrurous dwarf's-eye view of the Third Reich.

Speculations About Jakob, by Uwe Johnson. Another gifted young German turns his novelist's eye on the small tensions and concerns of his divided world.

Sky Falls, by Lorenza Mazzetti. Superbly unchildish reminiscences of childhood in wartime Italy, where innocence suffers a memorably brutal death.

The Sin of Father Amara, by Eça de Queiroz. Published in 1874 but now available in the U.S. for the first time, this early novel by Portugal's greatest writer of prose is a chilling and corrosive indictment of the priest-ridden society of Portugal in the 1860s.

What's Become of Waring, by Anthony Powell. First U.S. publication of an early comic novel laid in prewar literary London, which demonstrates that even as a young man Powell had the amused, detached eye and the gift for mimicry so impressively evident in his later, major enterprise, *The Music of Time*.

Best Sellers

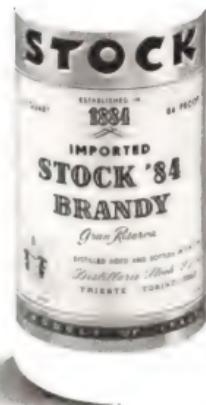
FICTION

1. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters** and **Seymour An Introduction**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (4)
3. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
4. **The Glass-Blowers**, Du Maurier (3)
5. **Grandmother and the Priests**, Caldwell (9)
6. **Triumph**, Wylie (7)
7. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (5)
8. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (8)
9. **The Centaur**, Updike
10. **The Moonflower Vine**, Carleton (10)

NONFICTION

1. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But**, Hopper (2)
2. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
3. **The Fire Next Time**, Baldwin (3)
4. **The Ordeal of Power**, Hughes (5)
5. **The Great Hunger**, Woodham-Smith (9)
6. **O Ye Jigs & Julep**, Hudson (4)
7. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (6)
8. **Forever Free**, Adamsen
9. **The Day They Shook the Plum Tree**, Lewis
10. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (10)

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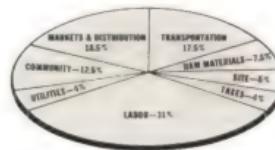
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Improper plant location often means diminishing returns on your capital investment. Thus, site selection without thorough professional analysis can be costly—make profits next to impossible because of the excessive cost of such basic factors as transportation, labor, taxes, power, or a combination of these.

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This chart reveals the C/L "weighted averages" of factors affecting plant location for basic industries. Percentages for your specific industry may differ widely. Cunningham-Limp's depth of experience in this area can provide the facts.



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WAZAMAA

•• Acceptable standard speech is by no means our consistent lot on TV. On *The Untouchables*, for instance, we hear a strange conglomeration of vocal utterances filtering through novocain lips from meaty, scarred faces that send off unfriendly signals consisting mainly of frozen-jawed grimaces: "...WazaMAAdaWi-CHOOT? JuzGiMMEEDa CEAHsh anNObudeeyl ged hOlt! DAAI guyz

Godit! LeMMEEdim... 'And so it goes—Western women with voices deeper than those of the sheriffs they love, detectives with voices higher than those of the criminals they pursue. It's about time TV producers demanded higher standards from lisping, lalling, inarticulate performers... —From a TV GUIDE story by Gilbert A. Schaye. Typical of what you will see in TV GUIDE this week, next

DAWI-CHOO?

week, any week. A rich diversification of viewpoint—differing sharply, sometimes, from our own. All of it about television. In a depth not duplicated anywhere else. For readers with a need to know this medium that so thoroughly dominates American leisure. This week more people will buy TV GUIDE to read about television than will buy any other magazine to read about anything else.



Best-selling weekly magazine in America



15,000 to 20,000 more miles on the original tread compared with average mileage of previous tires is reported by Milk Transport, Inc., New Brighton, Minn.



Improved steering, more mileage and even wear are reported by Jones Motor Co., Spring City, Pa.



Up to 25% more mileage, plus trouble-free service is reported by Killian-McCoy Co., San Antonio, Texas.



Better traction on wet pavement, snow and ice is reported by Southern Paper Box Co., Little Rock, Ark.

WHAT HAS THE BFG EXTRA MILER DONE FOR YOU LATELY?

We knew we had a good thing when we introduced the B.F. Goodrich Extra Miler truck tire a few months ago. Test after test at the Pecos, Texas track proved that this new tire delivered more mileage than any other original equipment quality truck tire tested.

But lately? Well, reports are coming in from commercial fleets that have used Extra Milers under all sorts of operating conditions. One trucker puts it nicely: "It looks like a winner." Another says: "We equip all our new trucks with Extra Miler tires."

This is music to us because we worked hard on the Extra Miler to make it better. We designed an entirely new 3-rib tread

with a broad center rib that wears slowly and evenly. We added our new SUPER-SYN rubber to the tread for more mileage. We developed the unique "Big H" tread pattern of precisely angled traction edges that give up to 22% more traction on wet pavement.

If the BFG Extra Miler hasn't done anything for you lately, chances are it's because you haven't yet tried a set. Next time you buy tires for replacement or new equipment, specify B.F. Goodrich Extra Milers.

Or better yet, phone us now. We're in the Yellow Pages under Tires. We'll be proud to tell you more about the Extra Miler, and what it can do for you. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich

That distinguished gentleman to the right stands in Brasilia, Brazil, in the President's "back yard." And what a back yard it is!

Pardon us, Senor, is the President in?

Properly speaking, the Brasilian Presidential residence is called the Palace of Dawn and — like just about everything in Brasilia, from the Legislative buildings and Palace of Justice to the vast ministries and residential blocks, designed for 500,000 people — is of an architectural splendor to rival anything in the world. (Including the Taj Mahal.) And, incredibly, it was all built in the middle of nowhere in five years.

If you'd like to wander around in the President's back yard — and all of Brasilia — just speak to your Travel Agent about Braniff's 21-day "Around South America" Tour.

Brasilia is just one of the wonders you'll encounter. Others: Lima and Cuzco, Peru (where you can stroll through the back yard of Inca Emperors); Machu Picchu, the Inca city that got lost for 3½ centuries; Santiago, Chile; Buenos Aires and an Argentine ranch; Montevideo, Uruguay (you'll see why diplomats arrange to get together there); Sao Paulo, Brazil, the "surprise" city of South America. All rounded off with 3 days in Rio de Janeiro. (Don't blame us if you decide to pack up and move there for good.)

If you can't spare 21 days, we have other tours — including a 14-day jewel. If you have an extra week to live it up, we have a 28-day tour — on the grand scale. In any event, fill out our coupon and see your Travel Agent. Everything will be arranged for you: hotels, guides, translators, currency exchanges, excursions, etc. Come along, soon.

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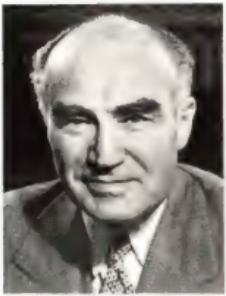


Abstract Sculpture by Maria Martins: Palacio da Alvorada; Brasilia, Brazil.

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HENRY R. LUCE

those of personal motivation (the trials of Richard Burton, the hopes of Cassius Marcellus Clay) to those of highest practicality (how better cars are built, better farms are run, or better dresses are designed). While TIME does not believe in bannerizing its exclusives, almost every story can fairly be said to contain facts and insights that the reader recognizes as information that he has not seen and does not get anywhere else. And wherever it is fitting, humor works its way in, even on the biggest issues, because of our belief that solemnity is no guarantee of the truth. Each issue of TIME contains thousands of facts and hundreds of judgments—an adult education course, a compendium of knowledge inviting readers each week into the company of educated men.

One of the newest and boldest concepts announced by TIME 40 years ago was on this point of judgment—that judgments should be set forth in stories right along with facts. "The editors recognize that complete neutrality on public questions and important news is probably as undesirable as it is impossible," said the prospectus. It promised that TIME would "clearly indicate the side it believes to have the stronger position," to tell along with the news what the news meant. Forty years later, TIME believes more than ever that in a world where facts and figures have multiplied beyond the limit of man's imagination and comprehension, the journalist's most serious responsibility is to separate true from false, probable from unlikely, new from old, advocate's evidence from pitchman's plea, meaning from noise, show from substance. To hand a man or woman a computer tape, or a signal from a satellite, or a cardiogram, or a statistical table on the average rainfall in the Southern Hemisphere is not to inform him. To give the reader "just the facts" about almost any other event in this complicated age is not enough. Journalistic responsibility in today's world requires that the press take on the burdens of evaluation and interpretation. In that belief, the editors of TIME make value

judgments, in almost every story, on all the fields of endeavor and all categories of human aspirations and speculations.

It is no coincidence that for this anniversary issue we chose to have a cover story on the individual in America, and to put on the cover the greatest, the classic, the archetypal individual in the American imagination: Abraham Lincoln. The individual has from the start been at the center of TIME's interest. In an era when the news was told largely in terms of events and issues, TIME set out to tell it in terms of people. "It is important to know what they drink," said the prospectus of personalities in the news. "It is more important to know to what gods they pray and what kinds of fights they love. The personalities of politics make public affairs live. Who are they and why? TIME will tell."

Through these 2,096 issues, TIME has been telling, not only in cover stories but throughout the magazine, of politicians and generals, comedians and athletes, musicians, scientists, architects, educators, editors and theologians, businessmen, and people in all other forms of human endeavor—even rascals. Having followed the course of the individual in society these 40 years, TIME in 1963 disagrees with the conventional stereotype that modern society is dehumanized, and holds to the conviction that the individual has not only survived but has also fought his way toward new and noble achievements.

And what about the individual at TIME? Almost every story in the magazine is the product of many minds—researchers, correspondents, writer and editors. Some of our colleagues in journalism question whether all this collaboration can work. It works—in the same way that a college faculty comes to a collective decision or the State Department resolves a series of position papers. TIME believes in the reporter on the spot, and has more men on more spots than any other publication, filing some 700,000 words a week to the editors in New York. But it is a rare story today on which one man, on one spot, can report all that it is necessary to know. That's why we gather information from many spots and employ many minds to

try to arrive at the truth. All of these individuals make a vital contribution to the result on their own individual terms. The man with the overall authority in the process of reaching the consensus is the managing editor, who reads every line before it is set in type. The editor-in-chief, constantly in close touch, does not try to impose his will from the top, but engages in the process of reaching the consensus. Putting it somewhat wryly, he said on that Columbia lecture platform: "I will confess that there are times when I think people ought to pay more attention to what I say. I just don't seem to be able to give *orders* effectively. But everybody is very nice to me. One thing people at Time Inc. seem to know is how to handle the top bosses."

It is true that one of the most important parts of TIME's editorial process is the discussion, the argument that often is heated. Certainly everybody who works for TIME (and who reads TIME) does not agree with all the views in all the stories. "But I believe," says Editor-in-Chief Luce, "that every journalist who works for us feels more individual freedom and responsibility because he knows basically where we stand. He knows where he agrees or disagrees. He is free to do his own job in our organization, knowing that all are working, in a broad consensus of conviction, for definable goals."

LOOKING toward the future, it will take even greater effort and skill and imagination to attain those goals. For perhaps the great reality that faces us is that there is so much to be done in the world, in so many fields of human activity. Year by year the world's unfinished business seems to grow greater. We want to send men to the moon, to nourish the underfed billions on our productive planet, to war against insects and disease, to unsnarl the tangled traffic in and around our cities, to draw fresh water from the sea and energy from the sun, to improve the human condition for all, and finally to establish both at home and abroad a more rational economic and political order.

To inform, and indeed to lead, an intelligent readership while that great reality unfolds is TIME's aim for the years to come.

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LETTERS

Operation Successful

Sir:

Tremendous!

Your article on Surgery [May 3] tops the already superior efforts of your magazine to keep abreast of medical progress.

Here's hoping you continue to give the medical field its deserved coverage.

JOHN LAMMERS

Omaha

Sir:

My wife is to have major surgery this week. The caption on the cover, "If They Can Operate, You're Lucky," was the first news that settled my nerves since finding out about the forthcoming operation. My first restful sleep in a week came from reading your article.

LEE CARNEY

Westerville, Ohio

Sir:

One of the happiest miracles of modern surgery is that it is not carried out in my living room. You, alas, have changed all that.

PHILIP H. HARTMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I admired your guts.

PETER KUGEL

Boston

Sir:

It's worth a year's subscription price.

MRS. O. C. FARIS

Catawba, S.C.

Sir:

Congratulations and a bushel of orchids. The text, the pictures and diagrams were marvelous. *TIME* can really be proud.

JOHN L. BACH

Assistant Director

Department of Scientific Assembly
American Medical Association
Chicago

Princely Players

Sir:

Congratulations on John McPhee's cover story [April 26] on Richard Burton. I read it with mounting excitement—would he fall off the tightrope stretched between ruthless factual reporting and sensitive (and sophisticated) interpretation? He didn't; the subject was rendered in the round; and the subordination of the Elizabeth Taylor episode at the end was exactly right. Without either apologizing or moralizing, Mr. McPhee conveyed

the pathos (tragedy would be too big a word) and the self-destructiveness (selling-out would be too small a word) of Richard Burton's career.

I note that Mr. Burton agreed to the story "on the condition that McPhee do all the interviewing of him as well as the writing." Perhaps the peculiar excellence of this article may be due to nothing more complicated than its being the product of one writer as against that of a committee of editors. May I suggest, tactlessly, that the "collective journalism" which *TIME* invented is sometimes inferior to the old-fashioned kind?

DWIGHT MACDONALD

The New Yorker

New York City

► *TIME* brings all things, tries all kinds.—ED.

Sir:

Don't worry about Burton. Unlike *Cleopatra*, the last scene will be tearfully happy. The end of the affair will come when the flick has been declared a smashing success; Richard will return to the *legitimate* theater; Liz will mark up another man; and *20th Century-Fox* will gladly get its \$40 million back.

J. RONALD PIERCE

Richmond, Va.

Sir:

I never said, "This man has sold out." Richard is too intelligent to do that and I to say it. Selling out would imply personal gain, which in any form is farthest, unfortunately, from Richard's aim.

I did say that he had been the most gifted of actors and that I wish he would accept the difficult challenges necessary to his form in order to maintain his art.

HARVEY ORKIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

► *TIME's* ears are sharp but not painted. We heard the statement as we reported it.—EN

Sir:

In reference to your citation that "only four actors have played Prince Hamlet more than 100 times in a single production" (Irving, Tree, Gielgud and Burton), your reporter must have meant only in London.

Edwin Booth, of course, acted the first 100 in 1864-65 in New York; Irving doubted this in 1874 in London for the record. Tree performed more than 100 at the Haymarket in 1892. John Barrymore ran 101 performances in 1922-23 (to purposely top Booth). Gielgud's London run in 1934 ran 155 performances, and he then was seen in the role

in 1936 in New York and ran 132 performances. Maurice Evans almost equaled the latter run in 1945-46.

SCRANTON MOUTON

Department of Speech
Loyola University
New Orleans



BARRYMORE



BOOTH



KELLERD



MADDEN

Top of the top.

Sir:

Poor, forgotten John E. Kellerd stretched his skin to 102 performances in 1912.

ERLING E. KILDHAL

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

In 1961, at the Phoenix Theater in New York, Donald Madden's Hamlet achieved a record American actor's run of 102 performances (some believe the figure to be 109). Mr. Madden was also the youngest American actor (27) to be in a major production of *Hamlet*.

LESLIE SPATT

Baldwin, N.Y.

Cuba

Sir:

As long as Cuba refrains from becoming an offensive state and does not attempt to invade other Latin American nations, its form of government is strictly an affair of the Cuban people in Cuba, and we should not be swayed by any hotheaded Cubans in this country who want to dictate our Cuban policy [April 26].

SAMUEL H. KOSMENSKY

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

There is a more positive way than war to end the threat to our security presented by Castro and Communism in Cuba. That is to help Latin America achieve the reforms it so desperately needs. The Alliance for Progress is a step in the right direction; it may not provide the ultimate solution, but it is a lot better than war.

IRA W. LIEBERMAN

Mexico City

Paris Press

Sir:

Reference is made April 26 to the alleged fact "that the proud masthead of first-ranked *France Soir*—the only French daily selling over 1,000,000—may not always be true."

May I inform you that the official audit

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HALF

Isn't good enough

*We believe Scotch
Whisky should be
Scottish all the way*

- Teacher's is produced in Scotland
- Teacher's is bottled only in Scotland



*Read it on our label
Taste it in our whisky
The flavour is
unmistakable*

TEACHER'S
Highland Cream
Scotch Whisky

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 66 PROOF SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

Some computers you date; some you marry.

If you're on the verge of saying "I do" to an EDP system, take our advice and move carefully. Make sure that the computer you pick really promises a long and happy life together. In short, pick a Honeywell. Honeywell has a string of successful marriages around the world, even as far away as Japan. What's our secret? Well, we have a couple. One, we build a pretty good machine. (How's that for modesty? Actually, our computers are sensational.) And we don't just talk about service; our top-flight, brainy people hustle and provide it. What's more, we happen to have put together the most powerful package of programming aids around. All this is Honeywell happiness insurance. If you'd like some, write us at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Who knows what it may lead to?



Honeywell
ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING



a cosmetic sold in gallon jugs?

It surprises everyone but a TEN-O-SIX user

If you are not a Ten-O-Six user, we have beginner sizes starting at four ounces (\$1.75). Try Ten-O-Six Lotion, first, in one of our smaller sizes. They fit better on shelves and offer the same effective corrective complexion care and deep, immaculate cleansing. You'll work your way up to the gallon (\$30). It's such a saving, at better cosmetics counters.

If you would like a sample of Ten-O-Six, along with a selection of other Bonne Bell corrective cosmetics, send \$1.00 to Bonne Bell, Dept. T, Cleveland 7, Ohio.

Bonne Bell
Cleveland 7, Ohio



geared for action

(no-iron *Delcot* shirts of Kodel® and cotton)

Manhattan® no-iron hall-sleeve shirts can put on plenty of mileage, and still keep their good looks. They're the fine blend of 50% Kodel® polyester and 50% cotton that drips-dry-ready to wear without ironing, shuns wrinkles and creases. *Delcot* shirts, in white and fashion colors in all the new collar styles, including (left to right): *Blake*, *Dress 'n Play* to wear with or without a tie, and *Grip-Tab*. \$5.

Manhattan

Quality makers of the finest men's furnishings, accessories and Lady Minimates® sportswear



It takes more than a stick shift to make a sports car.

Some people will tell you a compact car with stick shift, bucket seats and wire wheels is a sports car. Not so. A real sports car is unique from frame to fender.

Like the **Triumph TR-4**.

Start up the TR-4 engine and drop her into low gear. Notice the short, sure throw. Take off, through the gears. Four forward speeds—all synchromesh.

Feel that big engine work. Triumph's tremendous torque takes you to 60 mph in 10½ seconds. You can top 110.

Head into a curve. The rack-and-pinion steering responds instantly...accurately...right where you aim it. The wide track

suspension and low center of gravity let you corner faster, flatter, safer than you ever thought possible.

Now hit those big disc brakes. No fade...no falter. You can't stop faster or straighter!

Now you know why the TR-4 took first in its class at the big one—Sebring. TR-4 beat every other car in the \$3000 and under price range.

The Triumph three-car team was the only complete one to finish the twelve-hour race, most difficult sports-car endurance test in America.

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THE NATION

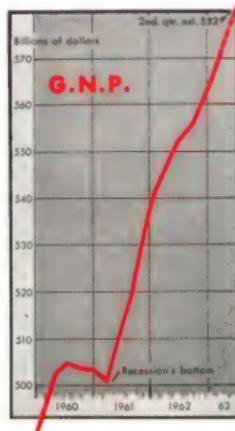
THE ECONOMY

Looking Up All Over

Once again that modern miracle—the capitalist, citizen-controlled U.S. economy—confounded the doubters. Only a few months ago President Kennedy had uttered bleak warnings of recession. Academics and government brain-trusters talked worriedly of "high-level stagnation." When the economy got bouncy late last year, they said it was only a "last gasp." Some gasp. As of last week, almost all indicators were still on the rise—and the surge had very little help from government.

Even the Kennedy Administration was beginning to feel a bit bullish, and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon expressed the official optimism. Said he in a Washington speech to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "Our prospects for the year are relatively better than most observers had expected. If the improvement continues, our estimated revenues may well be more than we estimated in January—perhaps by as much as a billion dollars."

"So Good So Long." At that, Dillon may have been too cautious—if current statistics are an accurate standard. Personal income has risen more than \$4 billion so far this year to a record \$352 billion—and, rather than putting the money away, consumers have spent 94% of it.



A big beneficiary has been the auto industry. As of April, sales of new cars were running at an annual rate of 7,500,000. This should give Detroit its second 7,000,000-year (previously reached only in 1955) and follows 1962's impressive 6,900,000 sales. Exults one auto executive: "We've never had it so good so long." Retail sales also climbing steadily, rose another 2% to \$20.7 billion in the quarter.

More significantly, the strength in sales is starting to feed back into the industrial pipeline. Industrial production recently jumped a full percentage point to a record Federal Reserve Board Index of 120.4. Unfilled orders, which had been dropping steadily for a year, rose almost \$2 billion. Steel mills are operating at their highest levels in three years. Construction of new housing is up 17%.

The stock market reflected the resurgence. The Dow-Jones industrial index last week reached 721.09—up 185.33 from the low point after last May's historic dive. Corporate profits rose nearly 7% in the first quarter above a year ago and are expected to maintain near-record levels through the new quarter.



Toward \$600 Billion. The net result is that the gross national product grew by \$8.5 billion through March, should climb another \$10 billion by the end of June. Since it started at \$563.5 billion in January, the present rate of increase would push G.N.P. close to \$600 billion by year's end. While few experts are quite that optimistic, most now foresee a year-end figure far above the Kennedy Administration's January estimate of \$578 billion.

One healthy indication that the economy's current strength may extend well into 1964 is that capital investment in new plants and equipment is expected to increase some 7% this year. General Motors, for example, will spend \$520 million for expansion, up \$100 million from last year; Ford \$120 million, up \$20 million; Chrysler \$40 million, more than double that of a year ago.

There are, of course, soft spots—especially in the persistently high rate of unemployment, which has not been below 5% in five years. There were hopeful signs in March, when the rate dropped from February's 6.1% to 5.6%—but last month it began to climb again. Most economists would agree with the Administration that a tax cut might help. But there is great disagreement about the form the tax cut should take.

Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman George Champion, for example, claims



that the Kennedy proposals "put too much emphasis on stimulating consumption," when, in fact, "consumers have increased their spending by no less than \$70 billion in the past five years." Corporations need a bigger share of any tax cut, he contends, to spur investment. There is even more controversy over the Administration's proposals for continued high Government spending, which would bring a budget deficit of \$10.9 billion.

All By Itself. The deliberate deficit represents a reversal in President Kennedy's thinking. During his first year in office, Kennedy was so convinced that the budget should be balanced that he proposed to raise taxes, if need be, to prevent a deficit. By mid-1962 he and his advisers had changed their minds, were advocating a "quickie" tax cut to pep up the economy; but even then Kennedy did not argue that a deficit in itself was a virtue.

Most of the Congress-passed economic actions taken so far by the Kennedy Administration have admittedly been of the stopgap variety—a higher minimum wage, aid to distressed areas, extension of unemployment benefits, expanded public works, etc. They probably have not hurt the basic economy, but neither have they helped it much. Yet since Kennedy would certainly be blamed for recession, he can just as certainly claim credit for resurgence. And the way the U.S. economy is doing all by itself may make John Kennedy look very good in 1964.

REPUBLICANS

A Most Important Marriage

The weeks of social speculation came to an end with a tightly written, three-page announcement issued by the Rockefeller brothers' office in Manhattan. It began: "Mrs. Margaretta Fitler Murphy and Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, both of New York, were married today at noon at the home of the Governor's brother, Laurence S., at Pocantico Hills, N.Y."

Margaretta ("Happy") Murphy, 36, wearing a pale blue dress of silk shantung and carrying a bouquet of spring flowers, and Nelson Rockefeller, 54, were married by the Rev. Marshall L. Smith, a Presbyterian who is pastor of the interdenominational Union Church of Pocantico Hills. Margaretta is also a Presbyterian; Rockefeller is a Baptist. Only a dozen persons, members of both families, were present.

New Beginnings. The official announcement noted that the new Mrs. Rockefeller's marriage to Dr. James Murphy was "terminated by divorce" last month. She has four children, James, 12, Margaretta, 10, Carol, 7, and Malinda, 3, whose custody is shared jointly by both parents. The announcement also recalled that Rockefeller's marriage to the former Mary Todhunter Clark was "terminated by divorce" in 1962. They had five children, of whom four are living, all married.

During the weeks since Margaretta's divorce, Rockefeller, while maintaining strict silence himself, had come to feel that public talk about his marriage plans was getting out of hand. He therefore sought to head it off, rushed through his

signing of the 1,287 bills passed by the New York Legislature in its 1963 session, finished 72 hours ahead of schedule, and was married the next day.

But if the social speculation was ended, the political speculation was only beginning. What impact would the marriage have on Rockefeller's 1964 presidential prospects? Even before the wedding, many politicians were offering their opinions—and the consensus was that the Governor would be hurt.

For the Voters. John Love, Republican Governor of Colorado, commented cautiously: "I do not think such a marriage



AFTER THE WEDDING
It had everyone shook up.

will add to Mr. Rockefeller's availability for the presidential nomination." A top Washington Republican, long favorable to Rocky's candidacy, said: "It will finish him as far as 1964 is concerned. Remarriage itself wouldn't be so bad—but my God, she's got all those children." Carl Shipley, G.O.P. National Committeeman for the District of Columbia, thought it would be political suicide for Rocky to remarry. "No one is pleased about the impending marriage," he said. "It's got everyone shook up." Mrs. Mary Jackson, Republican National Committeewoman for Rhode Island, a heavily Catholic state, said: "Remarriage would put him in a very bad position here." A Midwestern Republican Governor saw a historical parallel of sorts: "Everybody thought there was only one Prince of Wales who would give up a kingdom for the woman he loved. But maybe we've got another right here and now."

But things may not be all that bad. Since one of every four U.S. marriages ends in divorce, voters have understandably taken an increasingly tolerant view of divorce. Adlai Stevenson was divorced, but he twice won the Democratic nomina-

tion for President—and there is little evidence that his broken marriage was a decisive factor in his defeat. Jackie Kennedy's parents were divorced and her mother remarried; her sister and brother-in-law were both divorcees when they married, and, in the eyes of the Catholic Church, are in fact not married.

In the past, when asked in the abstract about the possible effect of remarriage on his presidential chances, Rockefeller himself has said: "That is something each voter will have to decide when he enters the polling place." The crucial tests for Rocky will come in next year's presidential primaries; success in them should prove to Republican convention delegates that remarriage would not be fatal in November. In the final analysis, the type of campaign he wages and what he says on the paramount issues will probably be more important than his marital status.

As for himself, Rocky seemed unworried about politics. Appearing as happy as his radiant bride, he took off for a honeymoon on his Monte Sacro ranch in Venezuela.

Guest of Honor

With a lot of politicians questioning Rocky's political future, Washington last week took an extra hard look at a visiting Republican named George Romney.

Michigan's Governor was in town to speak to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce—and the businessmen liked what they heard. They gave Romney standing ovations both before and after his speech, repeatedly interrupted his address with applause. Romney preached his own gospel of individual inspiration and citizen participation in politics. Said he: "The big issue 100 years ago was whether the excess sovereignty of the states was going to destroy the Union and the Constitution. The big issue today is whether the excess concentration of federal power and sovereignty is going to destroy state, local and individual freedom and responsibility."

"I believe that present trends can only be retarded, stopped, and reversed through effective political action. We desperately need in this country a party that the people will identify as a citizens' party, controlled and financed by its citizen members."

The next day Romney was guest of honor at a reception attended by some 300 leading Washington businessmen and politicians. It was given by Mrs. J. Willard Marriott, Republican national committeewoman for the District of Columbia, a longtime Romney friend and, like Romney, a Mormon. Throughout his Washington visit, Romney steadfastly denied that he has any 1964 presidential ambitions. But both Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon* are known to look favorably on him, and it may be increasingly difficult for him to keep saying no.

* Last week Nixon announced that he and his family will move from their Beverly Hills home to New York June 1. Nixon will become a general partner in the law firm of Mudge, Stern, Baldwin & Todd in Manhattan's financial district. He has been a consultant to the Los Angeles law firm of Adams, Duque & Hazelton.

THE PRESIDENCY

Something in Common

Some were men in the prime of health. Others were bent with age, and several were missing arms or legs. Some swung along on crutches; others came in wheelchairs. Some were plainly prosperous, while others wore shiny blue serge or open shirt collars. But they had one thing in common: all wore blue ribbons around their necks from which hung the bronze, star-shaped Medal of Honor.

Since 1861, when President Lincoln signed a bill authorizing it, 3,150 men have won the nation's highest award for battlefield heroism. There are 293 still living—and of them, 240 last week gathered in the White House garden. The occasion was President Kennedy's annual military reception, and the President had invited the Medal of Honor winners to come half an hour before the other guests so that he would have a special chance to see and talk to them.

"Our Most Distinguished." Charles E. ("Commando") Kelly, the devil-may-care World War II hero who used 60-mm. mortar shells as hand grenades against the Germans, was there. So was Gregory ("Pappy") Boyington, the Marine ace who shot 28 Japanese planes out of the sky and destroyed another 24 on the ground. A reformed alcoholic, Boyington is now a successful public relations man in North Hollywood, Calif., but in casual clothes and bow tie he still looked like an adventurer about to sign up with the Flying Tigers. The oldest man in the garden was General Charles E. Kilbourne, 90, who won his medal in the Philippine insurrection in 1899; he climbed a telephone pole to mend a broken line in a hail of enemy fire. The youngest was Sergeant First Class Jerry K. Crump, 30, who won

the medal in Korea when he threw himself over an exploding enemy grenade to save four companions. President Kennedy honored them all as "our most distinguished American citizens."

Kennedy's week was mostly social and ceremonial. In his oval office, he chatted with the visiting Lord Mayor of Dublin about politics, the Irish Derby and his upcoming visit to Ireland. A delegation including Actress Joan Crawford, chairman of "Stars for Mental Health," presented him with a gold miniature of a bell cast from the shackles that once restrained inmates of a mental asylum.

About to set out on a tour of the U.S., Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, 67, and her son, Prince Jean, 42, arrived on the White House lawn by Marine helicopter. Sister-in-Law Eunice Shriver stood in for Jackie Kennedy as hostess in the outdoor greeting ceremony. The First Lady, advised by her doctor to stay inside when she can, peered out from an upstairs window with Caroline.

After a state dinner that Jackie attended, the Luxembourg princess got a taste of Kennedy culture—16th and 17th century songs performed on authentic Shakespearean instruments, and a reading of the St. Crispin's Day speech from *Henry V* by Basil Rathbone. Said Rathbone later: "The President likes it and knows it by heart—which scared the daylights out of me." With the royal visit nearly over, Prince Jean was notified that his wife, Princess Joséphine Charlotte, had just given birth to their fifth child. At the official leave-taking, the President could not resist whispering of the birth to the prince. "It wasn't difficult for you at all, was it?"

A Special Way. The expected August addition to the White House family was much on the President's mind last week. Bestselling Baby Doctor Benjamin Spock was among the guests at dinner for the Grand Duchess. And when Kennedy stood in for Jackie as host at a brunch for congressional wives, he assured them that Jackie, too, "is engaged in increasing the gross national product in her own special way." As for Jackie, she had flown to New York, where she paid a surprise visit to the Metropolitan Opera House to see a performance by London's Royal Ballet.

ARMED FORCES

The Hero & the Hush-Up

One Medal of Honor winner was conspicuously absent from the White House ceremony: he was former Marine Captain Arthur J. Jackson, 38, who in September 1944 charged into withering enemy fire on Peleliu, destroyed twelve pillboxes and killed 50 Japanese soldiers. Now Jackson has been forced out of the Marine Corps, accused of killing a Cuban at Guantánamo in 1961.

Last week the Pentagon was silent about Jackson, would barely acknowledge that he had ever existed. Jackson, now a \$90-a-week mail carrier in San Jose, Calif., also refused to answer questions from newsmen. What talking there was came



JACKSON RECEIVING MEDAL OF HONOR
After martinis, a rusted lock.

from another ousted Marine officer, ex-Lieut. William A. Szili, 31, a Norristown, Pa., insurance salesman. And Szili, who wants to return to the Marine Corps, told a weird story.

Over the Cliff. On the night of the Guantánamo killing, said Szili, he had been drinking with Jackson, his company commander, at a base officers' club. Ruben Lopez, a Cuban employed as a base bus driver, was also there. "Other Cuban employees at Gitmo," Szili recalled, "had told us that he was one of Castro's boys, a spy." Jackson talked to Lopez, told him to stay away from restricted areas. The two American officers stayed at the bar, Szili said he had "perhaps six martinis." Then the two left and separated.

Szili went to bed. But he was awakened by a military policeman, who told him that Jackson had found Lopez snooping around an ammunition storage area, arrested the Cuban, and now wanted help. Szili joined Jackson, and the two took Lopez to a long-unused rear gate to kick him off the base. But they found the lock rusted tight, and Szili went away to get a sledge hammer.

When Szili returned, the gate was open and neither Jackson nor Lopez was in sight. Szili began running in search of them; he met Jackson, who had managed to open the gate by himself, running back to find him. According to Szili, Jackson said he had been walking Lopez outside the base "toward a path that went back to civilization"; Lopez "jumped" Jackson, who fired his .45 in self-defense. Lopez tumbled over a cliff.

Jackson and Szili decided to cover up the killing because, by Szili's account, they feared "international repercussions." They recruited help from other officers and some enlisted men, brought Lopez's body back inside the base, buried it in a shallow



JACKIE AT LUXEMBOURG DINNER
Among the guests, Dr. Spock.

grave lined with quicklime. But word of the shooting later leaked out at a cocktail party, and the body was dug up.

Some Second Thoughts. At that point, the U.S. Government, apparently in an attempt to avoid handing Castro a propaganda weapon, continued the hush-up begun by Jackson and Szili. Jackson was denied a court-martial; its findings would have been public. Instead, Jackson, with only 18 months to go before completing 20 years of service and becoming eligible for a pension of \$260 a month, was forced to resign from the Corps. So were Szili and two other officers who had helped bury Lopez. Jackson, said Szili, has made no public complaint because "he is a very patriotic man and I think probably he doesn't want to do anything that might hurt his country."

Obviously, the slaying of a Cuban national on Cuban soil was embarrassing to the U.S.; yet the inevitable revelation of the cumbersome cover-up was even more embarrassing. Last week Jackson, after first accepting, declined his invitation to the White House as a Medal of Honor winner, locked the doors to his San Jose home and disconnected his telephone. As for Szili, he was having some second thoughts. Said he at week's end: "Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut."

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Legal Lottery

The House chamber in Concord was jammed by the time New Hampshire's Democratic Governor John King appeared. King wasted no time. "A few minutes ago," he said, "I signed House Bill 47." He had, he explained, signed the bill because he felt that the citizens of New Hampshire wanted it, and "I am unwilling to set myself up as a Solomon or a Caesar in the holy assumption that my views are more intelligent or discerning or moralistic than those of our people. What King had done was to approve the U.S.'s first legal lottery since 1894.

Curiously enough, there was a time when lotteries and raffles in the U.S. were

considered not only moral but indispensable to the nation's growth. In colonial days, Jefferson, Franklin and Hamilton all favored lotteries as governmental revenue raisers. George Washington was an enthusiastic ticket buyer even when he was President. The Continental Congress raised money to pay soldiers through a lottery. Hard-pressed property owners often put their holdings on the market through lotteries, and Jefferson himself, in debt near the end of his life, appealed to the Virginia legislature for permission to run a lottery. Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard and Yale made money through lotteries, and all the colonies—later the states—held lotteries to build bridges, roads, churches and schools.

But the lottery business naturally attracted crooks, and the notorious Louisiana Lottery was the last legal raffle in the country. Backed by New York gamblers in the years after the Civil War, the Louisiana company raked in millions of dollars for its bosses, who contributed only \$40,000 a year to the state. It was so corrupt that the U.S. Congress at last stepped in with a law prohibiting the use of the mails for lotteries, and in 1895 forbade lotteries in interstate commerce.

The federal laws will apply to the New Hampshire lottery. Newspapers carrying the names of winners, for example, will not be permitted in the mails; nor will the lottery tickets themselves. Even transporting tickets across the state borders is technically forbidden. But New Hampshire hopes somehow to keep the Justice Department from spoiling its plans. It will sell \$3 tickets at state liquor stores and race tracks for two sweepstakes horse races a year, with total prizes of \$200,000. It hopes to profit by \$4,000,000, with the money going to build public schools.

THE SOUTH In Bill Moore's Footsteps

I was made to wish for more—more than the mere possible or even the probable. I must pursue the impossible . . . Whether I go forward as Don Quixote chasing his windmill or as the pilgrim progressing must be left for you to decide . . . I can only give my life.

—*The Mind in Chains: The Autobiography of a Schizophrenic*,

William L. Moore

The Sand Mountain area between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Gadsden, Ala., is no place for pilgrims. It is a land of mountaineers who tote rifles in their cars, glare in suspicion at strangers, and believe unshakably in racial segregation. Last month William Moore, a one-time mental patient,



VICTIM MOORE
"He said he believed . . ."

thought he might change things by walking through the area displaying civil rights signs. It cost him his life; he was found shot dead on U.S. Highway 11 (TIME, May 31). Last week, following in his footsteps, came ten more civil rights hikers. They were arrested as they crossed the Alabama line, but others were on the way. Bill Moore had started something.

In Protest, Moore, 35, was a native of Binghamton, N.Y. He fought with the Marines on Guam during World War II, then embarked on an educational spree that took him to colleges in Southampton, Barcelona, Paris, Baltimore, and to Harpur College near Binghamton, where in 1952 he got a degree in social studies (B average). His pursuit of formal learning ended a year later when he was committed to Binghamton State Hospital as a schizophrenic. In a mental ward for 18 months, he wrote most of *The Mind in Chains*, later raised \$3,500 to pay for its 1955 publication.

In Binghamton, people always thought Moore was peculiar. He was a pacifist and an atheist, who even objected to the words "In God We Trust" on U.S. coins. Binghamton was accustomed to his one-man picket parades. Whether urging fluoridation of the local water supply or protesting against the downtown display of an Atlas missile or prayers in public schools, Moore would hang a sign around his neck and start marching.

He married a divorcee with three children in 1956, but last winter he left his family behind to move to Baltimore. That city, he felt, was more in need of his crusades than Binghamton. He got a job as a substitute postman, picketed Baltimore's Northwood Theater, was arrested with other protesters before the theater finally integrated. He marched to Annapolis with an integration group, later walked alone to Washington, where he tried to deliver a letter to President Kennedy. A guard told him to put it in a mailbox.

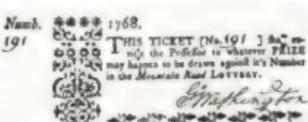
The Warning. Moore's trek through the South began on April 21. Starting out from Chattanooga, he talked to many men along the way. One was Floyd Simp-



BILL J. KIRK

GOVERNOR KING

Also Jefferson, Franklin and Hamilton.



PRE-REVOLUTIONARY TICKET



SUSPECT SIMPSON
... in integration."

on, 41, proprietor of a country grocery in the road near Colbran, Ala. Unlike much-traveled Bill Moore, Simpson had spent nearly all his life within ten miles of his store; he did not finish high school until after he was 30. On the morning of April 23, the country storekeeper and his pals saw Moore plodding toward them. They read his signs and talked with him. Recalls Simpson: "We couldn't believe that a fellow thought like that. He said he believed in integration and intermarriage."

Later that afternoon, Simpson and a friend, still curious, hopped into Simpson's old black Buick, overtook Moore a few miles down the road. Simpson now insists that he "truthfully felt sorry for the fellow." It was in that sympathetic spirit, he says, that he warned Moore: "You'll never get past Birmingham."

Just after dusk, a motorist found Moore lying at the side of the road, still bearing a sign reading: "Equal Rights for All." His civil rights crusade was over. He had been shot twice with a .22 caliber rifle. Floyd Simpson was arrested a few days later and, on evidence that the police have not yet disclosed, charged with first-degree murder.

The ten integrationist marchers who followed Moore last week were trying to finish his trip. They were not allowed to do so. Was it all just a hopeless pursuit of the impossible? In Binghamton, Mayor John J. Burns did not think so: "This taught all of us a lesson. He was scorned here. I think now we're all sorry he was. Maybe the next time someone wants to picket the courthouse, we will tolerate brave people."

Dogs, Kids & Clubs

Birmingham saw a small civil war: white against Negroes, cops against children, dogs against humans.

It began when the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. decided to throw schoolchildren into the Negro battle line. Police Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor, arch-segregationist, viciously retaliated with club-swinging cops, police dogs and blasts of water from fire hoses. There were no winners in Birmingham last week.

King launched the most massive integration drive yet in Birmingham. Using school kids—most of them teenagers, but some no more than six years old—the Negro minister sent wave after wave of sign carriers from the 16th Street Baptist Church to march on downtown Birmingham. On the first day, the demonstrations were a bit like a picnic. The youngsters clapped and sang excitedly, and when Connor's men arrested them, they scampered almost merrily into patrol wagons. About 800 youthful Negroes wound up in Birmingham jails that day.

"Look at 'Em Run." There was no fun after that. A troop of new marchers left King's church command post next day intoning: "We Want Freedom." They passed several hundred Negro adults in a park near the church, marched toward a massed line of lawmen, ignoring a police captain who warned them to stop. Black-booted firemen turned on their hoses. The kids fell back from the crushing streams. The water pressure increased. Children fell, and lay there bleeding. The march stopped.

But Negro adults from the park began muttering, then shouting threats at Connor's cops. Furious, the commissioner roared for his police dogs. The crowd in

the park edged back; some hurried away. "Look at 'em run," yelled Bull. He saw an officer holding back a crowd of white people near by. "Let those people come to the corner, sergeant," shouted Connor. "I want 'em to see the dogs work. Look at those niggers run."

Some Negroes stood their ground, began flinging stones and bottles at the police. One waved a knife at an officer. But the dogs, held on long leashes, lunged at those who retreated slowly. There was some scuffling; then the crowd broke for the church—chased by snarling dogs and club-waving cops. Five Negroes were hurt—either by dogbites or the water streams. Two policemen were bruised by stones. Another 250 Negroes, mostly youngsters, were jailed.

"We Shall Overcome." That night King held a church meeting and called for even more. "Don't worry about your children who are in jail," he cried to 1,000 of his followers. "The eyes of the world are on Birmingham. We're going on in spite of dogs and fire hoses. We've gone too far to turn back."

Things had indeed gone far. Newly elected Mayor Albert Boutwell, a relative moderate in Birmingham, pleaded for "restraint and peace" until his administration takes effective power. U.S. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy said King's group indeed has "just grievances," but that "the timing of the present demonstrations is open to question." Even more questionable, said Bobby, is the use of the youngsters as troops. "Schoolchildren participating in street demonstrations is a dangerous business. An injured, maimed or dead child is a price that none of us can afford to pay."

The Negro children of Birmingham, however, kept right on marching. And despite all they were up against, despite hoses and clubs and police dogs and hate and folly, there was a peal of truth in the prophecy of the anthem that the marchers sang:

*Deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.*



UPHOLDING SEGREGATION IN BIRMINGHAM: WITH FIRE HOSE
"We've gone too far to turn back."



WITH POLICE DOG

LINCOLN AND MODERN AMERICA

The Heritage of a Free Choice in an Organized Society

HE never saw American suburbanites driving home wearily, bumper to bumper, or the same Americans taking off for a weekend clear across the continent. He never saw a junior executive in a glass-caged office, agreeing, or the same junior executive at a school board meeting, disagreeing. He never saw people living and dying under the care of one big organization, their epitaph a punch card. And he did not hear people insisting urgently on the need to be themselves in the midst of impersonal bigness.

He did not speak in terms of individuals and individualism; the words he used were men and freedom. But he knew about Organization Man. In a sense he was one himself, and a good one. He knew that the central problem of democracy is to reconcile the claims of the individual with the claims of society. He has become a figure half out of folklore, half out of schoolbooks, as worn and familiar as the coin that bears his likeness. A century ago he carried out the most dramatic act of liberation in man's memory. However cogently historians may insist that the Civil War was not "about" slavery, the world will always see in it one overriding issue: whether any man is fit to hold permanent power over the life and liberty of another. He was certain that both Emancipation and the Union served universal causes. He said: "In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free."

Tolstoy called him "a universal individualist." In a doctrinaire sense, which reduces man to the subject of an ideology, Abraham Lincoln was not an individualist at all. But he is the greatest, the classic, the archetypal individual in the American imagination.

One & Many. In Lincoln's mind, the American cause was "to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all." The human condition today is more elevated and yet more perilous, the weights on American shoulders are lighter as well as heavier, the people's pursuits are more confusing but also more stimulating than was dreamed of in yesterday's utopias.

The situation is symbolized by the astronauts. In orbit, they are living the greatest adventure in history, and much of the outcome depends on the soundness of their minds and the stoutness of their hearts, whose beat is heard over loudspeakers around the world. Yet even more depends on thousands of people on the ground who control the spacemen's ascent, their course, their return or their death.

As man asks more of himself, he must

also ask more of others. To carry out his dreams, he needs organization, vast and complex. He is at a point of greater freedom as well as greater dependence. He seeks a new balance between the one and the many.

The Divine Spark. "The lonely crowd" is part of the language, and the new burdens on the individual are discussed and decried on all sides. Not only by angry, narrow sociologists (the late C. Wright Mills) or sociology's cheap popularizer (Vance Packard), or a Marxist culture

the inner cancellation of each other's certitudes. The composite program, prudentially polished, has every virtue in it but life. Where there is no personal vision, the people perish." And the late Whitney Griswold put it thus: "Could *Hamlet* have been written by a committee, or the *Mona Lisa* painted by a club? Could the New Testament have been composed as a conference report? Creative ideas do not spring from groups. They spring from individuals. The divine spark leaps from the finger of God to the finger of Adam."

The Dreadful Threat. Only a generation ago, the great plea of social conscience was that unfettered individualism must be curbed for the sake of the community as a whole. Freedom of conscience from religious persecution, political freedom from arbitrary rule, even economic freedom from "capitalist exploitation"—all these greatly troubled past ages, but by and large they are no longer at issue in the U.S. Today's champions of the individual do not worry about religious persecution but about religious blandness, not about outright tyranny but about creeping collectivism, not about economic exploitation but blind and well-paid loyalty to one's job.

In short, the freedom that is supposedly threatened is the freedom of the individual to be fully himself. An ad in a fashion magazine no longer warns of body odor but of a more dreadful threat: "If you're not you, you're nobody."

The belief that the individual is Somebody, that, in Emerson's words, "the private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy than any kingdom," is extraordinary when seen in historical perspective. It is held neither natural nor right in most civilizations. All the great Far Eastern religions consider created matter, including man, so barbaric that the only hope lies in nirvana, in which the soul—unnamed, unnumbered, unidentified—achieves a blessed reunion with the cosmic spirit. The Austrian writer Hermann Brodner expressed this Eastern anti-individualism perfectly in his novel *The Demons*. Looking Eastward, he mused that there "individual life does not rebel; there is too little of it for rebellion. One soul mingles with another like smoke." But in the West, "every life has its own special, if invisible, garden plot. . . . A man stands alone between the tended flower beds and the little porticos of a house from which no one, by law and equity, is entitled to expel him. He stands alone, by himself: the soft blue air is around him; he is unencumbered on all sides, like a statue. This is the only way he knows how to be; only in this way can he be big or little, crooked or straight, good or bad."



MAN & NATURE (CAPE COD)
Much has been lost, much has been gained.

quack (Erich Fromm). Speaking for more serious observers, Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich fears that the pressures on the individual to conform and adjust may mean a drift toward collectivism and "authoritarian democracy," that man may become "an object, a piece of machinery." This applies not only to ordinary individuals but to the great, of whom there may be a shortage. In the seats of the mighty, there seem to be more personalities than individuals, more preoccupation with image than with individuality.

While optimistic about man's future, Philosopher William Ernest Hocking nevertheless sees the problem. "Corporate officialdoms," he says, "are helpless and barren—the parties, bureaus, departments, cabinets, commissions—barren because of



LUTHER



SADE



LAWRENCE



ST. JOAN



MITCHELL



PAINE



NAPOLEON

To some, rebellion is a physical affliction or a second country...

The Triangle. Even where the air is no longer soft or blue, where people are far from unencumbered, this remains essentially the faith of the West and of the U.S. It owes much to ancient Greece, a civilization of first-rate men and second-rate gods, which prized human excellence beauty and strength above all things. But it owes most to the revolutionary Biblical idea of a direct encounter between man and a single, personal God. Abraham had the temerity to bargain with Jehovah over the fate of Sodom, and Job is noted for having goaded Him into talking back.

Christianity dismissed the state and temporal power as transitory, turning all existence around the salvation of the individual soul. Christ asserted the infinite worth of every human being: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And St. Paul added the equally radical injunction: "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." The central paradox of Christian free will is that the individual must surrender wholly, yet forever remain free, to say yes or no to God.

As the scattered early Christian churches turned into The Church, the direct relationship between the individual human being and the Creator had to be broadened to include society. Ever since the intellectual and spiritual history of Western man has been a great ever-varying triangle of God, the individual and the community.

In the Middle Ages, the triangle was firmly fixed, and each person, no matter how lowly, had his place and his worth. Unity, not individuality, was the ideal. The soul was cupped in the great single hand of the Church—until, in the Renaissance, the soul bloomed into flesh bursting with beauty, strength and pride.

Some of the greatest individuals the world has known dedicated their works *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. But it was really for the greater glory of man that they re-

created the heavens and the earth in their paintings, molded the fiercest and the softest forms as if marble had become wax, and folded the world into their ledgers. For, as Will Durant said of the Renaissance, "first of all it took money, smelly bourgeois money."

The Novel Expression. The human side of the triangle very nearly overwhelmed both the divine and the social. But the great parallel movement of the Renaissance and the Reformation powerfully asserted the direct relation between man and God, conferring on the individual the freedom, but also the burden of "the priesthood of all believers." And in the 17th century, society reached a new balance with man and God in the thought of John Locke, who believed in God as the ultimate guarantor of human rights, in natural law as the foundation of liberty and property, and in government as an arrangement for the convenience and protection of the citizens.

Voltaire, Diderot and others extracted from Locke what they chose, and the rational individual was enthroned as monarch of the universe. Never was the triumph of individualism more swiftly followed by disaster. In the French Revolution the Goddess of Reason danced in the streets—until she found herself at the foot of the guillotine. It remained for Napoleon to create from the Revolution the modern state (including the draft and the secret police) in which individual men are submerged in the abstract glory of the nation.

But in the hands of Jefferson, Locke's thought became something quite different. The New World brought about a new dispensation. Puritanism, despite the memories of stocks and stonings it left behind, sanctified self-reliance and self-discipline. In the colonies Christianity and the Enlightenment came together without strife. As Father John Courtney Murray has put it, the framers of the American Bill of Rights, unlike the men of the French Enlightenment, acted with due regard for Christian history. They "were individual-

ists, but not to the point of ignoring the social nature of man."

It was Alexis de Tocqueville, visiting the U.S. in the 1830s, who first reported the "novel expression," individualism. This must not be confused with mere selfishness, he explained, but was "a mature and calm feeling" of withdrawal from the community. He thought it was a dangerous tendency but also believed that America's political institutions would keep it in check. Amid this early American balance of man and society developed a new breed of individual.

A Litany. To call someone an individual involves many personal and historic judgments as well as an endless play of paradoxes. In the litany of the saints of individuality, men have placed all the holy rebels and unholy dissenters, the blessed visionaries and diabolical prophets, the leaders and pioneers, the artists and discoverers, and all the mere eccentrics who enlarged (and sometimes narrowed) the human spirit. There are the true dissenters, in whom a sense of injustice, like Karl Marx's boils, is almost a physical affliction: Spartacus and Tom Paine, Abelard and John Brown, Saint-Just and Sam Houston, Cromwell and Bernard Shaw. There are also those who are pushed to their rebellion almost against their will, like Archbishop Thomas Cranmer, who recanted several times but then, cursing his right hand for signing the recantations deliberately put the hand into the flames. Or Luther, gradually moving from reform to open spiritual insurrection. There are those who flee into rebellion as if it were a second country, like Lenin or Garibaldi or T. E. Lawrence, or find in it a devout clique of followers, like Freud or Sartre. And there are those who carry rebellion to insanity, like Sade and Hitler.

There are those who neither rebel nor assert egos but are consumed by a vision, like Buddha, Pascal, St. Joan, Mary Baker Eddy. There are the converts who see a sudden or a slow light for which they surrender their past, like St. Paul or Mary Magdalene or Cardinal Newman. There



F.D.R.



GAUGUIN



EDDY



SOCRATES



GANDHI



GALILEO



RUSSELL

...while others do not rebel at all but are consumed by a vision.

are those who are willing to defy the class or service to which they belong, like Savonarola or Franklin D. Roosevelt or Billy Mitchell, and those who fulfill their individuality in the sometimes more difficult discipline of submission.

There are the numberless artists who lived to express their visions, or merely to earn applause, or both: Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Raphael and Mozart, who aimed to please; El Greco, Goya, Picasso, Beethoven, Proust and Yeats, who mostly aimed to please themselves. And there are those who found in art a refuge from reality, either through true talent, like the runaway Gauguin, or through some talent mixed with posing, like Byron, Hemingway and Dali, or no talent at all, like the hundreds of pseudo artists who succeed on borrowed ideas and hand-me-down rebellion. There are the great artistic ec-

said: "The truly extraordinary man is the truly ordinary man."

But there are also, inevitably, those who must move and drive these ordinary men, the Caesars, Catherine, Napoleon, Gandhi, De Gaulles. The leader may impose his will by force, but more often he must do it by cunning and patience. As Jacob Burckhardt, the great historian of the Renaissance, put it: "Without him the world would seem to us incomplete . . . He appears complete in every situation, but every situation at once seems to cramp him. He does not merely fill it. He may shatter it . . . He beholds the true situation and the means at his command . . . He knows what can be the foundations of his future power. Confronted with parliaments, senates, assemblies, press, public opinion, he knows at any moment how far they are real or only

the special double sense that Americans attribute to the word—the common man who is yet uncommon.

The common stamp was indelible on him, whether he was campaigning in Sangamon County, wearing a calico shirt and old straw hat, with six inches of blue socks showing from beneath his pants, or whether he stood at a White House reception, his hands enormous in white gloves that as often as not burst under some diplomat's hand clasp. And yet Lincoln always had a sense of being different and apart. John Hay, his longtime presidential secretary, wrote that it was "absurd to call him a modest man."

Innumerable times he could have settled for what he had. He could have stayed a ferryman on the Ohio, where as a boy he was overwhelmed by earning a dollar in one day. He could have taken up the indolent hunting, fishing and Shakespeare-quoting life of his mentor Jack Kelso in New Salem. He could have remained postmaster or storekeeper or a circuit-riding lawyer with Blackstone in his saddlebag, instead of running for office. But for all his unassuming qualities he had a sense of destiny. Before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, when he was 28, he made a speech in which he ostensibly warned against usurpers but actually sounded a note of personal longing: "Towering genius despises a beaten path. It seeks regions hitherto unexplored . . . It denies that it is glory enough to serve under any chief."

Prairie Athens. He had the individuality of the self-disciplined and the self-taught. His was a natural taste (no less an authority than the French ambassador praised his esthetic judgment of women and literature) and a natural nobility of style, which more rigid education could only have tarnished. He had, of course the individuality of the frontier—but the picture of the frontier as totally individualistic is false. To survive, people sorely needed one another. Again and again, in sickness or in debt, Lincoln leaned on others for help. In his first campaign for the state legislature, his platform contained the remarkably other-directed statement: "I have no [ambition] so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men." After he was elected, in his second try, he discovered that self-reliance was not necessarily the ideal of frontier politics either. Lincoln fought for state funds to build roads, bridges and other "internal improvements," until the state of Illinois was saddled with a then staggering debt of \$17 million.

The statehouse at Vandalia⁶ boasted a Greek-columned portico, and this was not inappropriate. For the grass-roots democracy of the period constituted a kind of prairie Athens in which legislators were not remote and impersonal but known to all the voters and directly involved in their concerns. In that school he learned to be a politician first and last—and to respect organization. Later in the House

LINCOLN READING EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION TO CABINET⁷
An artist in the use of men.

centrics who flourished particularly in the 19th century: Coleridge, who took dope; Blake, who thundered against "old Nobodaddy aloft"; Rossetti, who buried his sonnets with his dead wife and exhumed both later when he needed material to fill a book.

There are those, like Molière, Cervantes, Twain and Thurlow, who assert their position against the world humorously—for everyone can laugh, but only individuals have humor. There are the explorers, discoverers and obsessive questioners; their individuality is not necessarily greater because they chose to die, like Socrates, or smaller because they saved their necks, like Galileo. There are the obscure men who, by an accident of history, are forced to develop individuality at least strength, like Emperor Claudius and Harry Truman. There are, above all, the unremembered and unknown individuals who take their stand and suffer their small martyrdoms in all places and all ages. With them in mind, Kierkegaard

imaginary, and makes frank use of them . . . He will curb his impatience and know no flinching . . . There is no study too toilsome for him."

This description fits no American better than Lincoln.

Sense of Destiny. He was neither a rebel nor a conservative, but a conserver. He was no artist, except in using public language and in using men. His life was an infinitely varied mixture of leading and following, conforming and defying. He could temporize, compromise, and maneuver. But he always held to his own vision and met the exacting definition of an individual set down by French philosopher Georges Bernanos: "A man who gives himself or refuses himself, but never lends himself."

Above all, Lincoln was an individual in

⁶ From left: Salmon P. Chase (Treasury), William H. Seward (State), Lincoln, Gideon Welles (Navy), Caleb Smith (Interior), Edward Bates (Attorney General), Edwin M. Stanton (War), Montgomery Blair (Postmaster General).

⁷ Then the capital of Illinois, moved to Springfield in 1839, largely as a result of Lincoln's early clients.



ESTERMAN ARCHIVE

of Representatives, he almost never missed a roll call. Whether or not he really grew his beard because some Republican politicians, plus an eleven-year-old girl, advised him to do so, Lincoln was conscious of his "image."

During the 1860 convention at the Chicago Wigwam, his supporters put through his nomination by craft maneuvering and packing the galleries with Lincoln men, including one stalwart, cued by the floor manager's waving handkerchief, who was reportedly able to shout across Lake Michigan. Deals were offered right and left, and Lincoln honored them later. But he always knew when to draw the line. During his second presidential campaign, at the height of the Civil War, he and his Administration again used every trick. But when politicians urged him to cut the draft to win popularity, he refused. He said: "What is the presidency to me if I have no country?"

Caught between extreme abolitionists and extreme Southerners, Lincoln had the individuality of a man who will not be pushed into extremes. That he personally detested slavery is beyond question. He recalled how in 1841 he had seen a cargo of shackled slaves on the Ohio River: "That sight was a continual torment to me." But "I bite my lips and keep quiet." Again and again he defined his lonely position between the extremes. When John Brown was executed, he told Northerners that since Brown had acted lawlessly, they had no right to object to his punishment. But he told Southerners that if they should try to destroy the Union, "it will be our duty to deal with you as old John Brown has been dealt with."

A Magnificent Challenge. Above all, he was the individuality and the solitude of leadership. His task was defined by the late Benjamin P. Thomas, author of the best one-volume biography of Lincoln: "To hold together in wartime a party made up of abolitionists and Negro-haters, high- and low-tariff men, hard- and soft-money men, former Whigs and erstwhile Democrats, Maine law prohibitionists and German beer-drinkers, Know-Nothings and immigrants." He had no administrative experience and surrounded himself in his Cabinet with former political rivals strong and able men widely considered his betters, and it seemed as if they would crush him. But he knew how to play them off against one another.

His military experience consisted of a captivity in the Black Hawk War, in which he admitted never having seen any "live, fighting Indians." And yet he proved himself a sound strategist, against the enemy as well as against his own generals. He suffered through the hesitations of dilatory George McClellan, complaining bitterly that sending him reinforcements was like shoving fleas across a barnyard—so few of them seemed to get there. Later, he tried Joe Hooker. There had been rumors that a clique, including Hooker, wanted to set up a military dictatorship. Lincoln flung him a magnificent challenge: "Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military

success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

He made mistakes. He was vilified both for being too soft and for being too hard. He was called a tyrant for suspending *habeas corpus* and imprisoning dissidents. He had one answer. "I expect to maintain this contest until successful," he said. "Or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me."

Large & Small. Beyond the triumphs of his leadership, he retained a special genius—not of strategy, not even of politics—the genius of being a person. The legendary, the charismatic Lincoln grew out of a cluttered office where he sat with only two secretaries, writing most of his own letters in longhand and receiving an endless stream of callers and favor seekers: out of the hundreds of scrawled pardons for deserters ("Let this woman

stone, and yet beyond question a hero; a man so much himself, even when bending to others, that it is almost redundant to describe him as an individual.

Mankind Minus One. Abraham Lincoln's life connects colonial America with modern America; Jefferson died when Lincoln was 17, Woodrow Wilson was eight when Lincoln died. While America was fighting its war, the greater battle of the modern world was already joined.

John Stuart Mill had finished his essay "On Liberty," in which he expressed the horror with which 19th century liberalism regarded the state, and enunciated the magnificent principle that "if all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion," mankind would still not be justified in silencing him. Yet at that very time, Karl Marx was writing *Das Kapital*, strik-



LINCOLN VISITING McCLELLAN AT ANTIETAM
A good stratego against his generals.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

have her son out of Old Capital Prison"). The effect of it all was in no way diminished by the fact that there was also a method to his mercy—too many executions would cut down enlistments.

He was the gaunt figure walking alone at night to the War Department telegraph office to read late dispatches or wandering about the White House in his short nightshirt ("setting out behind," said Hay, "like the tailfeathers of an enormous ostrich") to read a funny story to his secretaries. He was the man who after Lee's surrender, could scribble a note to Secretary of War Stanton: "Had wants?" And he was the man who had recurring gloomy dreams in which he saw his own body laid out in the East Room, but who refused bodyguards.

And so, out of large and small facts of his life grew a man whom it is difficult to call a genius, and even more difficult to call anything less; a man so unheroic in appearance that he looks uneasy in

ing back at liberal individualism in the name of mankind. For the industrial worker, argued Marx, had been "reduced to a mere fragment of a man, mentally and physically dehumanized," and only collective action, state action, could redress his wrongs.

Thus began the long Marxist offensive that eventually led to Communism and fascism. Just as the U.S. had succeeded in tempering and transforming the forces that became the French Revolution, it tempered and transformed the Socialist Revolution. America had its age of ruggedly individualistic businessmen, when popularizers turned Darwin's theory of natural selection into a doctrine of economic predestination, according to which the damnation of the weak was a law of nature. But out of this era grew the sometimes uneasy partnership between business and government that in effect built a capitalist welfare state and an almost universal middle class society.

This is the central fact about the indi-

vidual today. The life now led by Americans (and to a great extent by Europeans) was made possible only through industrial, and organized, civilization. Hence what is often denounced as regimentation of the individual is the price paid for giving virtually every individual a chance to live a wider, longer, richer life.

Burden of Choice. Americans have never really learned to speak of the "masses." Vast crowds do not give the U.S. the sense of doom that Ortega y Gasset felt when he shuddered about "mass man." Yet, sheer numbers are an overwhelming factor in the individual's existence. Demographers calculate that, given a U.S. population density of ten people per square mile in the mid-19th century, each American inside a ten-mile radius could "interact" with about 3,000 others. But the density in the U.S. today is 60 people per square mile, making possible interaction with nearly 20,000 (in cities the figure rises into the millions).

Says the University of Chicago's Philip Hauser: "In a mass society, we are more

Creeds and races live unto themselves, often by choice. Parents and children often live worlds apart. There are innumerable social islands of different interests, occupations, tastes, hobbies, snobberies and ethics. There are countless voluntary organizations that provide a vital middle ground between two extreme possibilities—a chaotic agglomeration of isolated individuals on the one hand, a totally regimented society on the other.

There is a kind of privacy even in the mass. "You find it driving to work, alongside all those other people, but alone with your thoughts," says California's Sociologist McDonagh. "The car has become a secular sanctuary for the individual, his shrine to the self, his mobile *Walden Pond*."

Beyond Business. Organization is the genius of modern man. He uses it in coping with life the way Medieval man used faith and the Humanists used experiment. Inevitably, he is also used by it. The most important organizing force in his world is the government. In the U.S., it has grown

ing committees to see what can be done about curbing the committee spirit.

The problem goes far beyond business. Unions are full of Organization Men. Nobel prizes these days are awarded to entire teams, because the individual's contribution is increasingly merged with others'. There is a kind of intellectual welfare state: poets and novelists spend their lives in the sheltering arms of universities. Men with ideas may not ask, like their "commercial" brothers: "Will it sell?" But they do ask: "Will it get me a Guggenheim?" Foundations pour their fertilizing funds over the landscape, doing a great deal of good, but not necessarily for the individual: it costs too much to give small amounts to individual applicants, while it is much easier to give large sums to organizations. Scientists, although they often think of themselves as individuals, actually tend to be highly cultish.

Britain's C. P. Snow, who has paid more attention than most writers to modern organization, believes that the threat to the individual is vastly exaggerated.



ORGANIZATION MAN: JACK LEMMON IN "THE APARTMENT"
If you're not you, you're nobody.

anonymous, but it also makes for far greater variety and for relationships that were never possible in a smaller society. Today, far more than in a simpler, more settled society, a man is forced to choose his wife, his education, his occupation, his friends, the place he lives. He never used to determine how many children he would have, but even this is now virtually a universal matter of choice. Mass society has transferred decisions from tradition to control by the individual."

Like all freedoms, this freedom of choice is also a burden, and that is one reason why there is much "conformity." Few individuals in any society have the emotional security to base their choices only on their inner resources. If a fixed order is not available, a man can only seek out models and examples until, in time, he develops more of his own values. To expect every individual to take in all of life through a thinking man's filter—to have his own independent, personal convictions about politics, ethics, culture—is to ask the impossible. It is, in fact, to ask for a mass elite.

Moreover, mass living is not nearly so homogenized as it is often said to be. Much individual activity is carried on privately, undemonstratively. Countless people pursue their private crusades and crotchetts. The U.S. has many subcultures,

from the 37,000 federal bureaucrats of Lincoln's day to nearly 2,500,000, very few of whom dedicated to Lincoln's (or Jefferson's) principle that the state should do for the individual only what he cannot do for himself. Many social critics deplore the prevalent complacency about this. Says Chicago Economist George Stigler: "The trouble is that hardly anybody in America goes to bed angry at night."

Big Government is counterbalanced by the Big Corporation, which has developed its own smothering bureaucracy. As W. H. Whyte sees the Organization Man, in the office he is engulfed by the team spirit, and in his suburb he is "imprisoned in brotherhood." The indictment, now seven years old, still has much validity, although Whyte admits that a tighter, more competitive economy has made for many sharper, less brotherly elbows. Besides, as automation displaces many straight clerical jobs, there is growing demand for skilled, creative people—and a growing willingness to take them as they are. There is a thriving washroom and cocktail-party folklore about corporate togetherness (the oil company chemist who is instructed to buy only company gasoline, the assistant vice president being told what car he should or should not drive). At the same time, businesses are becoming sensitive and corporations are appointing

"It is a cliché to think that persons in organization society are much less interesting than romantic rebels," he says. "That is a superficial, early 19th century concept of Rousseau-ish man. Variety of temperament and experience within organization seem to me quite as large as anywhere else."

In the Woodwork. Artists in particular are the guardians, or victims, of the Rousseau romanticism that Snow deplores. They see themselves as the champions of the individual against the Philistines. The stance, however, is no longer true. There will always be Philistines, but right now they are hiding in the woodwork, behind the De Koonings and the Klee's. If there is any limit on the surge of artistic creativity, it is imposed not by the George Babbitts but by the "Gaylord Habbitts," a name coined by Peter Viereck to denote the arbiters of taste who run in packs and judge in cliques.

The situation is familiar in other fields. Scientific innovators encounter no resistance; they are eagerly embraced. The number of condemned heresies is shrinking all the time. "When I was young," recalls Philosopher Sidney Hook, 60, "certain positions on smoking by women, birth control, easy divorce and labor unions were considered dangerously radical. Not now. What we suffer from today

is not fear of ideas so much as a dearth of ideas." Disagreeing for its own sake, says Hook, is simply synthetic individualism. "A man can conform or not conform and still be an individual, as long as he uses independent judgment."

The best (and worst) of causes do not necessarily make for independent judgment: on either side of the battle for Negro equality, positions are ritualistic rather than individual. Liberals are wedded to the notion that dissent is being silenced everywhere, because it gives them that desperately needed feeling—so rarely available since McCarthy—of being oppressed. Actually, nothing could be less individual than the standard causes to which most liberals are unquestioningly loyal, as one is to a fine old club even if the service is bad.

One emphatically unsilenced, and fashionable, heretic is Author Paul Goodman (*Growing Up Absurd*), a jolly intellectual anarchist who wants to break up the government and the public schools, but is remarkably wise on the question of individualism. The man who worries about whether he is an individual, says Goodman, is a little sick. The healthy person does not think in those terms at all, because he is committed to some worthy enterprise larger than himself.

"Forces." Ultimately, what affects the individual most deeply is not the physical organization of his life, but the spiritual view he has of himself. The Medieval stonemason may not really have left a far more personal mark on a cathedral than the Detroit assembly-line worker leaves on a car, but he thought of himself and of his work as more important.

When it became clear to man that Reason alone did not really give him an adequate view of himself, a number of surrogate deities emerged—"forces" that supposedly rule man's fate. One was History, and modern man still sees himself to a great extent ruled by this abstraction. A second was Science, which tremendously increased modern man's sense of power over nature. But it also humbled him, by producing new forces of destruction, by building computers incredibly faster than his own brain, and by transforming the simple physical concepts of Newton's day into an almost metaphysical dream world beyond his grasp.

In the name of science, depth psychology tells man that he is really guided not by his conscious will but by his unconscious drives. Sociology, invented by the French Philosopher Auguste Comte—who visualized a scientific religion worshipping a "great being" that was actually humanity itself—says that man is only the product of his environment. No voluntary of Comte's, the American pragmatist William James told the individual that he stands at the very center of his world, and yet in the end everything in the pragmatic view of man is relative and transitional. How much use the philosopher is in this situation is perfectly summarized by the note found on James's desk after his death: "There is no advice to be given . . . Farewell."

When the surrogate deities fail him,

the individual is left alone in an empty and meaningless universe. At that point, existentialism, which is the pragmatism of despair, tells him that he must act and seek out causes even though his very life is absurd.

Religious Elements. Ultimately, the individual can see himself only in the eyes of others—and can see himself great or free only in the reflection of the eye of God. All past attempts to assert the worth of the individual without measuring him against a higher cause have failed, have in the end only diminished him. Nietzsche's rhapsodic worship of man's will, of which Hitler was an absurd and gruesome caricature, fits no more into the true Western tradition than does the soul's meek expectation of nirvana or the patient Russian submission to worldly tyranny. "If it were



ROB SHENKIN

PHILOSOPHER HOCKING
Without responsibility, no freedom.

not for the religious element," says Hocking, "individualism would spell chaos."

Philosopher Hocking, 59, is in a more detached position than most Americans to contemplate the problems of the individual. More than 30 years ago, "to get away from the city," he moved to New Hampshire's White Mountains, where he designed and built three houses from materials found on his 650 acres. He grows most of his own food, has his own herd of cattle, and spends much of his day writing (current project: a new book on *The Philosophy of Law*). The rest of the time, he paints portraits, potters, with surveying instruments (he likes maps because "they last for all time"), and receives a stream of visitors.

Yet his style of thought owes much less to Thoreau than his style of life. "The tightest of organizations depends on individual creativity," says Hocking. "When that creativity is limited to a few at the top, we have despotism. But organization as such does not crush the individual. Most of us spend time under a master, and if he tells us to do some-

thing that is morally wrong, we must refuse. Creativity exists as long as the servant has any moral initiative of his own. Individualism grows and spreads with responsibility. You can only make men free when they are inwardly bound by their own sense of responsibility."

There are signs that the U.S. is increasingly recognizing this, particularly among the no-longer-silent younger generation. Their education has ceased to be a kind of finishing school for "life adjustment," and they seem tough-minded, earnest and determined, without being dull.

New Ecumenicity. The West has undoubtedly entered a new phase of its history. Between the Renaissance and the 19th century, its great drive was toward more and more individual autonomy, to make man in the Kantian sense an end rather than a means. In this century the ideal of unity, of ecumenicity, has strongly reappeared. There is no denying that this diminishes the individual's feeling of freedom, his sense of controlling his own destiny. Much has been lost since a simpler, freer day. But no one can turn back. The U.S. cannot break up the organization any more than the 19th century could break the machines, even though the Luddites tried it. Nor is a return possible from much-denounced "mass culture" to the "folk art" of old (which, as it happens, is largely a sentimental invention of later critics). Such individualist yearnings, as David Riesman points out, really imply "that several hundred million people must disappear to make the world less crowded."

None of which means that the individual today should fail to fight; but he must know the right battle. He must start with the present reality of the organization world and make it, and himself in it, free—through courage, imagination and intelligence.

There is a growing, impatient sense that in this situation, a new kind of individuality is needed. But perhaps what is needed is also something of an older kind. Modern man lives in many overlapping groups; in each, he must find his place, must have his say, must leave his mark, if he can. In a way, this requires him to be a politician in the highest meaning of the word. Politics is the real means of mediation between the individual and the group. This was Lincoln's genius. Today's Americans, enmeshed in community, can only wish for Lincoln's qualities—he was politic without being unprincipled, patient without being resigned, flexible without being opportunistic, tough-minded without being brutal, determined without being fanatical, religious without being dogmatic or unworldly, tender without being sentimental, and devoted to man without worshiping him.

These qualities, along with the country that bred them and the civilization that nurtured them, are in a real sense the last, best hope of earth. They are heard in the words Lincoln wrote in a year of approaching victory: "Thanks to all. For the great Republic—for the principle it lives by and keeps alive—for man's vast future—thanks to all."

THE WORLD

ITALY

Between Left & Right

Fifteen months ago, when Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani marched his moderate Christian Democratic Party through the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left) into a parliamentary partnership with the left-wing Socialists, he acknowledged the deal as a dangerous gamble. "We shall certainly have some sleepless nights," he said. By now, Fanfani must be a hopeless insomniac.

Last week nearly 33 million Italians went to the polls for national elections and rewarded their experimenting Premier with a jolting setback that cost his party 730,000 votes and may well cost him his job. The *apertura* might survive but its future—like Fanfani's—would be riskier than ever. Ashen-faced, the pint-size (5 ft. 1 in.) Premier faced reporters in the Chigi Palace on election night with uncommon shock. "The Christian Democrats," he declared, "have been declared as the relative majority party, even if by a narrower margin than before. And now to bed."

Popol Pal. To bed indeed. Fanfani already had news of the massive gains of Palmiro Togliatti's Communists, who improved their position as the country's second largest party (after the Christian Democrats), won 25% of the entire nation's votes, and 26 new seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Reds now hold a total of 166 of the Chamber's 630 places, compared with the Christian Democrats' 260.

Under the shrewd leadership of aging (70) Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti, the Reds have always taken care to balance their ideology against the fact that Italy is a Catholic nation. At one time they backed the monarchy; nowadays they even favor the capitalist Common Market. As a nation, Italy is less than

a century old; first under the monarchy, then through the long night of Fascism, the country has had little time to accustom itself to democracy. Thus, to many Italians, Communism—or at least their brand of it—does not appear the fearful specter that it does in many other lands.

In part, the Communist showing was due to Red defections from Pietro Nenni's sharply divided Socialists, the left-wing crowd that had thrown its lot with Fanfani. And in part it was due to Pope John XXIII, who had given a modicum of approval to the far left with his *Pacem in Terris* encyclical, and with his warm welcome to the Vatican last March for Nikita Khrushchev's visiting son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei.

New Low. From the right, *apertura's* chief challenge was among the free-enterprising Liberals, who more than doubled their previous vote of 1,000,000; this was a spectacular gain, even if it amounted to only 7% of the total turnout. Most of the credit went to tireless Liberal Campaigner Giovanni Malagodi, 58, a banker turned politician, who hit out hard at Fanfani's schemes for more government planning and higher taxes.

It was Fanfani's own Christian Democrats who took the worst drubbing of all. The party had no trouble remaining in first place with 11.7 million ballots, but on a percentage basis it sank to the lowest share of the total vote (about 38%) since World War II. Summed up Rome's *Il Messaggero*: internal dissension and "incessant clamor had the effect of driving away voters. The party lost the frightened, the confused and the indecisive." *Il Messaggero's* advice to stop squabbling went unheeded. Last week right-wing Christian Democrats, who opposed the *apertura* in the first place, seized the election results as a signal to demand that Fanfani step aside as Premier in the new government probably to be formed this month.



LIBERAL MALAGODI

The votes doubled, the opening widened.



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ROMA 21 APRILE

GREAT BRITAIN

Surgery Before Diagnosis?

To mounting speculation that Britain is headed for a general election this fall, Tories and Laborites last week gave the country a lively foretaste of the campaign to come. During a two-day House of Commons debate on Dr. Richard Beeching's drastic reorganization program for the nation's ailing, anachronistic railway system (TIME, April 5), Labor, which decried the government's plans as "political" window dressing, set up a crescendo of jeers that thoroughly rattled the Tory advocate, Transport Minister Ernest Marples. But the noise hardly concealed the fact that most Laborites wholeheartedly favor modernizing the state-owned railways, which cost the nation \$500 million in 1962 alone. They claim that Beeching's plan, which includes closing down one third of the whole system, may do more harm than good, unless it is made an integral part of a new, overall transport policy in which Britain's congested highways and inadequate air services could be expanded to absorb the extra traffic.

After admitting that Beeching's report is "a valuable contribution," Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson protested: "Surgery has preceded diagnosis." One of the most serious side effects, he pointed out, is Beeching's proposal to cut off service in big, mostly depressed areas of Wales and Scotland, where the government is trying desperately to stimulate new industry.

Wilson's main worry is that labor may ruin Labor's chances. Fearful that the proposed curtailment of service would put 70,000 of 475,000 workers out of work, the National Union of Railwaysmen has called a three-day protest walkout for mid-May. Wilson, who is grimly aware of the damage dealt Labor by a crippling London transport strike before the 1959 election, attempted repeatedly last week to make the railwaymen call off their unpopular walkout, but made little headway. Prayed a Tory Cabinet minister: "Just give us that strike, and watch the votes pour into our laps."

RUSSIA

New Successor for K?

At four big Moscow shindigs in recent weeks, graying, square-jawed Frol Kozlov, 54, has been conspicuously absent. Could Kozlov, No. 2 man in the party and Nikita Khrushchev's heir-designate, be in trouble? Some Kremlinologists thought so. Their speculation finally prompted a to-word "Announcement" on Page 2 of *Pravda* last week. "In connection with inquiries received," said *Pravda*, the party's Central Committee "announces that Comrade F. R. Kozlov could not take part in the May 1 festivities because of illness." The word in Moscow was that Kozlov, who missed the 1961 May Day parade because of heart trouble, had suffered a second attack.



Castro & Khrushchev at Red Square May Day Celebration
Also bongo drums and swooning swans.



"LOOK AFTER THINGS WHILE
I'M IN MOSCOW, MR. KENNEDY,
NO RAIDS, NO INVASIONS."

The Other Beard

Over the years, only one hairier man had shown up for the May Day festivities in Moscow. He was Karl Marx, whose visage scowled down from a thousand placards every time the comrades met on the atheists' Easter. But on May Day this year, Muscovites whistled, cheered and stamped their feet for that popular fellow, The Other Beard.

It was Fidel Castro all right, and when he was not on Russia's TV last week, his music was. From every loudspeaker came the raucous, rhythmic tunes of Sloppy Joe's in Havana; no matter that the songs were from Batista's day; to the Slavs, it all sounded pretty much the same. Hotel ballrooms shook with newly discovered mambas; Cuban students with bongo drums did their best to drown out the sound of the 21-gun salute in Red Square.

Charge It. Fidel loved every minute. At an official lunch in the Kremlin, he puffed happily at his cigar, blithely ignoring the unwritten rule against smoking in Khrushchev's presence. He could not miss a visit to the Moscow home of Anastas Mikoyan, his old pal from the October missile crisis in the Caribbean. There was also a duck hunt, a soccer game, and a variety show. And the swans fairly swooned when Fidel went backstage after a performance at the Bolshoi.

It was after a leisurely stroll through the wooded grounds of Khrushchev's dacha near Moscow that Nikita took Fidel on a shopping tour at the new Moskva department store. Fidel paused at the leather goods display, asked about a belt, but quickly confessed: "I forgot to bring my money." Cracked Khrushchev, who doles out \$1,000 a day to keep Cuba's chaotic economy from collapsing entirely: "I can guarantee his credit."

Staying at Home. It is just possible that Castro bought a shirt and tie at the men's wear counter, for next day he suddenly emerged all dressed up for the official May Day march-past through Red Square. He even sported a blue beret, which seemed increasingly confining as, for five solid hours, under a warm spring sun, he stood at Khrushchev's side on the

rampart over Lenin's tomb. It went on and on: 250,000 athletes, workers and schoolchildren paraded by. Only during the ten-minute parade of familiar military hardware, featuring medium-range (500 to 700 miles) missiles of the type Moscow had tried to put in Cuba, did Fidel look interested. U.S. Ambassador Foy D. Kohler missed the fun, remaining at home in Spaso House to watch on television: he was boycotting the event to make sure he would not have to listen to an anti-American diatribe—and in Castro's presence, to boot. As things turned out, Kohler had nothing to fear. Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky's "order-of-the-day" speech contained all the familiar taunts and accusations against "imperialists," but it was nothing to get terribly excited about. And Fidel himself had nothing at all to say.

How long Fidel Castro would remain in Russia was anybody's guess, for his Russian hosts were keeping his itinerary a secret. The Cuban embassy in Moscow dropped hints that he might stay as long as a month, including trips to major cities, factories and farms. It would be as long a grind for host as for guest, for the Kremlin was fast running out of novel ways to honor its Caribbean comrade. Already Soviet scientists had celebrated Fidel's arrival by orbiting their 16th unmanned satellite just for him, and the post office had run off a series of commemorative stamps. One series, in riotous black, white, blue and scarlet, pictured Castro astride a white charger, leading a column of troops. The other stamp, more to the point, showed a dockside crane unloading Soviet equipment from a ship in Havana harbor.

EUROPE A Jolly Nice Chap

At first meeting, few would have guessed that Giuseppe Martelli's line of work was tracing the trajectories of strongly accelerated nuclear particles. Taller (6 ft. 1 in.) and handsomer than most of his scientific colleagues, Martelli, 39, spoke fluent Russian and English, and could even make a certain

amount of small talk. Son of a World War I Italian general, he had studied at the University of Rome and Pisa's Institute of Physics, where he specialized in cosmic ray research. Later, he was hired by Euratom, Europe's communal atoms-for-peace agency, and went off to Brussels, leaving his wife, Maria, and their two children behind in Pisa.

An expert on thermonuclear power and a jolly nice chap, Martelli came to the attention of a British physicist, through him won a place on the 500-man team working on long-term fusion research at Culham Laboratory in the Cotswolds. There, in Room 103, Giuseppe spent his days in pure research, the kind of science that is not expected to yield concrete results until the 1980s; like all Euratom projects, it involved no classified information. After a few weeks in England, Giuseppe set up house among a group of scientists in nearby Abingdon.

Returning to London last week from one of his frequent trips to Brussels, Giuseppe Enrico Gilberto Martelli was grabbed at the airport by Scotland Yard's Special Branch and formally accused of violating Britain's Official Secrets Act. The wording of the charge suggested that he was accused only of preparing to transmit secret information to "an enemy." Britons wondered if they were in for yet another installment in the series of espionage scandals that have been making headlines for nearly 20 years.

YUGOSLAVIA Talking to Tito

On his way home after a 16,000-mile swing through Ankara, Teheran, Karachi and New Delhi, U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk squeezed in a short stop in Belgrade. For the diplomatic record, Rusk officially was repaying a 1961 visit to Washington by Yugoslav Foreign Minister Koca Popovic. But there was more to Rusk's courtesy call than that.

U.S.-Yugoslav relations were never really warm; since the U.S. Congress last summer served notice that it would eliminate Belgrade's "most favored nation" trading clause this year, they have been



THE OPULENT UPPER CRUST
First a kiss . . .

positively chilly. Marshal Tito's ostentatiously friendly trip to Moscow last year did not improve matters, either. But Belgrade was anxious to assure the U.S. that it was officially still "unaligned," and to smooth things over. Rusk agreed at the last minute to make his visit.

Popovic was out at modern Sursic Airport to greet Rusk when the big U.S. jet touched down. Also on hand was a red carpet and a military band. But that was the end of the fanfare. Since the Yugoslavs do not unfurl foreign flags along the new *autoput* that leads from the airport to the city except for a visiting chief of state, Rusk's route was lined with blue-and-white Finnish banners in place for President Urho K. Kekkonen's arrival next day. There were no crowds at all, since the Yugoslavs did not bother to announce Rusk's trip in advance.

After lunch with Popovic and a reception at the U.S. embassy given by retiring U.S. Ambassador George Kennan, Rusk paid a call on Tito in his Belgrade villa. Yugoslavia has some 1936 vintage U.S. military equipment for which Tito would like spare parts since 50% of Yugoslavia's commerce is with the West, it is worried about the rising tariff walls of the six-nation Common Market. Naturally, Tito raised the problem of "most favored nation" status which, if eliminated, could sharply boost import levies on Yugoslavia's \$50 million annual trade with the U.S. Rusk could offer no assurances that the clause would be restored, since the decision is up to Congress. On the whole, it was a pleasant if inconclusive chat. Then, less than 24 hours after he arrived, the Secretary of State, his wife, and 28 aides who had accompanied him on the five-nation trip, packed up and headed for Washington.

FRANCE

Liberté, Egalité— Mais Vérité?

"Every Frenchman," by ancient axiom, "is willing to die for his country; but none is willing to pay for it." So passionately do the French pursue their democratic ideal of representation without taxation that cheating *le Fisc*, as they call the income tax bureau, has become the most pervasive and engrossing national pastime after love-making—and a far less risky one. As a result of the centuries-old duel between chronically strapped governments and perennially poor-mouthed citizens, France in theory imposes higher income taxes than almost any other Western country, and in practice collects less, a mere 14% of government revenue v. 60% in the U.S.

"Everybody is a conspirator," lamented Premier (and onetime banker) Georges Pompidou as his government launched a fact-finding program called *Opération Vérité* (Operation Truth), whose main aim is to get Frenchmen to do what comes unnaturally—to report their earnings. Why, cried the Premier, "it is nearly impossible to know even what a government employee earns!" In 1961, the government estimates, at least 36 million of France's 46 million people paid not a single cent of income tax; by the most conservative reckoning, 50% of those who should pay taxes got off scot-free. Even more remarkable, in the midst of unparalleled upper-crust opulence, was that in all France only 1,014 citizens—barely enough to support one of Paris' 10,000 restaurants—admitted to earning more than \$12,800 a year.

Fiscal Camouflage. The injustice of the system is that hapless wage earners, whose incomes are recorded on company payrolls and are thus easily available to *le Fisc*, shell out two-thirds of all the income taxes collected in France. While the rich get richer, thanks to an economic boom and the native genius for fiscal camouflage, rich and poor alike must shoulder massive consumer taxes, such as the 74% levy that makes French gasoline (90¢ a gallon) Europe's most expensive.

Tax reform has seldom seemed more imperative, for the government needs urgently to be assured of ever-rising revenues for such huge undertakings as its *force de frappe*, including an extravagant three-year buildup for France's first H-bomb tests in the Pacific, announced last week. At the same time, the economy is threatened by a burst of inflation that has boosted incomes and prices 11% in the past year and threatens to get out of hand in the wake of the recent successful miners' strike for higher pay.

Poodles & Picasso. To put teeth in its tax-extraction campaign, the government has unleashed a horde of expert snoops who descend unexpectedly on companies and can spot a padded payroll as unerringly as a Michelin inspector exposing a warmed-over *sauce bearnaise*. But experience proves that it will take far more



THE HAPLESS WORKERS
... then a squeeze.

ruthless measures to make individual Frenchmen divulge their true earnings. In 1947, when Robert Schuman was Finance Minister, the government did its best by introducing the theory of "external signs of wealth," a wondrously complex Latin formula whereby tax inspectors gauged a man's *richesse* by counting and grading his servants, cars, yachts, dogs (purchased or mongrel?) and declarable mistresses.

As a result, wealthy Parisians let the paint peel from their houses, put their Picassos in the attic, and claimed that their pedigreed poodles were used exclusively as watchdogs, which are tax-exempt. (*Le Fisc* finally abandoned its hit-and-mistress methods this year.) When the inspectors started demanding taxpayers' financial records, artful Frenchmen from plumbers to landlords retaliated by insisting on cash for their services; the most fashionable doctor in Paris today would sooner vote for socialized medicine than accept a patient's check.

The government's biggest problem is that honesty, as French taxpayers see it, is not merely irrelevant but almost certainly disastrous as well. A high-minded young Parisian artist once filed a scrupulously accurate tax return and was horrified to find that the skeptical local inspector, applying the standard correction factor, credited him with three times the income he reported.

This week the government presented an ambitious program of social and economic reform to the National Assembly, and the perennial question of how to pay for it once again came to the fore. Of course, De Gaulle could always imitate the Anglo-Saxons and send tax evaders to jail. But then how would he raise the revenue to build all those new prisons?



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MIDDLE EAST

Shifting Fortunes

In a letter to the Moslem wise men of Egypt's 1,000-year-old Al Azhar University, a distraught Iraqi electrician wrote: "I vowed to sacrifice my son for Arab unity. Now that it has been achieved, should I carry out my vow and kill my boy?" An Al Azhar scholar replied that he was moved by the writer's faith, but warned that Moslem law forbids human sacrifices. Therefore, "your vow carries no obligation and should not be executed."

Lowered Flags. There was a more material reason for the electrician to abstain from filial murder: Arab unity has been loudly trumpeted by Egypt, Syria and Iraq, but it has hardly been consummated. On the surface, everything seemed to be proceeding according to plan. Syria and Iraq lowered their national flags and raised instead the official three-star banner of Gamal Abdel Nasser's United Arab Republic. Ministers raced from capital to capital discussing plans for merging foreign services, school systems, airlines and textbooks. Military delegations brooded over the vital amalgamation of the three armed forces. Jurists were hard at work on a draft of a new federal constitution to be jointly voted on next September.

Neighboring Jordan seethed with an unrest that might dethrone King Hussein and force the nation to join an Arab union. Cairo's press headlined that Hussein was challenged by his army. Syria and Iraq papers reported "spreading revolution" and "guerrilla war with pitched battles." In Damascus a band of Jordanian exiles, led by handsome, hot-headed ex-Colonel Ali Abu Nuwar, 40, set up a rival "government." Abu Nuwar had nearly toppled Hussein in 1957, but because of old friendship, the King spared Abu Nuwar's life and banished him. Ever since, Abu Nuwar has repaid the act of mercy by promoting anti-Hussein conspiracies.

"Even Deal." As the pressures mounted, Radio Baghdad called Hussein the "hiring king" and the "grandson of Uncle Sam," warned that flight was the only escape from "the noose the people are preparing for you." Instead of decamping, King Hussein last week closed his border against Syrian arms and agents toured the old city of Jerusalem. Al Birah and Ramallah, where he chatted with army officers and inspected troops in their sandbag dugouts facing the Israeli positions along the frontier. In his determination to stay in power, Hussein jeered at Israel, partly to pacify the Palestinian Arabs, who make up two-thirds of his 1,800,000 subjects, partly because Israel's support for Jordan independence is a political embarrassment.

The problem threatened to involve the U.S. Washington had given Hussein assurances of support. With next year's U.S. election campaign to think about, President Kennedy had to concern himself with Israel as well. In Washington, New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits led a band of colleagues in calling for a sharp change in the U.S. policy of "deal-

ing evenhandedly" with friend and foe alike in the Middle East, and attacked continued financial aid to Nasser.

Not on Inch. At week's end, however, Jordan was still intact, and it was the Arab unity movement that was reeling. It had to do with a Cabinet crisis in Syria between the majority belonging to the Baath Socialist Party and the minority of strongly Nasserite ministers. The struggle had been brewing for two months, and pro-Nasser ministers frankly told newsmen that they intended to overthrow the Baathists. The Baath counter-strategy, as enunciated by its founder, Michel Aflak was: "Do everything to preserve unity, but don't give an inch, and don't surrender any power."

When rumors of a pro-Nasser army coup last week swept the volatile Syrian capital of Damascus, Baath acted. More than 100 army officers were dismissed or clapped in jail. In retaliation, all

YEMEN

Another Job for the U.N.

To the blare of military bands and the skirt of haggis, a troopship last week steamed into Egypt's sweltering Sinai port of Tor. Aboard were 2,000 Egyptian soldiers, the first big contingent returning from the war in Yemen. Army Chief of Staff Lieut. General Ali Amer hailed them as "victorious troops who have achieved a 20th century miracle," to wit: "Snatching the Yemeni people from the pit of poverty, ignorance and disease and leading them toward the path of dignity and development."

Double Trouble. The return home of even a token contingent of Egyptians was achieved by the quiet diplomacy of veteran U.S. Diplomat Ellsworth Bunker, 68, who last year put together the Dutch-Indonesian settlement that handed West Irian to Indonesia's Sukarno. Last week



JORDAN'S HUSSEIN RALLYING FOLLOWERS
Between Cairo's noose and Israel's fatal embrace.

six Nasserite ministers handed in their resignations. Deputy Premier Nihad El-Kassem, who had led a Syrian unity delegation to Cairo last March and had sobbed with joy on Nasser's shoulder, cried: "We are giving up our responsibilities because we have not been given the means to carry them out."

The Cabinet walkout was intended to bring the Baathists to heel, and it well might. Isolated in power, with the street mobs sympathetic to Nasser and the army of uncertain loyalty, Baath's only available allies are the merchants and landowners, who most oppose Nasser's social objectives. Their embrace could be as fatal to Baath as Israel's would be to Hussein.

During the crisis, Nasser was off on a good-will visit to Algeria, but, for once, Egypt's press and vituperative radio showed surprising self-control—neither mentioned the Syrian struggle or the Nasserite resignations. At week's end Cairo's military leaders abruptly canceled a scheduled meeting to plan the merger of Arab armies.

the United Nations announced that the parties embroiled in the Yemen civil war had accepted Bunker's proposal for a U.N. observer team with a double job. It will make sure that Saudi Arabia ends its support of the royalist tribesmen fighting to restore Imam Mohammed el Badr to the throne he lost seven months ago, and also that Egypt's 28,000-man expeditionary force pulls out as promised.

In obtaining the settlement, Bunker made three trips to Saudi Arabia and held "extensive talks" with President Gamal Abdel Nasser in Cairo. Giving force to Bunker's arguments was the basic policy decision of the Kennedy Administration to back the pro-Nasser Yemeni republicans against the feudal royalist tribes. This decision was undoubtedly conveyed, tactfully, to Saudi Arabia's Premier Prince Feisal by Bunker. Unquestionably Nasser was also told that there is a limit to his expansionist drive in the Middle East, and that the U.S. unalterably opposes his stirring up trouble in other Arab countries. Uppermost in Wash-

ton's mind was the danger that the fighting might spread into Saudi Arabia, where the U.S. has big oil holdings.

Switched Allegiance. The U.N. observer team, which will be set up by the former U.N. Congo commander, Swedish Major General Carl Von Horn, is a device to save political face for everyone. Saudi Arabia had already been cutting back on its supply of money and guns to the royalists, largely because Egypt's projected plan for unity with Syria and Iraq made Nasser far too formidable an opponent. The U.N. intervention also gives Nasser a way out of the Yemen mess, which has tied up a third of his army at a cost of \$1,000,000 a day and nearly 5,000 casualties. On balance, Nasser emerges as a clear winner. Though promising to remove his troops, he has the privilege of leaving an unspecified number for the "training" of Yemen's republican army.

About the only group not consulted was Imam Mohammed and his royalists, whose grip on Yemen has dwindled from half the country to the mountain spine in central Yemen. Some 25,000 armed supporters of the Imam are still in action and still dangerous, but they are increasingly isolated, and short of fuel and weapons. With the royalists cut off from Saudi supplies, Nasser may well be able gradually to consolidate his gains, cut down on his commitments, and ultimately complete his victory by admitting republican Yemen into his grandiose scheme for a new United Arab Republic.

SOUTH AFRICA Dispensing with Judges

In 1960 chocolate-skinned Robert Sobukwe, 38, head of the black nationalist Pan-African Congress, was sentenced to three years in jail for "incitement to riot." As his release date drew near last week, Sobukwe, a slim onetime university lecturer, was hustled from the maximum-security prison in Pretoria to a bleak detention camp on Robben Island in Table Bay, six miles from Cape Town. There he learned, just the day before he was to receive freedom, that South Africa's Parliament had rammed through a new security act empowering Justice Minister Johannes Vorster to keep political prisoners in custody indefinitely, even after their sentences have expired. Shrugged Sobukwe: "If you believe in freedom, you must suffer for it."

Endless Repetition. The new measure, which was demanded by Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd to meet a "crisis of survival," makes last year's Sabotage Act seem tame by comparison, has already been dubbed the "No Trial" bill. It promises the death penalty for citizens who receive training in subversion abroad or urge intervention by force in South Africa. Postal authorities can open, read and hold suspicious mail. Any political suspect, without trial, can be placed in no-day detention, which may then be endlessly repeated. Commented Justice Minister Vorster: "This is as much pow-



JUSTICE MINISTER VORSTER
From apartheid to kragdadigheid.

er as I need for existing circumstances. If necessary, I will take even stronger steps."

Only one member of the all-white Parliament voted against the bill. Amid government jeers, the lone Progressive Party representative, blonde Helen Suzman, warned that black nationalism as well as white nationalism feeds "on this type of kragdadigheid [toughness]." Although Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd and Vorster describe the menace facing South Africa as "Communism," the bill is clearly aimed at two African nationalist groups calling themselves *Pogo* and Spear of the Nation. *Pogo* (pronounced Paw-kaw and meaning "for ourselves alone" in the Xhosa tongue) patterns itself after the dreaded Mau Mau, which terrorized Kenya in the 1950s. It first rose to prominence last November, when some of its members rioted in the wine-growing Cape community of Paarl, hacking two whites to death with *pangas*. Later, opposing the total apartheid scheme to move most of



BLACK NATIONALIST SOBUKWE
From bitterness to bloodshed.

South Africa's 11 million blacks into nine tribal reserves. *Pogo* butchered five whites in the Transkei.

Into the Sea. According to Black Nationalist Potlako Leballo, who fled to the British-ruled enclave of Basutoland, *Pogo* is a terrorist offshoot of Sobukwe's militant Pan-African Congress and is determined to "murder the whites or chase them into the sea." As it turned out, Leballo's big mouth did *Pogo* more harm than good. Embarrassed British officials ordered his arrest, and he barely escaped into Basutoland's rugged mountains, leaving behind him a list of 10,000 black rebels in South Africa. Thanks either to coincidence or to Basutoland's connivance, South African police rounded up 2,000 rebels, and *Pogo* was on the run.

Spear of the Nation, which operates with more finesse than *Pogo* and at present tries to spare human life, is the militant arm of the African National Congress, whose Nobel prize-winning leader, ex-Chief Albert Luthuli, is under house arrest in rural Natal. Spear's most spectacular coups to date have been the bombing of the Agricultural Minister's office in Pretoria and the blowing up of several giant power pylons around Johannesburg. Sabotage trials continue up and down the country. In the East Rand town of Benoni, a black prisoner disrupted the court by shouting "Shoot me now! Shoot me now!" The "No Trial" bill has a provision aimed directly at Spear's saboteurs: it provides up to 15 years' imprisonment merely for unauthorized presence in key factories or any other installations which the government may choose to designate as "no-entry areas."

THE CONGO The Cops Protest

The Congo's latest mutiny began on payday. Opening up their pay envelopes last week, Leopoldville's 3,000-man police force discovered that their demand for a 25% wage hike had not been met. At dawn the next morning, the angry cops overpowered their own officers, then raided Leopoldville's city hall, where they took some two dozen hostages, including two deputy mayors and the mayor's pregnant wife. Barricading themselves in their police barracks, the well-armed cops waited for the government to ante up more money.

Instead, Premier Cyrille Adoula's government dispatched the Congolese army commander, General Joseph Mobutu, and units of red-bereted paracommandos to the police compound. Ordering his men not to shoot, Mobutu opened the camp's gate and strode in alone and unarmed to face the mutineers. Roughly he yanked the ringleaders out of the mob one by one, and demanded that they give up. With that the revolt collapsed, and Mobutu—his well-creased trousers stained with a spot of blood—ordered the mutiny's leaders stripped to their underwear and driven off to jail through the jeering crowd at the camp's gate.

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SUKARNO BILLBOARD
A proprietorial strut.

WEST IRIAN Brother Takes Over

At 12:30 p.m. in the old Dutch New Guinea capital of Hollandia one steamy day last week, the blue-and-white United Nations banner was hauled down, and the red-and-white flag of Indonesia stood waving triumphantly alone. Thus did President Sukarno complete his grab of a California-size chunk of new territory to add to Indonesia's sprawling island chain.

It was only last year that Sukarno climaxed a 11 year campaign to annex the area with a bitter year of war of harassment. The Dutch, under pressure from the U.S., finally agreed to hand their colony over to the U.N., which would administer the territory for seven months, then turn it over to Indonesia. Under the compromise, Sukarno promises to hold a plebiscite "by 1969" to give the 700,000 primitive Papuan inhabitants a chance to opt for independence. But as Bung (Brother) Karmo arrived last week for his first visit, there was something about the way he and his Indonesian troops strutted through the streets of Hollandia (renamed Kotabaru) that made many wonder if he would ever permit the region to be more than just Indonesia's province of West Irian.

RED CHINA

The Great Leap Overboard

In 1958, when Communist China built its biggest freighter, the 11,182-ton ship was christened—naturally—*Yüeh Chin*, or the *S.S. Leap Forward*. With almost as much fanfare as when she was launched the *Leap Forward* sailed from Tsingtao last week with the first cargo shipped from China to Japan since the two countries signed a recent trade agreement ending their five-year official boycott of each other's goods. Then, half way across the

East China Sea one afternoon last week, the *Leap Forward* suddenly radioed for help. Four hours later, the pride of China's merchant fleet lay on the ocean floor.

The Chinese crew, who took to the lifeboats and were rescued by Japanese fishermen, excitedly insisted in sign language that their ship had been pursued by a submarine and hit by three torpedoes. But to Japanese naval authorities their story seemed as full of holes as the *Leap Forward* herself. If the ship had really been torpedoed, they pointed out, its 59-man crew could hardly have escaped without the loss of a single life. Besides, who would want to sink an unarmed merchantman? The U.S. announced that it, for one, had no subs in the area. A more logical explanation lay in jagged Scott Rock, an ill-defined group of reefs barely beneath the surface 120 miles southwest of Korea. The head of Japan's Maritime Safety Board was sure the *Leap Forward* had gone aground. "An error of navigation," he shrugged.

Even Radio Peking seemed unable to swallow the idea of hostile attack, announcing only that the government was "attaching great importance" to the sinking. The tone of the broadcast suggested that whatever face the skipper had saved in Japan with his torpedo tale would be quickly dissipated once he came back to face the music in Tsingtao.

TOGO

Arranging Things

Four months after the assassination of President Sylvanus Olympio by a disgruntled army sergeant, the Togolese electorate went dutifully to the polls this week to choose a new government. There was little suspense about the outcome. The voters, handed a single list, could only rubber-stamp the military-backed regime that had succeeded Olympio in the tiny West African republic.

Slated for a continued five-year term as President is Nicolas Grunitzky, 50, the mulatto son of a Prussian doctor and Togolese mother who headed a pro-French puppet regime before Olympio gained independence from Paris in 1960, and who was called upon to take over as Provisional President last January. Ticketed to stay on as Vice President was Antoine Meatchi, 37, a tall, ambitious northern tribesman. To keep the various party factions happy, the election organizers agreed in advance on the makeup of a 56-member National Assembly, divided among virtually all political parties, including Olympio's *Comité d'Union Unité Togolaise* and its sometime youth wing, Juvento,[®] so that none has a majority. Backing up the whole package is Togo's French-trained army, whose discontent over low pay and manpower led to Olympio's overthrow. Its ranks have since been doubled to 550 men.

• Perhaps the world's grandest party label, Juvento takes its name from the first letters of the French words: *jeunesse, union, solidarité, optimisme*.

CEYLON

Hooch in the Hold

Although it has never fought a war, the bathtub Royal Ceylon Navy[®] might at least be expected to defend its homeland off southern India, against smugglers. But last week many a Ceylonese was wondering whose side of the smuggling racket the fleet was really on.

Climaxing a two-year investigation, a commission of inquiry in Colombo accused 22 Ceylonese navy officers—the cream of the top naval leadership—of conspiring to smuggle a treasure-trove of contraband into the country. Chief among them is the former naval chief of staff, Rear Admiral Royce de Mel, 47. When he sailed grandly home from a 1960 goodwill cruise in Asian waters, the commission charged, the magazines of De Mel's flagship and an escorting frigate had been loaded with some \$10,000 worth of hooch hauled in duty-free ports. Main source was Singapore, where De Mel's bluejackets had joyously laid in 100 cases of Grant's Scotch, 25 cases of other brands of whisky, plus cases of rum, gin, brandy, champagne and beer, intended for disposal back home. Investigators added that the hot cargo also included crated refrigerators, hi-fi sets, transistor radios, furniture, rare Hong Kong vases and gold bangles—most, unfortunately, confiscated by Ceylon authorities after the fleet dropped anchor upon its return.

De Mel and his fellow brass now stand to lose their commissions, but the prospect is the lesser of the admiral's worries. With 27 other suspects, he is already in prison, accused of participating in an abortive plot last year to overthrow Ceylon's strongwoman Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike.

• Two vintage frigates, two converted minesweepers, a seaward defense boat, a dozen PT-boats and a seagoing tug.



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the day they'll fly the school in

It's possible today. To help hard-pressed communities win the battle of the bulging classroom, last fall United States Steel introduced a revolutionary new portable steel school that is the best answer yet to population shifts. The entire school can be dismantled into sections, trucked to a new site, fastened back together, and in use again in just 2 weeks. If anyone actually did want to move the dismantled school by helicopter, he could.

As astonishing as this "instant classroom" system sounds, there is nothing temporary about the new steel school. It's made with U. S. Steel's famous Ambridge Modular School components. Ceilings are acoustically treated, walls and floors are fully insulated, the painted steel panels come in nearly any shade of the rainbow and interior walls are clad with tough, easy-to-clean vinyl. The school meets all updated building code requirements.

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For information on the new steel portable school, write to United States Steel, Room 6673, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.



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THE HEMISPHERE

HISPANIOLA

Worst of Neighbors

For its size, the island of Hispaniola—where Christopher Columbus landed in 1492—can match its violent past and present with just about any place, including Cuba, the island next door. One end of the island of Hispaniola just got rid of the bloody 32-year dictatorship of the Trujillos in 1961. The other end is subjected to the increasingly whimsical violence of Haiti's Dictator François Duvalier.

In Haiti's capital of Port-au-Prince, Duvalier's palace guards burst into the Dominican embassy in search of 22 anti-government Haitians, including several army officers, who had sought asylum there. They ransacked two floors without finding the men (who were hiding in the embassy residence at the edge of town), then threatened a secretary and departed, posting a guard around the building to interrogate all who tried to leave or enter. "An invasion of our country," cried Dominican President Juan Bosch. The Dominican navy (such as it is) put to sea, tanks clanked toward the border, and Bosch fired off an ultimatum to Duvalier—24 hours to call off the goons, or else.

Blood at the Border. Negro Haiti and the Spanish-speaking Dominican Republic are the worst of neighbors even in the best of times. In the early 1800s, the sport of Haitian rulers was slaughtering Dominicans; in the 1930s, Dominican Dictator Rafael Trujillo methodically killed some 15,000 Haitian squatters on his land. Now Duvalier is getting in his licks. Dominican nationals in Haiti have been jailed and savagely beaten; others have disappeared without a trace. One Dominican diplomat was murdered. The Haitian border has been closed to Dominicans for months, and there are persistent reports that members of the Trujillo clan are plotting with Duvalier to assassinate the newly elected Bosch. "There is a conspiracy in Haiti against our democratic government," warned Bosch last week. "We have suffered with great patience, but these outrages must end—now."

At the talk, the OAS in Washington hurriedly flew a five-nation investigating team to the island. But in their one brief meeting with Haiti's dictator, Duvalier insisted on jabbering in Creole; the OAS team scarcely understood his words. Only under pressure did he agree to remove his guards from the Dominican embassy and grant safe-conduct out of the country for 15 of the Haitian asylees. Nothing would budge him on the other seven, who were moved to the Colombian embassy, and there were no promises about what would happen when the OAS team departed.

Over the Horizon. Through it all, the U.S., which has long since cut off all aid to Haiti to show its displeasure, sought



to maintain a hands-off attitude and refused even to participate in the OAS fact-finding mission. But the U.S. finds it harder and harder to ignore Duvalier. A noise bomb exploded in front of the U.S. embassy; the wife of a U.S. Marine sergeant was hauled into a police station for 2½ hours of questioning; Robert Hill, embassy first secretary, was stopped and searched at gunpoint by Duvalier's *Tonton Macoute*, a kind of disorderly people's thugger. Three times during the week, U.S. Ambassador Raymond L. Thurston protested to the Haitian government. Just over the horizon stood a U.S. Navy task force, and marines aboard the aircraft carrier *Boxer* were prepared to land, if necessary, to save the lives of 1,000 U.S. citizens in Haiti. The situation, said Washington, is "delicate and dark."

To an obedient crowd of 10,000, mostly ragged peasants trucked into the capital to hear the man who calls himself "Papa Doc," Duvalier declared: "I am the personification of the Haitian nation. I will keep power. God is the only one who can take it from me."

CANADA With a Confident Air

Like a Canaveral countdown, Canadian newspapers were counting off Lester Pearson's promised "60 days of decision." They were already two weeks along, and Canadians who suspected that Pearson would prove more effective as a Prime Minister than as a campaigner have so far been proved right. His new Cabinet met four times in the first week. Newsmen clogged the corridors scribbling furiously to catch all that was being said about new capital funds for regional development, new ideas to promote industry, new enthusiasm for tariff cutting in international trade. Buoyant and assured, he bounced on nationwide TV one night, and in a rare flight of inspirational rhetoric, promised Canada a government "to excite the daring, to test the strong and to give a new promise to the timid."

Cherished Dream. Since he would not have to face his first Parliament until May 16, Pearson used the time to mend Canada's international friendships so sorely strained by the cantankerous, indecisive ways of the defeated John Diefenbaker.

One of my most cherished dreams," said Pearson, "has long been to see a North Atlantic community linked by so many indissoluble spiritual, moral, social and economic bonds that its common life will have a paramount influence not only on the lives of its member peoples but on the hopes of all peoples for peace and human brotherhood." So saying, he flew off for a four-day visit to London, where warming winds were already blowing. Remembering the chill atmosphere surrounding the last Diefenbaker visit, one Canadian civil servant remarked discreetly, "It was cold in February."

Pearson's first courtesy call on Prime Minister Harold Macmillan went on for 40 minutes, and when newsmen asked why so long for a routine call, Pearson grinned: "We had a Scotch." Before a luncheon meeting, Macmillan asked him to show up 15 minutes early so that he could meet the Cabinet and address them briefly. Labor's Opposition Leader Harold Wilson dropped by for "a very long and private talk about world affairs." In addition to the usual protocol visit, Queen Elizabeth asked Pearson and his wife to come spend the night at Windsor Castle.

On to Hyannisport. There were no treaties to sign, no formal agreements to negotiate, and not even a communiqué to mark the trip, and none were needed. The talk ranged from Commonwealth trade and the Common Market, such touchy matters under Diefenbaker, to Canada's role in the inter-allied nuclear force proposed for NATO. On every count, Pearson declared himself "quite satisfied."

Then it was back home to prepare for still another visit—to the U.S. and President Kennedy. In two days snugly ensconced in the Kennedy compound at Hyannisport, Mass., he will stay in Bobby Kennedy's digs, just a football pass across the lawn from the President's own home, and the talk will go on over poached eggs at breakfast, at bull sessions lounging in overstuffed chairs, and during walks along the beach. The U.S. President wants to brief Pearson on how things look around the world, discuss trade expansion and reach some understanding on nuclear arms. But there will be no pressing and no pronouncements at Hyannisport—only a chance to restore U.S.-Canadian neighborliness to its traditional trust.

PEOPLE

It looked more like cowboys-and-Indians, or maybe whoop-it-up day at the rodeo. But there in U.S.-style blue jeans was **Princess Anne**, 12, all set to watch Daddy play in a polo tournament at Windsor. By contrast, **Queen Elizabeth**, 37, in scorching matched mother-and-daughter garb, looked uncommonly chic, as crisply turned out as any young matron of the Virginia horsey set. Both appeared less concerned with fashion than with Prince Philip's chances. No problem, though. His team won a smashing victory.

Revolution-minded, some 40 faithful set out from the Soviet embassy in Washington to visit Early American landmarks, stopping at Fredericksburg, Va., for a look at the law office occupied in the late 1730s by **President James Monroe**. Unrest became apparent when Laurence G. Hoes, 61, great-great-grandson of Monroe, pressed a copy of the Monroe Doctrine on Russian Counselor Igor Kolosovski, 42. "Give this to Premier Khrushchev," suggested Hoes, "and tell him the Monroe Doctrine is very much alive." *Nyet*, snorted Kolosovski, "a dead document." Immediately followed a Cossack chorus of "dead document, dead document," until Hoes added: "It got you out of Cuba." At that, the argument palled, and his Soviet guests went off to gather some documentation of their own—taking pictures of each other atop Fredericksburg's pre-Civil War slave block.

Knock-knock. Who's there? The Queen of Greece. And much to the surprise of singer **Marti Stevens**, 31, daughter of U.S. Movie Magnate Nicholas Schenck that's just who it was—frightened **Queen Frederika**, 46, and daughter Princess Irene, 20, fleeing into residential Three Kings Yard from a mob of Greek leftist demonstrators outside Claridge's hotel in London. "I offered her cognac," Marti explained, "but she said she preferred Scotch and soda." A diplomatic choice, for



ELIZABETH & ANNE
Like cowboys.

British officials were red-faced with apologies for the apparent snafu of security measures. But Frederika swiftly regained composure, sent Marti an autographed photo "for your prompt help to two strangers in distress," then flew home. Awaiting her was news to delight even a beleaguered queen—an announcement from Madrid that Daughter **Princess Sophie**, married last spring to Prince Juan Carlos of Spain, will make Frederika a grandmother some time next December.

The occasion was one of those times when strong men are permitted to weep. "I thank all the people who have been so fine to me—all my friends," said Boston Celtics' Basketball Star **Bob Cousy**, 34, moved to tears by a crowd of 3,000 at a testimonial banquet in Worcester, Mass. Retiring for a coaching job at Boston College, the Coonie firmly numbered among his friends another athlete—**Paul Hornung**, 27, Green Bay halfback indefinitely suspended from the National Football League for betting on Packers games. Hornung—present at Cousy's insistence—shakily recalled his own furlough from sports. "Last week I had many long-distance calls. Some of them were not so nice. But one of the first was from Bob Cousy, and Bob said, 'Paul, I want you to be there. I'll never forget it.'"

She adores Noel Coward, Princess Grace, and the Shah of Iran, but in her new book, *The Celebrity Circus*, Jet-Set Ringmaster **Elsa Maxwell**, 70, goes whip-cracking after party poopers and other peevish types: Author Cleveland Amory ("boring to look at, boring to listen to, boring to read"), ex-King Farouk ("surely one of the most repulsive creatures God ever made"), and Brigitte Bardot ("she's nude, she's horrible"). There are times, though, admits Elsa, when a girl's drop-dead list gets completely out of



FREDERIKA & DAUGHTER
Like help.

hand: "I've said so many nice things and so many mean things about so many famous people. I often have to read my book to find out who it is I don't like."

Bald, gross, and illiterate Emile a Tae, 64, half-caste Tahitian son of Painter Paul Gauguin, used to let tourists take his picture for a few francs, just enough to keep himself in beer. Now, at London's prestigious O'Hana Gallery, his own child-like oil-on-canvas pictures are bringing from \$700 to \$1,400 apiece, and he has learned to sign them **Emile Gauguin**. He has reformed too, says fortyish mentor, Madame Josette Giraud, a French writer who hauled him out of jail several times and put a paintbrush in his hand. When word gets back to the islands, the artist can be proud, for even the austere London Times called his 61 canvases "a life document of touching simplicity."

"I knew if I flew it right I couldn't miss," said durable Aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, 57, looking at her Lockheed TF-101G Super Starfighter the way some women look at a gift-wrapped assortment of Cochran cosmetics. To take the women's 100-kilometer closed-course record away from her archival, Jacqueline Auriol of France, the American Jackie whipped the knife-winged jet through its paces at 1,293.91 m.p.h., erasing Auriol's 1062 record of 1,140.65 m.p.h. And last month Jackie cracked her own mark in the 15.25-kilometer straightaway dash, boosting the Starfighter to 1,273.10 m.p.h., which, as every girl knows, is almost twice the speed of sound at 40,000 ft.

Star and starlet were shining up to each other: **Maximilian Schell**, 32, a highly touted Hamlet in Hamburg, and former Queen **Soraya**, 31, who adorned his opening night and who reportedly takes tips from Max about her new movie career. What's cosmetically significant about that? Nothing, says Max. So why don't those lens-happy "reporters of the international scandal press" leave him alone? Soliloquizing in the West German daily *Die Welt*, onetime Journalist Schell added: "They squat like monkeys in trees, they hang like grape clusters from airliner



SORAYA & SCHELL
Like grapes.

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stairways. Pitiless as wasps, they live off the blood of prominent personalities. In the private sphere, permission of the person photographed should be required.

At the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla., Patrol Squadron 16 was drawn up on parade to install a new C.O., Commander **Lester H. Boutte**, 42, the air-sea rescue expert who helped pinpoint Astronauts Glenn and Grissom. Then Boutte did a fast double take. There to cheer his promotion was Captain **Eddie Rickenbacker**, 72, the World War I ace who is now chairman of the board of Eastern Air Lines. Captain Eddie had not forgotten 1942. As a young radioman aboard an amphibious scouting plane, Boutte was the flyer who spotted Rickenbacker and two companions on a life raft in the Pacific, three weeks after the ditching of their plane on a flight from Hawaii to Canton Island. "If it weren't for his eagle eye," grinned Rickenbacker, "I wouldn't be here today."

Spring was icummen in a wee bit late upcountry, and off to Gibraltar from chilly Scotland flew honeymooning Princess Alexandra, 26, and Angus Ogilvy, 34. The newlyweds made their hush-hush getaway in a chartered turboprop, hired for \$140 an hour from British United Airways, and boasting such extras as a bar, sofa and sideboard. Bonus feature: blonde Stewardess **Joyce Ambler**, 31, sister of Suspense Novelist Eric Ambler, and a girl well calculated to add a certain dash to royal adventures abroad. Said she: "This flight was supposed to be deadly secret."

The Mississippi mud just keeps rolling toward Negro student **James H. Meredith**, 29. Now the Jackson Daily News has blamed integration for a sharp rise in the state's highway death toll, laying it to "the anxieties of Mississippians" in crisis, which naturally brought about "an unusual number of accidental highway deaths." Meredith said nothing. But when a homemade bomb went off near his campus dormitory during "Rebel Week," he wrote an open letter to The Mississippian, the student daily. "My desire was greater educational opportunities. I do not want to join your fraternities. What's everybody so mad about?"

It was raining at Goodwood, the scene of his near-fatal crash just over a year ago. And at long last—following many operations and persistent rumors of a comeback—Britain's Ace Auto Driver **Stirling Moss**, 33, climbed into a Lotus sports car to face his moment of truth. After 15 laps in the wet, hitting a speed of 145 m.p.h. at one point, the champion hung up his goggles for keeps. "My reactions were down," said Moss. "My judgment and dexterity were just not good enough. It's not automatic. I have enough of my old self back to drive. I might even have a good day once in a while, but I shall never be No. 1 again. I couldn't hear that—so I shall never be No. 2 either. I am never going to race again."



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CHARLES AT CARNEGIE HALL
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SINGERS

That's All Right

He speaks and even seems to think with a stammer—but the halt is strangely touching. In song, his voice quavers and breaks, but then he catches it, and it rises to a shriek that ends on a cheerless blue note. He rocks in rhythm across the keyboard of his piano, but he seems not so much mannered as he is possessed. He is a blind Negro, haunted by narcotics; yet when he sings a song that makes him stammer, shriek and rock, Ray Charles is the best blues singer around.

The Message. At a couple of standing-room-only Carnegie Hall concerts last week, just before he pushed off for a month's tour of Europe, Charles put on a performance that seemed designed to describe the course of his career. He sang selections from his collection of popular country and western songs,* such as *You Are My Sunshine* and *Born To Lose*, and his band occasionally slipped into a ballroom blandness that was really a how to Carnegie respectability. But when Charles took flight, he reached the limits of his unpolished art. There was a point when the words of his songs could no longer carry his message.

But however that message may be blurred, it is still sought so avidly that Charles is now a leading record-album seller and concert performer in jazz, blues and popular music; he is also the only Negro ever to make a big hit in country and western music. He draws on all the streams of American music, and last year his record sales came to \$10,000,000.

Clear Melancholy. Ever since his good days began, with his first hit record (*Got a Woman*) eight years ago, Charles has been steadily plagued by souvenirs from sadder times. He was born in Albany, Ga., blinded by illness at six, orphaned at 15, addicted to narcotics at 16. He went to school just long enough to learn Braille, at 17 struck out with a trio; soon he was in Seattle playing ersatz Nat King Cole, and he kept at it well into his 20s. Then, in a flash of insight, he decided to be himself. He began singing and

playing his wailing mixture of rhythm and blues, jazz and shoutin' gospel music. "What they call 'soul music.'"

Bourgeois Negroes at first winced at Charles's almost burlesque use of Negro idiom; it seemed embarrassingly clear that no white man could ever sing the songs his way. Today, though Charles still sings the same "race music," there is no modern singer who has not learned something from him. His touches turn up in other singers' styles; his trademark phrases, such as "What'd I say" and "Don't you know now" and "That's all right," poke out from everybody's rhythm choruses like passwords to success. But the man himself remains apart. And in nearly everything he sings, clamped onto the end of a verse is the bent blue note that makes his melancholy clear.

Darker Fears. Always the spirit Charles evokes is melancholy, even among those who evoke him by his press-agent nickname—"The Genius." Those who brood over his willingness to sing valueless songs also see with horror in the

bravura, spotlight style of his band a hint that he may yet turn out to be a grinning bandleader some day. But other, darker fears call up his past arrests on narcotics charges, his occasional lapses into moments of incoherence, the grotesque contortions that sometimes seize him. Behind his dark glasses, there looms a man in trouble with himself.

Charles lives in a world of sounds alone, and even his best songs do not completely tell what goes on there. Southern spiritualists have claimed to hear him speaking the "unknown tongue," and serious jazz critics go along with calling him "The Genius." But something else remains—the catch in the way he sings "That's all right"—and it suggests that something is wrong. How can it be all right, when it stirs the listener so sadly?

BALLET

Not Quite It

Manhattan balletomanes had been waiting for months, and now the Royal Ballet was actually in town. Impresario Sol Hurok's Barnum-sized package included 500 tons of scenery, 160 people, and the most spectacular new dance partnership in half a century: Dame Margot Fonteyn and Russian Defector Rudolf Nureyev, starring in a ballet created expressly for their extraordinary talents.

But even after opening night the wait went on. Impresario Hurok filled the stage with ballets as old and rococo as the Metropolitan Opera House itself. Then he tried the most loyal fans' patience by first presenting Fonteyn and her young new *premier danseuse* in *Giselle*—one of the most forgettable of all ballets. She danced well, but that was nothing new. So did he, but still nobody could tell whether he could live up to his billing.

Last week the suspense was scheduled



* Usually plaintive ballads, sung with hillbilly or country guitar accompaniment.

Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.
President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ble evils of "me too" engineering.

It may be argued that a certain amount of "me too" engineering is desirable, if only to keep pace with advancing technologies, for example. In some cases, it may be the fastest way to maintain the competitiveness of a product line. But at best, "me too" engineering will never accomplish much more than keeping one just a little behind the leaders in a given field.

The challenge to our central research staff in utilizing its 85,000-square-foot facility is to concentrate its talents on the projects that represent *major* product developments. In fact, the success with which they meet this challenge might best be measured by the amount of "me too" engineering into which our competitors are forced.

We're not dissatisfied with our record in applied research and the product development leadership provided to the markets we serve. However, the new facility will help continue the pace of providing new ideas and products that will be needed in the future. We regard this not only as our obligation to the industries we serve: selfishly, it is vital to our own continuing prosperity.

* * *

Five years ago, imaginative application research resulted in a water meter that incorporated principles entirely new to the water industry. This Rockwell Sealed Register meter has performed so well during this period, we are now able to offer a service contract in connection with the meter's use that is itself entirely new to the water industry.

It is called the Meter Maintenance Plan. Its basis is a repair and return contract, signed with a municipality or water utility, that provides an opportunity for considerable savings to the owner of the meters. We regard this plan, and the product that made it possible, as a fine example of why imaginative engineering—not "me too" engineering—is so very important.

* * *

This month's addition to the Rockwell power tool line is a Porter-Cable builders' saw. The most unusual of many new features of this heavy-duty unit is that a brake has been built in. The operator merely pushes a button that stops the blade. By eliminating blade coasting, there's less danger to the operator. Too, he can switch more quickly from one cutting job to another, and the possibility of accidental blade damage is greatly reduced.

* * *

Once in a while a product designed for a specific service proves to be ideal for another service for which it was never really intended. Our Hypreseal valve, for instance—an inverted plug valve—was designed originally for high pressure services primarily in the petroleum industry. Nevertheless, it was discovered to be the ideal solution for a problem application on a 108-mile coal slurry pipeline in Ohio. Coal particles were forming a solid build-up in the cavities of the valves originally installed. The Rockwell valve has solved this problem since it has no cavities that can become clogged.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh 8, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.

Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

to end. In *Swan Lake*, the two visitors brought the house down. Then, for an audience starring the President's wife, one ex-President's daughter (Margaret Truman Daniel), and one presidential absentee (Adlai Stevenson), Hurok presented Fonteyn and Nureyev together in the U.S. premiere of *Marguerite and Armand*, the latest version of *Camille*.

Sophomoric Sycophants. Sir Frederick Ashton, slated to succeed Dame Ninette de Valois as the Royal Ballet's director, knew that everyone from Verdi to Garbo had taken a whack at Dumas' story since it first appeared in 1848. He redistilled it in his own mind into a prologue and four concentrated scenes. Still he could not decide on the music. Then he heard Liszt's B-minor sonata. To most classicalists, the piece is sadly second-rate, but it was the answer to Ashton's yearning. He assigned the orchestration to Humphrey Searle, got Cecil Beaton to do the sets, and plunged into the choreography.

The result is a ballet the like of which has never been seen on any stage. The curtain rises on Marguerite, lying on a chaise longue in her nightie, and dreaming. Of what? Of Armand, of course. And to leave no doubt, Nureyev's face, a hundred times life-size, flashes on a giant screen. Next come the flashbacks.

Marguerite shows up on the chaise again, surrounded by sophomoric sycophants, her elderly ducal paramour in the background. Enter Armand. With no gravity-defying leaps, but pedestrially, and with a disconcerting knee jerk, he moves in on Marguerite. It is love at first sight.

Ashton has combined his choreography with the acting. Fonteyn has always been one of ballet's greatest actresses, and now that she is 43, the rest of her body is even more expressive than her articulate legs and feet. For one exquisite moment in their carefree love scene, as Rudolf carries Margot downstage, holding her high, the bones seem to melt out of her joints and she becomes more limp than a rag doll. Nureyev is inspired by her virtuosity. In scene after scene, they act out the passionate affair of Marguerite and Armand. Denied an opportunity to show off his airborne virtuosity, only in the betrayal scene does Nureyev show the hot Tartar blood of which he boasts. Fonteyn dies fetchingly in her nightie.

Chance to Dance. But is it a great ballet? The steps are modern and functional, with never a *tour jeté*, never an *entrechat* or a *grand jete*. Manhattan first-nighters, who sat through its half-hour length with scarcely a rippling interruption of applause, demanded 16 curtain calls, with Jacqueline Kennedy clapping energetically enough for two. Nureyev's magnetic personality demands an audience's attention. In *Swan Lake*, he disclosed some of his enormous technical facility, and in *Marguerite*, with less chance to dance, he demonstrated that he can also act. But so much of his talked-of talent is yet to be revealed that his U.S. fans still cannot judge whether Nureyev is indeed, as advertised, the first worthy successor to Nijinsky.

HERE ARE A FEW REASONS WHY THE NEW AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 WILL INTRIGUE YOU



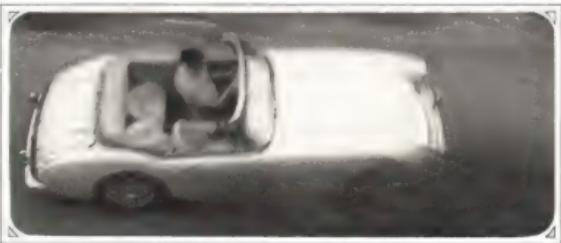
Patrician breeding shows in every sculptured line of the new Austin Healey 3000. She's dressed for the Sixties in a wrap-around windshield, draft-free vents, and a multitude of other refinements for your pleasure and comfort. Her new vinyl-



treated fabric hood can be raised or lowered with one hand. She's graduated from a roadster to a true convertible. In



the sunlight or under the stars, her high-stepping performance lives up to her looks. The 6-cylinder overhead-valve mill will carry you at sustained high speeds... and she's a real neck-snapper if you accelerated at 70. Big disc brakes mean extra safety, and for the statistically-minded, the Austin Healey 3000 has a compression ratio of 9:03 to 1, with



a 3.5-in. stroke in a 3.282-in. bore. The smart efficiency of the cockpit will gladden your heart. The cowled dials are grouped for quick reading; shift and



toggle switches are handy. Functional luxury—for a commute or a lazy country ramble. Owners are often prone—to ad-



mire the Austin Healey 3000 from every angle. Each subtly sculptured line flows into the next with aerodynamic logic: the



Q.E.D. is a car of impressive appearance and eager power. You can take the tads



along now and then, because this car is an "Occasional four". But before a long trip, recite three times: "Two's company. . . ." You'll get a renewed sense of pleasure every time you step into the



cockpit of this responsive little beauty. Do it soon, because nothing will be so convincing as your own sense of power and pleasure at the wheel.



Rambunctious tomboy sister of the 3000 is the Sprite. She's a classy little package whose twin-carb power will take you over 220 flashing miles on one filling of the 7½-gallon tank. Stowable hood, oversized brakes, an endurance winner at Sebring. At P.O.E./N.Y., \$1875, you can afford to flirt a little, can't you?

AUSTIN HEALEY

3000 MR. II CONVERTIBLE

PROBLEMS OF THE POLYMER INDUSTRY IN THE USSR
AND THE USA. A COMPARISON OF THE STATE OF THE ART

SCIENCE

NAVIGATION

Bottled Star

Deep in a dial-studded cabinet on the Navy's test ship *Compass Island* lies a hollow sphere of beryllium no bigger than a baseball. It has no visible means of support, yet it spins at 30,000 r.p.m. Awe-struck naval technicians call it a "star in a bottle," and they count on that man-made star to tell nuclear submarines exactly where they are, even after months of cruising in black ocean depths.

Developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell on theories worked out at the University of Illinois, the bottled star is officially named ESG (Electrically Suspended Gyro). Like all the gyroscopic equipment that guides modern missiles, ships, aircraft and spacecraft, ESG's performance depends on the fact that a rapidly spinning rotor tends to maintain an unchanging attitude in space; it sticks to its stance regardless of the movement of the vessel on which it is mounted. Gyros that can do this job accurately for short periods are not too hard to build. But when a gyro is used steadily for days or weeks at a time, it tends to drift from its proper direction, usually because of friction in its bearings and other supporting parts. Even though that friction can be reduced almost to the vanishing point, the least trace of a rub can make the gyro drift.

Electrical Support. For all practical purposes Honeywell's ESG has no friction at all. The beryllium sphere that is its rotor is enclosed in a ceramic case lined with copper electrodes that do not quite touch the sphere's surface. The electrodes carry powerful electric charges so that each of them tugs at the sphere. Whenever the tug gets uneven, a quick and intricate electronic circuit adjusts the charges so that the beryllium ball remains precisely in the center of the cavity, supported by nothing but electrical force.

Before the suspended sphere can work as a gyroscope, almost every trace of air must be pumped out of the cavity. Then a set of coils creates a rotating magnetic field that spins the sphere like an electric motor. When the rotor reaches a speed of 30,000 r.p.m., the power is shut off and the sphere spins on for weeks or months without appreciable slowing.

Lemon Shape. The sphere itself must be machined with incredible accuracy: no more than five millionths of an inch of error can be tolerated. When it is not spinning, the sphere is not exactly spherical; it is slightly prolate (lemon-shaped), with its equatorial radius (where the metal is thickest) .000226 in. shorter than the polar radius. When it is spinning at 30,000 r.p.m., though, centrifugal force makes the equator bulge just enough to form a perfect sphere.

Since no mechanical probes can touch the bottled star without disturbing it, parts of its polished surface are treated chemically to make them reflect less light. These parts are observed by photoelectric instruments that report the exact direction in which the axis is pointing.

The accuracy of ESG is a closely guarded Navy secret, but Honeywell confidently claims that it outclasses all other gyros. It will first be put to use on nuclear submarines, where it will serve as a monitor to check the guidance apparatus that is already installed for the sub and its Polaris missiles. With a bottled star on board, subs need never come near the dangerous surface to check their positions by celestial sights.

CONSERVATION

Embattled Elms

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come . . .

. . . and the voice of the chain saw is heard in the land.

The Song of Solomon needed some new words last week as the power saws growled and stately old elm trees crashed to the pavement. They were all doomed by Dutch elm disease, though many of them could probably have been saved by careful, persistent programs of spraying with insecticides.

Even though the disease cannot be cured, sprays can kill the beetles that carry its deadly fungus from tree to tree. And if dead or dying trees are burned, the beetles have fewer places to breed. But still the plague spreads, even though many Middle Western cities, where elms are the most common and sometimes the only shade trees, have demonstrated that the two-part program works well. Chicago, which destroyed diseased trees



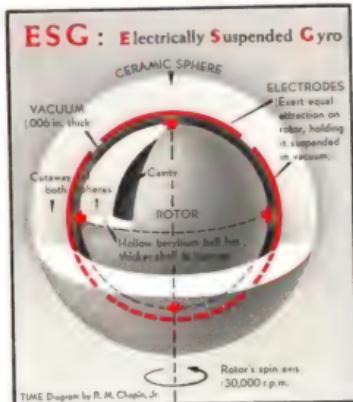
TREE CUTTING IN CHICAGO
The Bird People cried holt.

and sprayed too, lost only 0.7% of its elms last year; Champaign-Urbana and Bloomington, where no systematic effort was made, lost 95% of their elms by 1960.

Loaded Worms. Early elm-saving sprays used DDT, and as Marine Biologist Rachel Carson recounted with telling effect in her bestseller, *Silent Spring*, the insecticide got into the soil and was absorbed by earthworms. When robins ate the worms, they died in large numbers. Quickly the notion spread through suburban folklore that any kind of spraying is deadly to all birds, even to squirrels, raccoons and other appealing mammals. Organized resistance to spraying began to appear. In Downers Grove, near Chicago, bird enthusiasts ran a loud campaign. They talked about "birdkill" and hinted that insecticides cause cancer in humans. They managed to stop spraying, and in the process they increased the loss of elms. The same battle is still being fought in many elm-shaded towns.

This spring the fight is hotter than ever. With *Silent Spring* as their gospel, birdmen are on the march all over the Middle West. But the tree people have rallied too. In spite of spraying, they point out, there seem to be plenty of birds around; and what are birds compared to elms? "In Kansas in August," said one elm lover, "you have to run from tree to tree to keep from getting sunburned to death."

Though both sides swallow in emotion, the facts seem to be that some kinds of spraying do reduce temporarily the local population of some kinds of birds. This is partly because spraying cuts the insect food supply, but when DDT is used in



High.



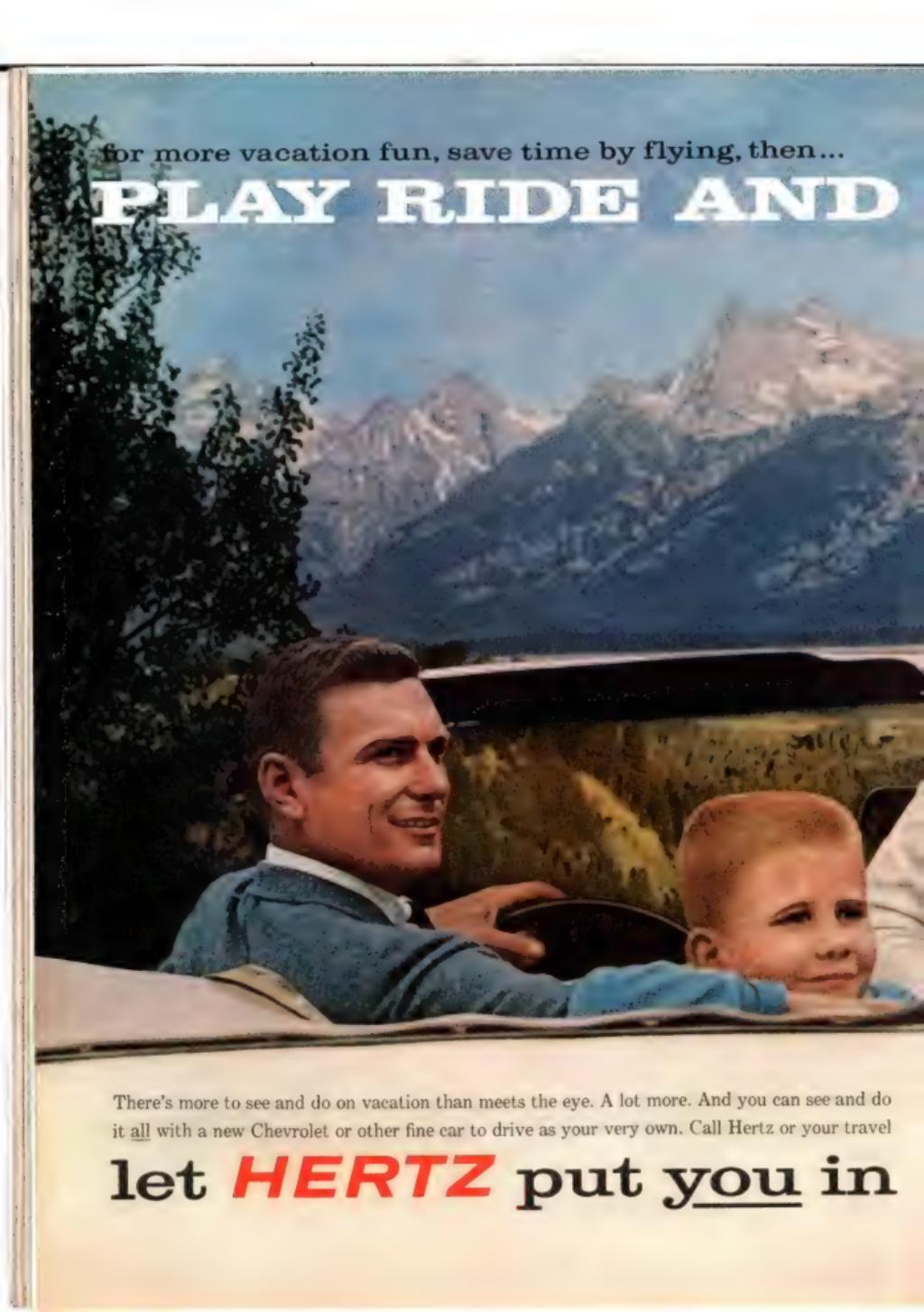
or low.



Smoothest going down!

You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red',
the world's largest-selling Scotch whisky
because it always tastes so incredibly smooth!



A color photograph of a man and a young child in a car. The man, wearing a blue sweater, is smiling and looking towards the child. The child, with blonde hair, is looking out of the car window. They are driving through a scenic landscape with large, rugged mountains in the background under a clear blue sky. The car's interior and a dark evergreen tree are visible on the left side of the frame.

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large quantities, it may also kill birds directly. When it gets into the soil, it may kill birds via contaminated earthworms for several years.

Bird-Sparing Spray. Responsible forestry experts argue that these ill effects can be minimized by spraying the elms in late fall or in early spring before the buds swell. At those times, few birds are around to be damaged, and when the bark beetles start flying in April from diseased to healthy elms, they are killed by the long-lasting poison. Another help would be substitution of methoxychlor for DDT. Methoxychlor is more expensive, but it kills bark beetles just as well, and it is only 10% as toxic as DDT to birds and other wildlife.

Spraying and burning are not likely to protect all elms, but with losses reduced to 1% or less, many of the tall old trees will survive, at least until fungus-resistant elms have had time to grow stately too. And the singing of the birds, if the sprayers are properly careful, will continue to be heard in the land.

RADIO ASTRONOMY Spare That Channel

"We should have started shouting back in 1947," says Radio Astronomer Charles Seeger. "But we didn't know then what we had hold of." Anxious to make up for this omission, the University of California scientist was in Washington last week shouting as loud as an amateur lobbyist can, crying for control of a tiny band of frequencies (698-614 megacycles) on the electromagnetic spectrum. Commercial-television men call that band Channel 37, and they long to fill it. Radio astronomers want it kept clear of all interference so that they can listen in peace to the whispering radio waves that come across it from the depths of space.

Until a few years ago, the young and exciting science of radio astronomy had the ultra-high-frequency part of the spectrum—which includes Channel 37—mostly to itself. Only a few TV stations sullied its waves, and their interference seldom bothered the comparatively crude early radio telescopes. But now the U.S. television industry is about to bulge into UHF, and modern radio telescopes have become increasingly sensitive. They can listen to exploding galaxies near the mysterious edge of the universe, but the slightest interference puts them out of action. A signal from a TV station thousands of miles away can be reflected off an airplane, or a satellite, or even a layer of air, and reach a radio telescope far over the curve of the earth with enough strength left to knock a delicate recording needle right off the scale.

To get an accurate, uncluttered view of the universe, radio astronomy needs at least one UHF window that is not blocked by scattered TV chatter. And if the FCC keeps Channel 37 clear of commercial broadcasts in the U.S., the International Telecommunications Union, which meets this fall in Geneva, is likely to do the same for the rest of the free world.

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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

The Snows of Spring

The rustle of spring to a growing horde of enthusiasts is the sound of skin knifing through good corn snow. Spring skiing is the latest—and many say the greatest—form of snow fun, and it is bringing out a new breed of bum and bunny in Europe and the U.S.

At Mammoth Mountain, for instance, 11,034 ft. up in the Sierras and about 300 miles north of Los Angeles, 1,500 to 3,000 men, women and children will be schussing their weekends away at least until the Fourth of July (last year the skiing lasted well into August). And it is not only the men's straw hats and the girls' flowered bonnets, the Bermuda shorts, lederhosen, sawed-off jeans and occasional bathing suits that mark the difference between warm-weather skiers and the blizzard brand.

Soaking & Sipping. Winter skiers rise before dawn, bundle into long johns, sweaters, parkas and mittens, stash away a high-calorie breakfast, and hit the slopes in a hurry to salvage every instant of scarce daylight, determined to get as

much as they can out of the short day, the long drive and the considerable expense. But spring geländesprungers tend to take it easy, swinging onto the tows as the sun crosses the yardarm, basking in the long sun after lunch. Their siestas are prolonged because the midday snow is apt to be mushy, because spring snow is harder to ski, and because fewer skiers and longer hours mean more skiing and more fatigue. At Mammoth Mountain, this may lead to an added pleasure. Skiers tuck wine bottles under their arms, trek ten miles down the valley to Hot Creek, where 100° water from underground springs pours into a wide gulch. There they can loll the rest of the day away, soaking and sipping beneath snow-covered slopes.

Spring snow is usually corn—rough granules made by alternate melting and freezing—considered by many to provide the best combination of speed and maneuverability there is. "If I were taking a skiing vacation," says weather-leathered Dave McCoy, developer of Mammoth, "I'd take it in the spring. You're assured of longer days and better weather. It's a more leisurely time of year, and the snow is terrific."

Spring skiers are finding this out in increasing numbers from Alaska on down. They turned out in thousands last weekend around Lake Tahoe—at Squaw Valley, Alpine Meadows and the Donner Pass. Mount Shasta, some 250 miles north of San Francisco, is one of the more popular areas, as are Mount Hood, near Portland, Ore., and Washington's Mount Baker.

Opium for the Classes. In the Alps, springtime marks the departure of the big names, the starlets, the jet-setters, the titles and the arrival of prosperous executives and professional men weekending from Paris. They make for glaciers accessible only by helicopters or small planes piloted by men specially trained to land and take off on the uncertain slopes high on the mountains' shoulders.

Here the vast white silence and unmarked snow usually stun first-timers. "Once you've tried this form of opium," said a young lawyer at Courchevel last week, "you must come back for more. You're rather spoiled for the beaten slope. You know then that skiing the trails is just a form of training."

CUSTOMS

A Chaos of Clocks

It's about time to do something about time. This was the consensus of a parade of witnesses representing transportation, communication, finance and farm who testified last week before a Senate committee called to consider three bills for reforming the U.S.'s unhappy clock chaos. It was an apt coincidence that the committee convened on the first full day of Daylight Saving Time.

Daylight Saving Time in the District of Columbia, that is. Across the border in Virginia, Arlington moved forward one hour, but Richmond will stay behind until May 30—at which point it will be an hour ahead of the city of Bristol. At the end of August, Richmond will rejoin Bristol, but be an hour behind Arlington for two months more.

Of the 28 states that observe D.S.T., only half impose it on a statewide basis, and they all turn it on and off whenever they feel like it. Compounding the confusion are the country's four time zones. In Indiana, for instance, the boundary between Eastern Standard and Central Standard Time splits the state from north to south. In parts of northern Idaho, Daylight Saving Time is observed on a door-to-door basis. And passengers on the 35-mile bus route between Steubenville, Ohio, and Moundsville, W. Va., would, if they wanted to keep local time for all the stops on the way, have to adjust their watches no less than seven times.

Most of the witnesses at last week's Senate Commerce Committee hearing cited the wastefulness and expense of the U.S. time snarl. Chief pressure group for reform is the year-old Committee for Time Uniformity, whose chairman, Rob-



JEAN PERRARD—ASSOCIATED PRESS



SPRING SKIERS AT MAMMOTH, CALIF. (LEFT), & HOT CREEK
The slope was corn, the costumers corny.

ert Ramspeck, disclaimed efforts to force Daylight Saving Time on everybody (as in World Wars I and II). "What we do urge, however, is that such jurisdictions as do observe D.S.T. should, in the interest of uniformity, begin and end D.S.T. on the fourth Sundays of April and October of each year."

FASHION

The Vreeland Vogue

She dwells in a world of beauty, yet no one has ever called her pretty. She likens other women to swans and skylarks, but finds herself described (by such an expert as Designer Cecil Beaton) as "an authoritative crane." Though she is a gelid, frigid, and aloof woman, she is a dangerous flatterer of the physical attributes of others, even her own admiring friends must strain to return a compliment ("Well," said one, straining, "she has a strange and marvelous spine"). Her walk has been described as a camel's gait, her nose as something stolen off a cigar-store Indian. Yet thousands of women cut their hair because of her, cream their skins, shorten their sleeves, and belt their coats, all at the iron whim of a woman whose face is as rarely photographed and widely unknown as the moon's other side.

Her name is no more familiar. But Diana (pronounced Dee-ann) Vreeland is better known than her anonymity tells; as the new editor in chief of *Vogue* Magazine, she is the professional bellwether to a certain special clique of chic. She has long been a flamboyant and energetic tastemaker: designers have been known to tremble at her nod, customers at private showings to pick purely what she picks, manufacturers and merchandisers to watch her every move with rapt fixation. She is, in fact, probably the single most fabled, venerated and respected backstage fashion force in the world today.

Leopard & Incense. It is a role she adores, and she plays it to the hilt. At close to 60, she moves with supersonic speed. She doesn't walk, she strides; she doesn't talk, she broadcasts. She surrounds herself with the calculated and the outlandish, paints her Manhattan office walls adulterous red, covers the floor with simulated leopard skin, burns incense through the day. She invents clichés and talk in capital letters, whether dismissing a contender for the best-dressed ranks ("On her, EVERYTHING looks like a chandelier") or praising a swatch of material ("I ADORE that pink, it's the navy BLU of India"), with the sort of outrageous rhetoric that has reduced hardened fashion types to awed obeisance.

Mrs. Vreeland took over *Vogue's* helm only four months ago on the retirement of longtime (30 years) Editor Jessica Daves. Other editors, such as *Harper's Bazaar's* thoughtful, tranquil Nancy White, function in an atmosphere of relative calm; not so Dee-ann. In her 27 years at *Harper's*, most of them as fashion editor, she had already established her legend as a human maelstrom. She tore in and out of offices, trailing hats, belts, secretaries and photographers be-



DEE-ANN



VOGUE PHOTOGRAPH BY ART KANE

VOGUE MODEL
The bosom is there, but it isn't.

hind her, churned around designers at work, doing a touch of pinning here and there, patted on makeup and cut models' hair herself. It was while she was at *Harper's* that she originated the now legendary "Why Don't You?" column, peppered with such items as "Why don't you bring back from Central Europe a huge white baroque porcelain stove to stand in your front hall? . . . Why don't you have your bed made in China? . . . Why don't you wash your child's hair in champagne?"

Salt & Air. She was born and raised in Europe, where her father was a stockbroker, and her only training for her job was a schooling in the fashionable international life (she married Banker T. Reed Vreeland in 1924). "I had never THOUGHT of working," she explains, "and the only thing I knew was where to go to get my clothes made, so it seemed only NATURAL to go into fashion."

Vogue, she claims, has not changed since she took over. But the models look, to some, more noticeably feminine, the clothes distinctly more sexy, and the current issue's living-color portrait of a full-breasted, naked girl supine on a beach seems certainly new. To Dee-ann this is "simply an evocation of the FEELING of salt and air; my god, you'd think people's lives would be so FULL they wouldn't even notice."

Still, *Vogue* and Vreeland are not about to endorse the bosom. Says Mrs. Vreeland: "Women should be thin. It's fit. It's the Middle Europeans who have always liked flesh. Probably in the Klondike it went rather big too. But think how much easier it is getting in and out of cabs without carting a big bust around like a charwoman, in front of you." The look of the perfect woman? "First, she must be HEALTHY. Then there must be VANITY, do you know? In the next sense of the word. Next, physical, real physical vitality and stamina. After that, the selection of clothes comes rather naturally."

Perfume & Flowers. Dee-ann can tell in an instant, and does, loudly, what she thinks is fashion and what is not: "It's UTTERLY bad; it's COMPLETELY divine." Says Designer Stella Sloat: "She always picks the sleeper. She is the champion of the nothing look." She is credited with originating the craze for skinny pants, the sleeveless dress, turtlenecks, and the Italian haircut.

Her day begins at close to 8 o'clock, and for the next three hours, her office is at home. Small by Park Avenue standards (it has only two bedrooms, both Vreeland sons being married and away), it is as expansive as its owner, filled with a fastidious clutter of collections (sea shells, rare bits of glass and silver, tortoise-shell snuffboxes), stamped throughout with the special insignia of the impeccable Vreeland taste. Perfume is everywhere, and, for Dee-ann, flowers are the basic ingredient. They splash in 18 varieties, out of vases, off the wallpaper and sheets, all over her bedroom.

She has most of her dresses made ("I am NOT a shopper"). "Some little woman runs them up for her," says the very chic Mrs. William Paley, "and of course you wouldn't dream of asking her where the material came from." She has worn the same shoes for 30 years (specially designed T-strap sandals with round closed toes and square low heels), never wears any more of a hat than a snood. She rouges her ears, has a manicure, pedicure massage and hairdo daily, drinks Mountain Valley Mineral Water with the gusto of an addict. When she stays in hotels she takes along her own sheets and pillowcases (with bedjackets to match). "She must be happy," says the very elegant Mrs. Winston ("Ceezee") Guest, "because she's only been married once." Says Mrs. Vreeland: "I LOVE my life. It's DREAMY."



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MEDICINE

IMMUNIZATION

How Not to Die Of Pneumonia

Every year 20,000 or more Americans over the age of 50 die of pneumococcal pneumonia. Yet medical men have known for more than a decade that there is a safe and effective one-shot vaccine to fight the disease. Why don't doctors use the vaccine? Why don't they urge their older patients to get a preventive shot? Philadelphia's Dr. Robert Austrian asked the Association of American Physicians those questions last week, and the University of Pennsylvania professor promptly answered his own questions. Doctors, he said, have been so dazzled by penicillin that they rely on it even in cases where it is least effective.

Until the late 1930s, the only protection against pneumococcal pneumonia was serum prepared in animals. It was neither reliable nor safe. Then came the sulfas, and an intensified search for better medications for both prevention and treatment. Toward war's end, the armed forces developed a vaccine from a fraction of the pneumococcus microbe itself. But six different types were needed. And by then, penicillin was becoming available. It was a great pneumococcus killer. Doctors ignored the vaccines.

This was all very well for younger patients: penicillin and their own powers of recovery would usually pull them through. But Dr. Austrian studied 529 pneumonia patients at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, and found that almost one-third of those over 50 died of their bloodstream infection. It seemed to have made no difference if they got penicillin.

The way to prevent 10,000 or more such needlessly early deaths each year said Dr. Austrian, is for everyone over 50 to be immunized with six-way pneumococcus vaccine. One shot gives good immunity which lasts for years. But before the prescription can be filled, patients and their physicians will have to create a demand for the vaccine. No pharmaceutical house manufactures it today, because there is no market for it. Mass-produced, it should cost no more than \$1.50 a shot.

SURGERY

How Not to Die Of Cancer

A whole generation has grown up since William Powell was a matinee idol noted for his sophisticated savvy in *The Thin Man*, *The Great Ziegfeld* and *My Man Godfrey*. Many of today's moviegoers scarcely know him. But less surprising than his fading reputation is the actor's actual survival. Last week in Palm Springs, Calif., Powell observed the 25th anniversary of his operation for cancer of the rectum. And with the same smooth ease that made him a hit on the screen, Powell spoke frankly of an illness and a treat-

ment that most patients and their relatives find too embarrassing to discuss.

"I began bleeding from the rectum in March of 1938," he said. "The doctor found a cancer, smaller than the nail of your little finger, between three and four inches up inside my rectum. They recommended removal of the rectum. Then I'd have had to have a colostomy and evacuate into a pouch, through an artificial opening, for the rest of my life. I didn't feel I could go for this. But the doctors said that for my particular case they could offer an alternative—a temporary colostomy and radiation treatment. I took it."

Surgeons made an incision in Powell's abdomen, brought out part of the colon,



PATIENT POWELL & WIFE (1940)
The Thin Man was lucky.

and cut it halfway through. "From then on," said Powell, "fecal matter went no farther than this opening in my abdomen, and emptied into a pouch attached around my middle."

With the lower colon inactivated, surgeons removed the cancer. Apparently it had not spread. As a further precaution, Radiologist Orville Meland of the Los Angeles Tumor Institute implanted platinum needles containing tiny radium pellets. "For the next six months we simply waited," Powell recalls. "I had a lot of examinations but led a reasonably normal life. I did quite a few radio shows, though I couldn't make movies. The worst thing about the situation was the esthetics of it."

After six months, with the cancer apparently eradicated, the surgeons hooked up Powell's intestines the way nature had arranged them originally, and he has had normal body functions ever since. As late as 1952, he played in *Mister Roberts*.

Few cases of rectal cancer are detected early enough to be treated as Powell's was. If the disease is widespread, the only hope is removal of the rectum, says Powell simply: "I was one of the lucky ones."



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On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

Spain has the climate to go with these beaches. You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

The prices in Spain will amaze you. You can stay in a first-class hotel for \$6.00 a day, *meals included*. Or you can splurge and stay in a de luxe hotel for \$7.50 to \$10.00 a day.

If you prefer, you can get a room without meals. This will cost you about \$6.00 a day in a de luxe hotel and \$3.00 a day in a good hotel.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinillo asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

You can get a full course dinner in a moderate-priced restaurant for about

\$1.50. A de luxe restaurant will serve the same type of meal for \$3.50. A budget restaurant will fill you to the brim for 75 cents to \$1.00.

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There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Here you can see the works of the great Spanish painters: Goya, El Greco, Velazquez, Murillo, Ribera. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

There are three medieval cities within 75 miles of Madrid. Avila, Segovia, Toledo. Here you can explore ancient cathedrals, castles, palaces and forts. When you approach from Madrid, the skyline of Toledo looks exactly as El Greco painted it in the sixteenth century.

Getting around Spain is a cinch. Taxi fares are about one third as much as in the United States. Or you can hire a chauffeur-driven car and travel in style.

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Add it up. For less than \$50.00 you can spend a full week in a good hotel in Madrid. Eat to your heart's content. Watch the bullfights and jai alai matches. Go to a flamenco cabaret. Visit the Prado.

For \$25.00 more you can take side trips to El Escorial, Segovia, and Toledo. And take a plane to Seville or Valencia.

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Fall in love with Spain.



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Bullfight at Chinchón, 25 miles from Madrid. Chinchón's main square is converted into a bull ring during July, August and September. The bullfight scenes in the movie "Around the World in 80 Days" were taken in this ring.



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Sex, Sensation & Significance

"What a swinging world it is," chirruped London's *Sunday Mirror*. After changing its name from the *Sunday Pictorial* to the *Sunday Mirror*, putting on a fresh coat of makeup and dedicating itself to becoming the paper for "more **SIGNIFICANT** weekend reading," the *Mirror* claimed an immediate, thumping circulation increase of 150,000. Said Editorial Director Hugh Cudlipp, 49: "The intention of the *Sunday Mirror* is to try to reflect more accurately the disturbing thoughts in the minds of people."

Got With It. For years, the tabloid Pictorial had disturbed its readers with little more than sex and sensation, a formula that kept it third in the Sunday field, with a circulation of 5,172,000, trailing only the huge *News of the World* (6,484,455) and another Mirror Group publication, *People* (5,532,199). But several of London's popular Sunday papers have long been losing readers beguiled by television, "quality" newspapers and busier weekending. In the last three years, the Pictorial lost 205,000.

To Cudlipp, and to burly Cecil Harmsworth King, 62, boss of the huge *Mirror* Group, it was obvious that the Pictorial needed some juicing up. Not that they wanted to change its pro-Labor politics, or any of the staples that have so long attracted its working-class readers—sports, animals, crime, anti-Establishment articles and lots of sex. But there would have to be more, and the answer was to season the Sex-and-Sensation recipe with a third S—for Significance.

With a flurry of TV ads, King and Cudlipp billed the new Sunday *Mirror* as a paper for "THE MODERNS" (meaning those under 35), for "people who not only want to be with it but way out ahead." They promised to give readers "restless thoughts," and the hallyhoo paid off. Since the revamped paper made its first appearance last month, circulation has shot up to some 5,300,000. But except for a cheerier makeup and a few new features, the paper is not all that new.

Creepy Gold Mouse. Recent issues have featured the standard rear view of a well-rounded starlet in straining stretch slacks, a panel discussion by teen-agers on guess what ("You know it's wrong," said a pretty 16-year-old, "but you just can't stop"), a piece that answered the question on everybody's lips, "What the Queen Looks At When She Takes A Bath" (her new "honorable bamboo" bathroom wallpaper). For significance, the Mirror got the Bishop of Woolwich to warn over his controversial views on the modern world's need for a new concept of God (Tian, April 12), added a Sylvia Porter-type column of financial advice from "Our Young Man in the City." A new "With It" page offers tips on how to achieve instant sophistication (among them: "barbaric feet for summer," festooned with a "slinky

gold mesh snake's head anklet" or "a creepy gold mouse toe ring").

Cudlipp, a working-class Welshman who at 25 became editor of the Sunday Pictorial, denies that sex rooms large in the overhauled paper. The country has entered what he calls the "do-it-yourself" sex age, he says, and Britons no longer need titillation from the tabloids. To prove the point, one Mirror executive held up a picture of a demurely necklined deb and declared: "I defy you to find her cleavage." Nobody bothered to search, for the Mirror can still count on to reflect racy stuff. Only last week it ran a picture of Kim Novak that posed no plumeine-neckline problem because there



KING & CUDLIPP

was no neckline. In fact, there were no clothes at all.

Watch Out, Girls. Under the guise of advice to teen-agers, to brides and to mothers—in or out of wedlock—the Mirror squeezed several additional columns of sex into its pages each week. “WATCH OUT, GIRLS,” wrote Audrey Whiting in a discussion of illegitimate births. “You are asking for it—and too many of you are getting it.” Columnist Marjorie Proops advised brides-to-be: “The quick tumblings in a not-very-private corner at a crowded party, or the rapid assaults upon each other in the back of a Mini-Minor, do not add up to the kind of sex you will share after the wedding.”

Whatever other publications may say about the Mirror's prurient preoccupations, its editors are well aware that the readers are coming back for more. "Newsapers," says Publisher King in the current issue of the highbrow quarterly, *20th Century*, "have helpled to create a social atmosphere in which change has become possible. This has been achieved almost exclusively by the popular press, presenting news vividly so that millions who would read nothing else read newspapers."

COLUMNISTS

Small Town in the Big Town

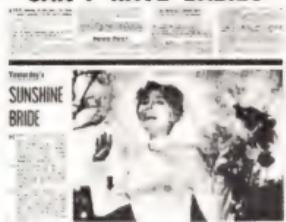
The big news that rates the big headlines may roll in from half the world away, but the best newspapers never forget that they are local. Most of their readers get most of their kicks from reading about the neighbors.

In Los Angeles, a city of transplanted small-towners, the Times caters to that persistent curiosity with a staff of 50 local reporters and acres of community news. It goes even further and offers something special in the way of chatty, back-fence journalism. In a column called "On the Move," it covers all of Southern California as if it were Main Street, reporting the doings of beekeepers at the foot of Mount Palomar and lettuce growers in the Imperial Valley.



- Two women were told they could never have a baby
- Now three are mothers (one with twins) and the other two are expecting
- Two more women are awaiting results from an IVF treatment cycle because

HOPE FOR WIVES WHO CAN'T HAVE BABIES

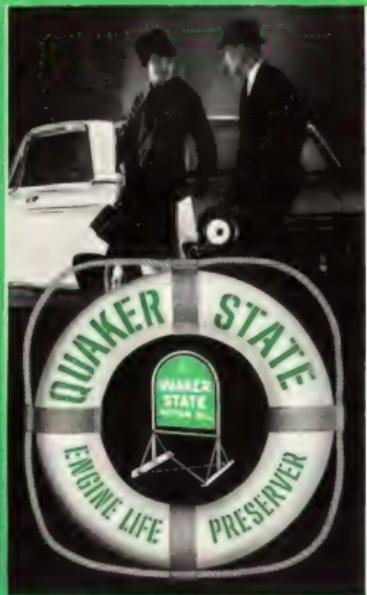


ALAN S. IRWIN
CLIPPERS
© 1986 Alan S. Irwin

perial Valley in a nostalgic reminder of a life that flows at an easier pace. "Across the street," wrote Columnist Ed Ainsworth after a Sunday service in little Escondido, "church was letting out, and friends lingered on the sidewalk in the bright sunshine to chat, an art which seems forgotten in the metropolis."

As a chronicler of the half-forgotten art of small-town life in Southern California's hill towns and desert byways, Ainsworth is one of a vanishing breed of peripatetic reporters. By his own estimate, he has logged 1,500,000 miles in not quite 40 years, celebrating things that few of his colleagues would bother to write about. "This is the only city in America where a dried grape ranks on a par with President Kennedy, the atom bomb, Nikita and the Cuban Reds," he wrote from Fresno a fortnight ago.

Wistful Appeal. Appearing six times a week, Ainsworth's column is as old-fashioned as hand-set type, but Angelenos who spend their days in the clutter and clutter of megalopolis find wistful appeal in a report that the town of Arcadia "has sounded taps for the last chicken farm within its limits," or that in La



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ED AINSWORTH (RIGHT) & FRIEND*
Where dried grapes are big news.

Puenta a "gargantuan battle raged over the bougainvillaeas, the rose and the iris," candidates for the town's official flower (the hibiscus, a dark horse, won).

A crew-cut, greying man of 60, Ainsworth has a withered right arm and leg, and can use his left arm only from the wrist down as a result of childhood polio. He finished high school in Waco, Texas, in a wheelchair, but set out soon afterward for San Francisco to cover the 1920 Democratic National Convention, at space rates, for the local News Tribune. As it happened, the Democrats merited precious little space for nominating James M. Cox. "I got about \$5," recalls Ainsworth. But he went on working for papers from San Pedro to Atlanta before landing a job with the Los Angeles Times in 1924.

Ainsworth rose to chief editorial writer, but after a 1950 heart attack he began "On the Move." The column is more than just folksy, for Ainsworth is a local-history buff who garnishes his prose with obscure tidbits of information and relishes exotic place names. Driving through Malibu, he can look past the cantilevered homes of the movie stars to a time when "Cabrillo in his voyage of exploration in 1542 saw the Chumash Indians in their settlement of 'Malibu.'"

Outside the Limits. Writing "On the Move" is not exactly a pensioner's job, Ainsworth often packs his wife into his well-worn white Chevrolet for weekend camping expeditions, spends so much time on the road that when a Times editor is asked where he can be reached, the usual answer is a shrug: "Who knows?"

An incorrigible booster who plugs for the preservation of "our outdoor heritage intact and unspoiled," Ainsworth has only one continuing gripe. His official heat excludes Los Angeles, and the city is growing so fast (current pop., 2,600,000) that his own territory keeps shrinking. "I'm losing ground all the time," he says, "and of these days I may be crowded up against the Colorado River."

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Testing, testing...

The new Boeing 727, America's first short-range jet, is undergoing the most intensive test program in airliner history.

Actual flight testing started February 9, with 500 instrumentation channels in the 727 cabin (picture, lower right, above). From the very first flight, the 727 has exceeded all expectations. It is more than a month ahead of test schedule, demonstrating its outstanding reliability. The exhaustive flight test program, involving four 727s, will continue

through the rest of the year. This program follows 4500 hours of wind-tunnel test time, and hundreds of hours of other pre-flight testing.

The 727 enters service early next year. It will carry from 70 to 114 passengers. Since it can operate from 5000-foot runways, it will bring jet travel to hundreds of additional cities. Already, 131 Boeing 727s have been ordered by American, Ansett-ANA, Eastern, Lufthansa, Trans-Australia, TWA and United airlines.



MODERN MUSEUM VISITORS BEFORE RODIN'S "BALZAC"
Emotion in every muscle, eternity in every countenance.

Before Your Very Eyes

Here was lust and love, birth and creation, hell and despair; and each emotion showed not only on the faces but in every muscle of each arm and leg. The portrait busts seemed timeless, as if the sculptor knew no theme that was not eternal. The Auguste Rodin show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art was near perfection—the superb work of a giant superbly installed. The public responded by joyously wallowing in the incredible vitality of bronze and stone bursting with life, of figures that writhed, embraced and entwined themselves. The critics were all superlatives, but the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke summed up the show best, though he spoke 50 years ago. "To create an image," he said, "meant to Rodin to seek eternity in a countenance. Rodin's conception of art was not to beautify but to separate the lasting from the transitory."

To the avant-garde of 20 years ago, Rodin was an overwrought sentimentalist. The great cubist sculptor Jacques Lipchitz (whose own retrospective is finishing a nationwide tour) ruefully recalls how appalled he was when someone told him that old Rodin had liked a Lipchitz sculpture. "What could he be so wrong with my little sculpture that Rodin liked it?" he asked. But Lipchitz came to realize that though Rodin dealt with the human figure, he was breaking it down, exploring form, probing its mysteries much as the cubists were. Rodin's *Walking Man*, thought to be a study for one of the six figures in *The Burghers of Calais* or for *St. John the Baptist Preaching*, seems to stride by before the viewer's eye. Said Rodin: "The human body is a temple that marches. It is a moving architecture."

It is the happy duty of the museum to stand guard over the whole history of art and to make certain that what is good is never too long neglected. To an extent the Museum of Modern Art and its excellent catalogue have performed this service

for Rodin. The show that opened last week firmly established him as the father of modern sculpture, an artist who gave new movement to static form.

The Great Propagators. By the thousands people came—upper Madison Avenue ladies interestingly peering at *The Kiss*, a beatnik who had to see the show even if it meant lugging the baby uptown, suburban matrons intelligently relating Rodin to the Greeks. Until modern times, only a tiny proportion of humanity ever looked at art, and even they were confined to what was close at hand. Now museums more than ever search out the treasures of the world, hidden in private collections, ancient temples, obscure monasteries, half-forgotten castles. They gather the works of one man or one school from all over the world to be judged anew. They send their vast and learned exhibitions traveling across oceans and continents: they are the great conservators, but also the great propagators. Even commercial galleries, seeking prestige, increasingly put on theme shows of not-for-sale work, old or new. If their exhibitions do not happen to stop near by, the art lover need not feel deprived. By jet and superhighway, it would be possible for one man to see all the major exhibitions open this week in the U.S. and Europe before any of them closes. Or he can, as ever, take advantage of the thesis of André Malraux: that the camera and advanced techniques of color reproduction can transform man's mind into a "museum without walls," in which the whole sweep of art is on permanent display (see the next dozen pages).

The current exhibitions are not intentionally related; yet they all seem like instruments—some ready, some pure, some weak, some strong—of a single symphony. In Buffalo last week, two galleries paid homage to Local Boy Charles Burchfield on his 70th anniversary, while France was paying homage to Eugène Delacroix on the 100th anniversary of his death. At one Burchfield opening, 700 admirers crowded about their hero to wish him well; in

Paris, the air was filled with talk of Delacroix the huge show coming at the Louvre, the appetizer exhibitions now on view in Paris and Bordeaux, the new study of Delacroix just published by Hachette. Burchfield has an enormously appealing talent that will not influence the course of art one bit: Delacroix was a genius, the leader of the romantics. One charms, the other hypnotizes; both delight—and each generates that special kind of excitement that an artist can cast and no one else.

Majesty & Sordidness. In Richmond the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts is brilliantly performing the role of reappraiser for the art of Britain in the 18th and 19th centuries. The 451 paintings and drawings, ranging from family portraits to animal studies to magnificent sea and landscapes, are from the collection of Paul Mellon, new president of the National Gallery. A longtime collector of British painting, Mellon acquired most of the works in the show in the past three years, picking them up not only at auctions but directly from the owners of England's stately homes, to which his wide acquaintanceship in British society gave him access. He sprang the collection on the art world as a stunning *fait accompli*, and museums everywhere are now vying to show it: Virginia got it first because Mellon is a trustee of the museum and a Virginia resident. The show opened with a banquet for the museum's Collectors' Circle, and the public has been flocking to it since at a rate of 1,400 a day.

The English painters as a whole may not have been after universal themes: but they caught an age for all time, with all its grace and majesty and the sordidness that lay beneath. A Constable landscape may be a vast vista of perfect peace; but Hogarth is not far behind to remind one, like a conscience, that art must also deal with filth, poverty and disease. The Mellon collection gives a fresh view of a time of stunning versatility and charm. To the English, art was a craft to be perfected with loving care, and the grace note was often as important as the thundering chord. Yet, when no longer seen through the haze of Victorian valentines that followed it, the age is shown as robust and meaty, not a time of pallid sentiment but of potency and health.

The greatest of the 19th century masters was Joseph Mallord William Turner. He studied nature for mood, and he was probably at his best when the mood was ugly. His *Harwich Castle* is filled with menace, and in his later work, he could whip up the sea to a point that the rage of nature—painted with sponge, knife, finger, or even bits of bread—drowned form in a mist of abstraction.

An Ageless Ornament. In Paris, too, an attempt at rehabilitation is going on. The painter Giovanni Boldini came to Paris in 1872 from his native Italy, where his father made quite a good living faking Guardi and Mantegnas. To this unusual but effective grounding in the old masters, Boldini added a talent for portraiture, and soon all of high society was knocking at his studio. When Paris opened its cur-

On the Next
Twelve Pages

A SPLENDOR OF SPRINGTIME SHOWS



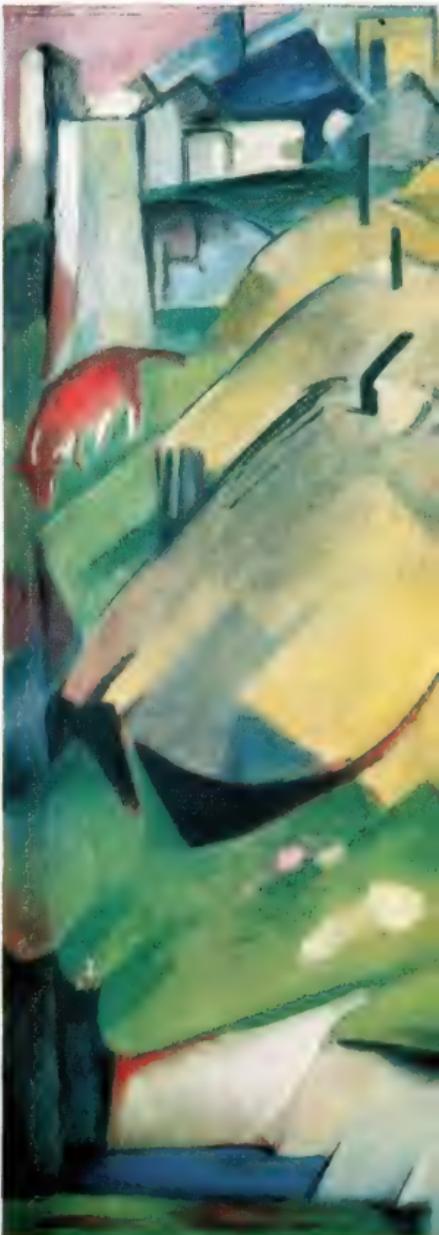
GALLERIES in the U.S. and Europe this spring are laying out a rich spread of work of rewarding beauty. Buffalo

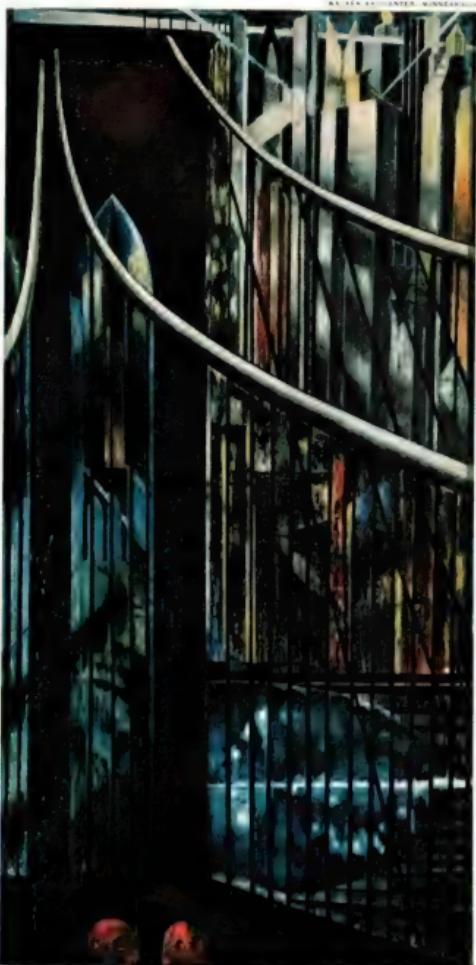
is marking Charles Burchfield's 70th birthday with double show that includes his early (1920) *Hilltop at High Noon*.

MAGGIE BYZON



PARIS. Musée Jacquemart-André, showing nearly 300 paintings and drawings by Giovanni Boldini, calls up nostalgia for *beau monde* of the elegant, elongated Comtesse de Leusse, née Berthier.





WASHINGTON. Joseph Stella's *American Landscape* is part of Corcoran Gallery's survey of U.S. painting from 1902 to 1940. Bridges as abstracted images of industrial America were a favorite Stella subject.

MANHATTAN. Franz Marc's architectonic *Alpen-see* is a highlight of Leonard Hutton Galleries' show of "Blue Rider" group, which Marc started with Kandinsky. Show has almost every artist associated with group, including Klee and Jawlensky.



WASHINGTON. A curiosity in the Corcoran show is *Conception* by Stanton Macdonald-Wright who, with Morgan Russell, created the synchromist movement—first abstract-art movement originated by Americans before war. It got nowhere.



RICHMOND. One of the most spectacular shows of the year is the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts' exhibition of 250 oils and 150 drawings and water colors from 18th and 19th century British

painting, featuring Turner's majestic *Harlech Castle*. The collection, including Gainsboroughs, Hogarths and Constables never before shown together, was bought in only three years by Paul Mellon.

PARIS. The Louvre celebrates the 100th anniversary of the death of Delacroix with massive show, including billboard-size *Death of Sardanapalus*. Greek legend has it that the king, last of the great Assyrian monarchs, besieged and fearing defeat, burned himself in his palace along with his women.







LOS ANGELES. A touring show of one of the U.S.'s most complex abstract painters, Philip Guston, is coming to the L.A. County Museum. Guston, once a successful figurative painter,

finished *Room I* in 1955, using more brilliant colors than ever before. He had no preconceived construction in mind, but the red and black forms seemed to define a space—hence the title.

LONDON. Ben Nicholson. Britain's top nonobjective painter, is at New London Gallery. In *Relief with Blue Square*, he makes elementary geometric forms float.



WATERVILLE, ME. For its 150th anniversary, Colby College has collected work by artists, from Copley to Wyeth, who painted Maine subjects. Among them: Marsden Hartley's *Hurricane Island, Maine*.





Small *Iris*, done by Rodin in 1890-91, demonstrates Rodin's quick, tactile genius for molding raw images in clay.



Sorrow has been called *Sappho*, *Medea*, *Eternal Rest*. The model for it was famed Actress Eleonora Duse.



MANHATTAN. The Museum of Modern Art has huge Rodin show. It includes the seven-foot *Man Who Walks*, a reworking

of Rodin's first attempt to portray figure in a state of dynamic movement. Original statue was a study for *Burghers of Calais*.



SAN FRANCISCO. Jacques Lipchitz' magnificent totem, *Song of the Vowels* (1922), is part of retrospective at San Francisco Museum of Art. Title of harp-shaped work comes from prayers that, according to legend, priests and priestesses of ancient Egypt sang to summon up the forces of nature.



MANHATTAN. *Mill at Alfort* is part of charming and select show of paintings by

Henri Rousseau at Wildenstein Gallery. All display Rousseau's toylike freshness.



WASHINGTON. Smithsonian Institution has John Sloan retrospective. The Armory Show of 1913 made his realism

seem provincial, but, as shown by 1912 *Spring Rain*, he had a sensitivity far greater than the label "Ashcan" implied.

rent retrospective of nearly 300 works. Jean Cocteau made a strained effort to rank Boldini as a precursor of Giacometti and Georges Mathieu. But turning Boldini into a "modern" is beside the point. His *Comtesse de Luise* is an ageless ornament that might have adorned the imperial court of Rome, a *palazzo* of Renaissance Italy, or Buckingham Palace today. Only her clothes freeze her in time.

Boldini died in 1931 at the age of 88, blandly unaffected by the storms that had rent the art world since the century began. Among the storms was the "Blue Rider" group, which Vasily Kandinsky and Franz Marc founded in 1911. They extended their hands to all modern artists whose art followed no particular line, but grew "out of inner necessity." As a result, they became associated with all the master rebels of their day—men who were churning up the rules of perspective, blasting out the innards of form, melting down the image to unrecognizable shapes. Manhattan's Leonard Hutton Galleries has restaged those days when the manifesto in capital letters was a standard prop of the art world.

Kandinsky's place as a founder of modern abstraction is obvious. No one knows what the extent of Marc's influence might have been had he not been killed at the age of 36 in World War I. His first paintings were based on the theme of the animal in harmony with all creation. He later arranged idealized shapes of pure color in such a way that each canvas seemed to have its own jagged rhythm. But what he left behind was more than a technical achievement: it was an enchanted world, half sophisticated, half childlike, of animals colored like toys in a nursery wonderland where pears could be bigger than cows. Marc commanded nature's forms, transformed them as he saw fit and then rebuilt nature any way he wanted.

Bitter Footnote. The art world of Europe was a rambunctious place, and when it crossed the Atlantic to join the Armory Show of 1913, it drowned out whatever noise the Americans were making. Yet this week, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington has a well-thought-out show to prove that Americans had plenty of vitality between 1900 and 1940. There were the new open sculptures of Archipenko, the mobiles of Calder, the precisionism of Charles Sheeler, the cubism of Max Weber, and the soaring abstractions of Joseph Stella. But the case of Stanton Macdonald-Wright was something else again, one of those bitter little footnotes to the history of art that serve as a reminder that experimentation and progress are not necessarily the same thing.

The public has an appetite for art that is international, catholic, apparently insatiable, and much more mature than it was a few decades ago. When 150-year-old Colby College in little (pop. 18,000) Waterville, Me., celebrated its centennial, it staged a pageant of eleven scenes, including "The Baptist Ideal" ("The Spirit of 1861") and "Sam, a Freed Slave," a tribute to the janitor. In 1963, the idea that came instantly to mind for

the sesquicentennial was to put on an exhibition that would demonstrate the role of Maine in the history of U.S. art.

Cruel Coasts. The show—and a complementary book called *Maine and Its Role in American Art, 1740-1963* (Viking; \$10)—raises doubt that the nation's art could have survived without the help of that state. From Gilbert Stuart and John Singleton Copley to John Singer Sargent and George Bellows, from Maurice Prendergast and Childe Hassam to Georgia O'Keeffe and Edward Hopper, from Winslow Homer to John Marin to Andrew Wyeth—artists have taken inspiration from its cruel coasts and rugged landscapes. Marsden Hartley lived there and found his own rough-hewn style admirably suited to it. He saw no refinement, only a primeval bluntness in Maine's rocks, mountains and shore lines. These he painted with a kind of primitive expressionism, for "nativeness is built of such primitive things."

Nativeness, and other kinds of representation, are far and away the people's

WILLIAM MORRISON



OPENING OF MELLON COLLECTION IN RICHMOND*
An age of grace notes, a time of thundering chords.

choice in art, but abstraction has an undying fascination in shows like the Philip Guston retrospective. To see it is to sweat out a painful development every step that Guston took throughout his professional life involved agonizing doubts and self-reappraisals. Perhaps as a result, his canvases have a feverish, almost tentative look; yet this very nervousness is also their virtue. They give their forms, built up of tiny strokes, a quivering inner life. Compared with Guston, Ben Nicholson's mentholated abstractions are the essence of serenity—simple forms resting gently on planes of fragile color.

Exotic and Erotic. Throughout the history of art there have been such painters of intellect, but there have always been, too, those who paint only with passion. Had Delacroix not been the illegitimate son of the influential Talleyrand, he might not have had so easy a time getting his work shown, and even so, he shocked as well as awed. Battles intrigued him, massacres fascinated him, the combats

of blood and splendor, of luxury and pain, seemed to inspire him. In his mind, he traveled over India and the Near East, filling it full of glittering jewels, gilded swords, muscular slaves, milk-skinned concubines. He was one of the great melodramatists of all time, and his melodramas were always superb. His *Sardanapalus* was inspired by reading a dramatic poem by Lord Byron, and the picture he painted has the impact of an orgy. The figures are so arranged, in an almost circular composition, that they seem to swirl and dance, much like the flames that will soon overtake them. This is romanticism at the boiling point—an extraordinary mixture of the exotic and erotic, a masterpiece so filled with the thrill of the sadist that, as he grew older, Delacroix himself became reluctant to even mention it.

"That which is most real to me," said Delacroix, "is the illusions that I create with my work. The rest is shifting sand." Each artist has his own vision, and part of it is left with those who will stop to

share it. But in the best of the shows of May 1963, there is something in common: the "inner necessity" of which the Blue Rider movement spoke, combined with a sense of interdependence. From ancient Greece to Rodin to Lipchitz is a distant course but logical. From the lushness of Delacroix to the colored orchestrations of the Fauves is hardly a giant leap; and the abstract expressionists have claimed Turner as a father. In this one week, the world's walled museums are helping to build Malraux's museum without walls by bringing to millions at firsthand a cross-section, however fortuitous, of the history of the last two centuries of art, and thus expose the ordeal of the artist himself. For the artist, said Rodin, "it is not thinking with the primitive ingenuity of childhood that is most difficult, but to think with tradition, with its acquired force, and with all the accumulated wealth of its thought."

*Hansine in the background. Studio: *Living & Housing*.

EDUCATION



PHILOSOPHER POGO
The limit is honesty.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM What, Where, When, How?

*What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and
would not stay for an answer.*

—Bacon

All Freedom is academic.

—Pogo

The faith of the U.S. university is that free trade in ideas leads to knowledge and wisdom. That this concept is flourishing was clear at the recent 49th annual meeting of the American Association of University Professors in San Francisco. Yet academic freedom remains a vexed issue because the ideals work out in practice as a tough position on the part of the professors: that colleges shall not fire professors who profess to be seeking truth, even when the professor's "truth" diametrically opposes everyone else's.

This sort of freedom goes well beyond every man's constitutional right of free speech, and is too lofty to be confused, as it commonly is by whiny teachers or muddled newspapers, with lesser liberties of the profession. Academic freedom cannot properly be employed to license oddball behavior, or give special sanction to a teacher's statements when made off campus or outside his field. It does not excuse incompetence, or exempt professors from criticism.

Yet these distinctions make the central concept all the stronger. Columbia's Physicist Isidor I. Rabi defines academic freedom as "the right to knowledge and the free use thereof." It is every professor's responsibility "to discover, speak and

teach the truth, however difficult and unpopular this may be to others," says the board of trustees of the University of North Carolina. "One cannot search for the truth with a closed mind or without the right to question and doubt at every step," says University of Chicago President George Beadle, who in his time has found a lot of truth.

Pressure & Conformity. Academic freedom has two historic liens on it in the U.S. Most U.S. colleges were founded by churches, and dogma long kept a restraining hand on evidential inquiry. Then came state universities, dominated by legislatures and Governors, who control the purse strings. Vulnerable to doctrinal or political pressures, professors have been fired for views on everything from slavery and secession to Darwin and free silver to sex and Cuba.

This outside pressure creates an inside pressure: academic conformity among thousands of bystanding professors. Historian Russell Kirk has denounced the academic community's "voluntary conformity to pragmatic smugness and the popular shibboleths of the day." In the words of a Stanford professor, "No one wants the boat rocked, and freedom with responsibility usually means keeping your mouth shut."

The average U.S. professor is no Socrates. In the face of possible wrath or ridicule, he tends to retreat to "safe" positions. By such faculty flinching, everyone is cheated. Who knows what the world loses, wrote John Stuart Mill, in "the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irresponsible or immoral"—or subversive or even Philistine?

Ground Rules. To embolden the many by safeguarding the few is a basic A.A.U.P. purpose. In its current statement of principles, made jointly with the Association of American Colleges, it sets the ground rules of academic freedom. Though master of his classroom, the teacher should avoid "controversial matter which has no relation to his subject." Though free to speak up outside the classroom, "he should remember that the public may judge his profession and his institution by his utterances." He should be accurate, respectful of other opinions, and "make every effort to indicate that he is not an institutional spokesman."

In return, A.A.U.P. expects a teacher to get tenure after a probationary period of not more than seven years. He should then be fired "only for adequate cause," such as incompetence or moral turpitude, as judged by a faculty committee and the college governing board, with disputes settled in face-to-face hearings with a defense counsel present.

When a school fires a teacher seemingly



SENATOR McCARTHY
The duty is to answer.

without "due process," A.A.U.P.'s "Committee A" (academic freedom and tenure) launches a finecomb investigation. Full details are published in the A.A.U.P. *Bulletin*. Members may then be asked to vote for censure, which repels not only job seekers, but also such donors as big philanthropic foundations. At its San Francisco meeting, A.A.U.P. swelled the blacklist to 15 campuses, from Pennsylvania's Grove City College (no hearing) to Tennessee's Fisk University (no separation pay). "Once a school gets on our censured list," says A.A.U.P.'s General Counsel, Harvard Law Professor Clark Byse, "it really wants off."

"Commonly Accepted." To some harried college presidents, these limits seem painfully binding. It is hard to get rid of the tenured professor who coasts along, or writes twaddle in letters to newspapers and lends himself to embarrassing causes while riding on the institution's name. Even incompetence is difficult to prove; a side effect of academic freedom is that college presidents do not feel entitled to go into classrooms to check on professional performance.

Where faculty freedom flourishes, professors who get fired are usually guilty of some act so flagrant that the president believes he can make the ouster stick. In 1960, University of Illinois President David D. Henry fired Biologist Leo F. Koch after Koch wrote a letter to the campus newspaper bashing premarital sex among students. Said Koch: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at



HISTORIAN KIRK
The problem is conformity.



GENETICIST BEADLE
The right is to question.

least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics.

When parents howled in protest, President Henry bounced the professor (now a teacher in a San Francisco prep school) without a hearing on the ground that his views were "contrary to commonly accepted standards of morality." The academic senate unanimously voted to reprimand Koch—but not to fire him. A.A.U.P. censured Illinois on the ground that Koch got no due process. Committee A's investigators also pictured a great university as ideally "an enlightened and lively center of investigation and controversy," and urged that Illinois be scolded for trying to hold a professor to "commonly accepted" morality.

Citizen v. Scholar. A.A.U.P.'s rating of professorial freedom to teach and discuss politics is well up from the Mc-



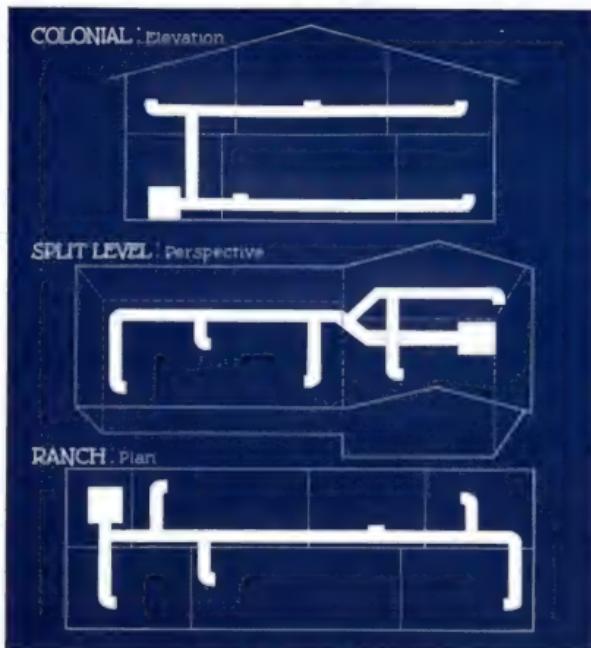
ECONOMIST MACHLUP

The goal is truth.

Carthy era, but the association's respected president, Princeton Economist Fritz Machlup, questions some limitations left over from then. In relating national loyalty to scholarly integrity, he wants to keep clear the distinction between citizenship and scholarship. As citizens, professors must obey the law like everyone else; but as scholars, "professors have only one obligation: to search for truth and speak the truth as they see it."

How about the accepted view that a Communist professor is automatically dishonest and thus unfit to teach? "The fundamental principle of American justice," says Machlup, "is that guilt is personal and cannot be proved by opinion or association; we cannot make party membership a decisive criterion." If the Communist is demonstrably dishonest, he must go. Then, suppose he honestly preaches totalitarianism? "If we silence him," says Machlup, "then we have actually abrogated freedom of speech, whereas he has merely talked about doing so."

No all scholars insist on carrying the ideal of freedom this far. In 1953, Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold argued in a landmark statement that a professor



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must have both "integrity and independence" and the "affirmative obligation of being diligent and loyal in citizenship." Captive scholarship was just as far from his mind as from MacCluph's, but he meant to make it clear that professors must defend the country in time of danger.

Fashions in Courage. In academic freedom, there seem to be fashions in courage, based inversely on how bad things get. So it goes in the South, which last year accounted for 23 of the A.A.U.P.'s 55 outstanding cases of academic freedom. This year the ratio is significantly down: 18 out of 68. But things are still not all rosy, particularly at Negro colleges, where state officials have bounded integrationist teachers and students.

One reason for progress is the power of the A.A.U.P. blacklist to keep away potential professors just when the South is crying for them. Another reason is the lesson of Ole Miss, where Classicist William Willis reports that segregationist "screaming" no longer scares anyone. "The faculty speaks much more freely now than it did last September," says Willis. "Oh, students still report professors to the local Citizens Council. But all we get are a few harassing phone calls." The point is clear: "A substantial portion of the faculty found that by exercising academic freedom, they have it."

That point has occurred to many other Southern professors, who elect to carry on instead of fleeing North like their colleagues. "The place to fight for a principle," says Iredell Jenkins, philosophy professor at the University of Alabama, "is where it is a living issue, not where it is an accomplished fact, and still less where it has become a mere object of sanctimonious self-congratulations."

**"We Want Teachers
Who Are Educated"**

The "education major" is doomed in California. In what Thomas W. Braden, president of the state board of education, calls a deathblow to "educationese," the state is drastically upgrading its teacher certification requirements. Ultimately, California will turn down all applicants whose sole or chief training is in the methodology of teaching. Instead, it will demand degrees in academic subjects, stressing substance over technique.

So sweeping is the change, says Braden, that if used to gauge California's current teachers, the new standards would disqualify 20% of high school teachers, 75% of junior college instructors, and 90% of elementary school teachers. "Professional education" is no longer an acceptable major. Would-be administrators will have to major in academic fields, from science to humanities. New teachers must minor or major in those fields, although they may also take degrees in nonacademic subjects such as home economics or industrial art. All must have a working knowledge of a foreign language.

Extra Schooling. A fifth year of college will be required of all school teachers, although elementary teachers can take it



HARRY WOOD
STATE BOARD PRESIDENT BRADEN
Substance over technique.

while working. In contrast to past practice, schools will not let teachers teach outside their academic fields—will no longer plunk an English teacher in French class to save money, for example. The so-called "Einstein Clause" is in full force: able artists or writers are welcome to teach in California public schools even if they never had a day's formal education. "What we want," says Board President Braden, "is teachers who are educated in the whole sense, people with the initial experience of thorough knowledge of some field. Most education majors are not really educated. They have never really delved into a subject as far as they could." Such talk has won Braden solid support from the state legislature, and fierce opposition "from the great education complex. Their feelings are hurt." As well they might be: thousands of California public school people are being told in effect that they are not good enough.

Stolen Thunder. The change profoundly affects California's 46 teacher-training institutions, which have to get more academic or practically go out of business. Also affected: many education schools in other states, which supply nearly one-third of California's new teachers. California itself may be in for initial trouble: a shortage of teachers able to meet the new standards.

California's reform fits the conservative principles of the state's self-styled education "reformer," Max Rafferty, the back-to-basics new superintendent of public instruction, but he had nothing to do with bringing it about. It is mainly the long-planned work of Tom Braden, 45, a wartime OSS-CIA man who went on to become an English professor at Dartmouth, his alma mater, and is now editor-publisher of the *Blade-Tribune* in Oceanside. Rafferty rooters recently flooded Sacramento in a vain effort to stop Braden's reappointment to the state board of education, apparently because Braden opposed Rafferty's election last November. Net effect: Braden has stolen a good deal of Rafferty's thunder.

walls which could be defended against invaders. Their sizes were again limited to prevent them from being too large to defend. This could be supported by nearby farms. The establishment of peace during the A.D. 1100's brought a revival of trade and the growth of medieval cities. Venice, Paris, London, and the Hanseatic cities grew as trading centers (see **HANSEATIC LEAGUE**). But few cities became as large as 100,000, and 90 per cent of the people lived on farms at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. See **MIDDLE AGES** (Towns).

GROWING CITIES. The Industrial Revolution, beginning in the 1700's, urbanized the Western country. Improved implements and knowledge raised agricultural productivity so that only 10 or 20 per cent of the country's population could raise all the food needed. Improved methods of transportation—boats, canals, roads, and railroads—made it possible for huge cities to buy and raw materials from all parts of the world. Manufacturing methods enabled the cities to produce goods which they could trade for raw materials. Favorable and stable world conditions made trade and investment possible. Surplus resources let society expand.



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The Gentle Demurrs

The Southern Presbyterian Church is a gently, insistently conservative group, both theologically and politically. Its 928,056 members, 99% white, officially support racial integration, applaud those of their churches that practice it, do not chide those that don't. They see merit in testing the literal Bible by scholarship—yet many quietly hold that every word is true. They hearken more closely to Calvin than do their more numerous Northern Presbyterian cousins. They anxiously



MORRICE KAPLAN

MODERATOR McCORKLE
For a higher life insurance.

question the need to lose their identity in ecumenicism. Last week, though under the pervading pressures of world Christianity to become a bit more liberal, they stuck politely to their moderate views.

Meeting in Huntington, W. Va., the denomination's commissioners defeated scholarly Dr. Frank Caldwell, president of Louisville Theological Seminary, in his liberal bid for the top post of moderator. But to beat him, conservatives cautiously picked a man less distinguished for conservatism than for middle-of-the-road moderation. Squeaking in by a vote of 220 to 218 was the Rev. William H. McCorkle, 61, a one-time insurance man who gave up policy pushing for "higher life insurance."

"Earlier in life I fought a constant inner urge to go into church work," he recalls. "I was praying, but I didn't feel I was doing what the Lord wished me to do. One night I sat alone with the Bible and settled the matter. I wrote in the Bible, 'Tonight I give in. I'll do whatever you want me to do.'" He became one of the most decorated Navy chaplains of World War II. After collecting the Silver Star for tending a wounded marine under fire, McCorkle finished the war as an Annapolis chaplain. Now he tends a 1,100-mem-

ber church in Bristol, Tenn., and describes himself as a "garden variety pastor."

If ecumenicism has to come, Southern Presbyterian conservatives prefer a face-saving union with the Reformed Church in America, a smaller, 230,210-member body concentrated in the Northeast and Midwest. Yet Moderator McCorkle is not an unyielding roadblock to unity. "Eventually I think we will get together and all of the Presbyterian families will be as one."

The assembly rejected an overture by the Presbytery of Northwest Missouri to bar meetings in cities where discrimination is generally practiced in hotels and restaurants, reaffirmed their stand, first taken in 1954, that calls enforced racial segregation "out of harmony with Christian theology and ethics." And the commissioners did get around to some emancipation: by a vote of 249 to 173, they approved a proposal for women to become ordained deacons, elders or ministers.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Counting the Flock

More Roman Catholics are being born than made: there are nearly a million more in the U.S. than a year ago, but just 125,670 are new converts, fewer than at any time in a decade. The 1963 Official Catholic Directory, a 7-lb., 1,540-page volume released last week, puts the Catholic population in the U.S. at 43,851,538 baptized church members, 23.3% of the whole U.S. population. That total marks a dramatic 44.1% increase in ten years. The largest concentration of Catholics is in the archdioceses of Chicago (2,293,900), Boston (1,733,620) and New York (1,704,350). Ordained Catholic priests number 56,540.

ECUMENICISM

Seven Devilish Ways To Block Church Union

When Protestants move from one town to another, the biggest factor in picking a new church is not denomination but nearness. Three-fourths of a group of Staten Island churchgoers, sampled by their local Protestant Council in New York, held no beliefs that would prevent their switching to some other Protestant denomination. Despite this evidence of doctrinal tolerance, church merger negotiations in the U.S. are being quietly balked. At least some of the opposition to church union, argues Methodist Theologian J. Robert Nelson of Oberlin College in the current *Theology Today*, is so "arbitrary and irresponsible" that he sarcastically wonders if some Dark Unseen Presence might be behind it. With a bow to C. S. Lewis' *Scrivener Letters*, Nelson suggests seven ways that the Devil might have devised to block the road to union.

• TEACH THAT "SPIRITUAL UNITY" IS ENOUGH. "Let people think that the essential unity of the church is quite unim-

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paired by denominational distinctions, disputes over sacraments and ministry, doctrine, liturgy, polity, or race. All talk about the sin and scandal of division can thus be discredited."

- **PROMOTE FALSE REASONS FOR CHURCH UNION.** "If Christians can be persuaded that the union of churches will be a virtual panacea for their ills, weaknesses, inefficiencies, disabilities and infidelities, the prospects for disillusionment are superb." So long as some Protestant Christians "are kept from seeing any union as a mandate of their God, and regard it only as a matter of expedient defense" against numerical gains by Communists, Roman Catholics or fundamentalist sects, "there is really little to fear."

- **INSIST THAT UNITY MEANS UNIFORMITY.** "People are too shortsighted to see that no encompassing uniformity is found even within their own denominations. So they will go on resisting unity because they think their freedom to enjoy diversity will be jeopardized."

- **DISTRACT AND COMPLICATE.** In a merger, "catholicity" is the main thing, claim some. No, it is 'right doctrine,' say others. Both are inferior to 'mission,' declare still others. No bucket of mud in a fresh pool of spring water could more effectively cloud the issue."

- **CONFUSE SELF-INTEREST WITH CONVICTIONS OF FAITH.** Christians can be encouraged to disguise "selfishly motivated actions in theological, liturgical, or ethical dress. They will impugn the ritualism or moral laxity of another church. But to treat the matter openly on the plane of money, position, or power—well, that is asking too much of even a Christian."

- **URGE DENOMINATIONS TO INVEST THEIR MONEY HEAVILY IN BUILDINGS.** "It is self-evident that the chances of church union are in inverse proportion to the amount of money and power invested in ecclesiastical headquarters."

- **KEEP PREJUDICES ALIVE.** "It is really exhilarating to see how words can keep Christians distrustful of one another's churches. Take the prayer which the Carpenter taught his disciples. Do Presbyterians pray to be forgiven of their 'debts' or their 'trespasses'? Do Baptists pray that the Enemy's kingdom be 'forever and ever' or merely 'forever'? It is over words like these that the silent battles of sullen prejudice are fought. Another favorite prejudice which continues to cause endless bickering in church circles centers around the office of bishop. Most Protestants in America are fully persuaded that a bishop lives in a rich castle and exercises autocratic rule over the hapless serfs who are mere members of the church." It would be most disastrous for the cause of disunity "if it were widely known that bishops in some churches have modest incomes, are limited by constitutional checks, and really devote themselves to their pastoral duties. Nor should people be allowed to perceive that in some non-episcopal denominations the administrative strength of executive officers exceeds by far the power of bishops in other churches."

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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTRESSES

A Firm Sense of Role

Uta Hagen comes on swearing. In three hours, she weeps, snarls, rages at her husband, expounds a boozey philosophy, talks baby talk, goes off to the kitchen to seduce a casual visitor, and turns in a performance that stains the memory but stays there. The play is Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, a psychological Grand Guignol set in the academic world, and last week, for her portrayal of Martha, a professor's rough-edged wife, Uta Hagen won the Antoinette Perry Award for the year's best performance by an actress.

With auburn hair, a strong frame and a forbiddingly experienced face, Uta Hagen has the physical force to play Albee's tough, bitter, foul-mouthed woman. There are, in fact, some superficial similarities between the actress and the character she plays, and her friends kid her about them.

Groves of Academe. Albee's Martha is the twice-married daughter of the founder and president of a college. Uta is the twice-married daughter of a German professor who emigrated to the U.S. and founded the art history department at the University of Wisconsin. Her language is sometimes as strong as Martha's. Albee's Martha talks baby talk. When she wants a drink, she says she is thirsty. Uta Hagen has a similar idiosyncrasy. Coffee, on her tongue, becomes tossie.

But there the similarities end. Martha, the woman on the stage, has made a fatal wreckage of her life. Uta Hagen has made hers an accomplishment. After a year at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she made her debut as an Ophelia considerably taller than Hamlet, who was played, oddly enough, by Eva Le Gallienne. She became a memorable Des-

demona and a fine St. Joan. She followed Jessica Tandy as Tennessee Williams' Blanche DuBois with a performance so good that it was generally conceded to be the better of the two. She won another Tony award as the relentlessly dowdy wife of a fading star in Clifford Odets' *Country Girl*.

Right Cross. Playing in summer stock in 1948, she did a scene in which she wore boxing gloves and was supposed to hang one on the leading man. This leading man had a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac's and was not much bigger than Toulouse-Lautrec. Uta flattened him. He got up and, some months later, married her; she became Mrs. José Ferrer.

They did *Othello* together with Negro Actor Paul Robeson. Traveling from city to city, the Ferrers decided to stay in no hotel that would refuse Robeson. They were all quite close. And as Robeson veered more and more loudly to the left and Moscow, this closeness got the Ferrers into trouble. In due course they were called to Washington to explain their political beliefs. Ferrer, who had just won an Oscar for *Cyrano*, denied any leftist leanings and was not blacklisted. Uta was dismissed without being heard at all. She ended up on TV and Hollywood blacklists nonetheless. She has never made a movie.

Right Idea. Divorced from Ferrer in 1948, Uta later became the wife of Herbert Berghof. An accomplished actor (*The Andersonville Trial*, *Krapp's Last Tape*), Berghof is equally appreciated within his profession as a teacher. With Uta he runs the Herbert Berghof Studio in Greenwich Village, an acting school with a student body of 900 and a roster of celebrated alumni like Geraldine Page and Fritz Weaver.

She thinks that the teaching helps to stabilize her performances and give her

objectivity—and she has always displayed both a firm sense of role and an ability to cope with any unexpected developments onstage. In *Streetcar*, when Stanley Kowalski grabs Blanche and says, "We've had this date with each other from the beginning," Blanche swoons and the lights go out. One night, playing opposite Anthony Quinn, Uta fell before his onslaught, but the lights stayed on. Quinn stood there paralyzed, uncertain what to do. Uta knew what to do. "Rape me, you idiot," she rasped. "Rape me!"

THEATER ABROAD

Real Gone

The play is called *The Bed-Sitting Room*, and it starts at the end of World War III. "It was the only time available—everything else was booked," explains one of its authors. The war lasted 2 min. 28 sec., with 14 million British casualties.

On the radio, an announcer is seeking a home for a clerk who has changed into a spotted dog. "The government is also investigating reports that several people have turned into—quack—have turned into . . ." and he trails off into a long rooster cackle. Very popular is a hat with a small rotating radar antenna built into its crown. "It's my four-minute early-warning hat," explains its owner. "Gives me that extra minute in bed."

Roasted Mac. Lord Fortnum of Alamein soon begins to fear that he is turning into a working-class flat in Paddington. Sure enough, he does. His new name is 29 Scum Terrace, W.2. A doctor examines him from the inside. Putting a stethoscope on a table, he says, "Cough." No. 29 Scum Terrace coughs, and a knob falls off a bureau drawer.

"Are you married, sir?"

"No."

"Then I fear you must not."

A young couple move in. They have with them a brilliantly feathered macaw. The parrot was once Harold Macmillan. That is, the parrot actually is Harold Macmillan, but he looks different now that he is full of roentgens.

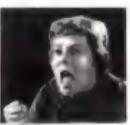
"Hello," says the parrot, proving he is no bit-player. A civil servant arrives, "Don't flap, sir," he says. "I bring you a message from General de Gaulle. He wants to see you stuffed." One night last week the parrot took off in a swooping flight and alighted on the railing of a box. An actor climbed over the footlights, held out his arm, and Macmillan hopped aboard. Wild applause. "You're very popular with the House, as you know, sir," said the actor, exiting. But alas, in the third act the parrot is roasted and eaten.

Electric Clouds. This charade has been convulsing London audiences for three months. Its co-authors are Actor-Writers John Antrobus and Terence A.P.S. ("Spike") Milligan. Spike climbed Mount Everest from the inside on BBC radio's *Goon Show*. He also appeared in *The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film*, the craziest movie short ever made.

Antrobus, educated at Sandhurst, is the sensible partner who takes on the practical problems of the production, such as set-



ACTRESS HAGEN WITH HUSBAND AT HOME
Onstage, it's thirsty for tossie.



AS MARTHA



ASSOCIATED PRESS

HAROLD MACMILLAN
De Gaulle wanted him stuffed.

ting with the unions the question of whether the parrot is an actor or a prop. Milligan, a 45-year-old Irishman born in India, has his head in electric clouds. "It's the end of the bike," he glooms. "*Fin de siècle.*" He has lots of other ideas about life after World War III—selling plots of sea, for example, because land is so expensive. The phone rings on his desk—and rings and rings and rings. "If it rings 104 times, it's my wife, and I answer it," he says. "So far, it's my mistress."

TELEVISION

Closed End

David Susskind sometimes irritates people. His manner—on his TV discussion program *Open End*—has a kind of aggressive omniscience whether he is talking about alcoholism or politics. But he attracts top-level guests from all fields, and his program has a high and merited national popularity. By last week, however, he had irritated one man too many times. Tired of fighting with Susskind over the weekly choice of subjects and guests, Bennet Korn—president of Metropolitan Broadcasting's WNEW-TV, where *Open End* originates—fired him.

"This libibyggiblet Korn is a real creep," says Susskind, "a squiny little man, a cultural illiterate. He has no high plane except the plane of his forehead. He is one of the great finks of this world. He is the kind of cipher that hurts our business. This is an infringement of freedom of speech. It is censorship."

Susskind claims that when he wanted to discuss President Kennedy's physical fitness program, Korn said, "I've got too many Vic Tanny commercials already." When Susskind wanted to collect six college graduates voted most likely to succeed, Korn said (says Susskind), "Who the hell is interested in kids?" How about four escapees from East Berlin? "Too sentimental."

Korn denies all this. "Susskind's statements are so wild they are flattery to me," said Korn. "For *Open End*, he seeks provocative sensationalism only. I am for controversy, but I want a valid treatment in taste and depth. David is preoccupied with sex. All he wants is a girlie show."

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SPORT

HORSE RACING

A Big Day for Optimists

"I've never seen a crowd so big," said Eddie Arcaro, wondering at the 120,000 people who packed Churchill Downs' racing grandstand. "I can't remember a Derby creating so much excitement."

There were nine thoroughbreds in last week's 86th Kentucky Derby, but as far as the crowd was concerned there were only three. And what a trio. Rex Ellsworth's California colt, Candy Spots, drew most of the attention, partly because of his huge size (16.2 hands) and partly because in six starts, he had never been beaten. "I've got the right horse," said his jockey, Willie Shoemaker, who had ridden six of the nine entries. But for the first time that anybody could remember there were two undefeated horses in the field. Eastern money was on Joan Whitney Payson's No Robbery, who had won all five of his races by a minimum of $\frac{3}{4}$ lengths. Then there was Captain Harry Guggenheim's Never Bend, the richest horse of all, a dark bay with \$502,484 in his bankroll. At post time, Candy Spots was the 3-2 favorite; No Robbery was 5-2; Never Bend was the close third choice at 3-1. The rest of the field went into the gate at odds up to 138-1.

But horsemen, like lovers, are optimists. "If you had your choice, which would you rather win—the World Series or the Kentucky Derby?" someone asked millionaire Sportsman John Galbreath. He just laughed. His Pittsburgh Pirates had won the Series in 1960; now his Chateaugay was making a run for the roses. The horse had cost Galbreath \$29,000,000—the price he paid for its sire, Swaps, the 1955 Derby winner. But Chateaugay was still a 9-1 long shot.

At the break, the experts started congratulating themselves. Never Bend was

in front when the horses pounded past the grandstand; No Robbery was close alongside, and Candy Spots, a strong stretch runner, was rating easily in third. All through the long backstretch they held those positions, opening up a huge gap on the rest of the field.

Far back in seventh place, twelve lengths behind Never Bend, jockey Braulio Baeza was sitting chilly on Chateaugay. "He wanted to run," said Baeza, 23, a poker-faced Panamanian who rode his first U.S. horse scarcely three years ago. "I took a good hold and just waited."

Rounding the stretch turn, No Robbery ran out of steam and began to fade. Never Bend was tiring, too, but he was all by himself in the lead: caught in tight quarters along the rail. Willie Shoemaker was forced to check Candy Spots and take him wide. Then he swung his whip and nothing happened. "I asked Spots to run," Shoemaker said sadly, "but he just wasn't there." One horse was there: Chateaugay. Ranging up on the outside, Chateaugay zoomed past No Robbery as if the two were traveling in opposite directions. Then he caught Candy Spots, and at the eighth pole, scant strides from the finish, Chateaugay pulled alongside Never Bend. He hung for an instant, and jockey Baeza went to his whip. "It means so much," he said. "I couldn't let him do that to me." Chateaugay drew out and at the finish he was $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in front.

In the winner's circle, Chateaugay was still so frisky that he looked ready to run another $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. He tossed his head, kicked angrily when a groom tried to drap the traditional garland of roses around his neck. Richer by \$108,000, Owner Galbreath, whose Pirates that day had beaten the Los Angeles Dodgers 5-0, to take first place in the National League, wisely kept out of range. Why ruin a lovely afternoon?



JOCKEY BAEZA & CHATEAUGAY
A son to his sire.



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TRACK & FIELD

Hurrah for Homebodies

The Olympics were still a year away—but the U.S. was already limbering up its muscles. At the Pan American Games in São Paulo, Brazil, U.S. swimmers won 19 of 20 events, U.S. wrestlers swept eight of eight, U.S. weightlifters six of seven. Latin American track fans saw their first 16-ft. vault when Dave Tork soared over the crossbar at 16 ft. 3 in. Balding Pete McArdle chopped 65.1 sec. off the Games record for 10,000 meters, and Broadjumper Ralph Boston leaped 6 ft. 7 1/4 in. Jaunty Jim Beatty, who had not lost a race in two years, managed to get beaten in the 1,500 meters—but it was his U.S. teammate, Jim Grelle who did it. By week's end, with just a few events to go, the 372 athletes on the U.S. team had won 102 gold medals—more than all other countries combined.

Even so, the stars of São Paulo had better look to their laurels. While jetsetting U.S. trackmen were shelling out their Latin neighbors, a band of talented homebodies put on quite a show of their own. In one brief weekend, four world records tumbled.

- POLE VAULT. "I'm still doing all kinds of things wrong," complained Brian Sternberg, 19. "I have a tendency to arch back—and that's really bad." But at Philadelphia's Penn Relays, Sternberg arched right over the bar at 16 ft. 5 in.—a new world record. Just three days later, in Monroe, La., Northeast Louisiana State's John Pennel, 20, soared 16 ft. 6 1/2 in. on his first try. "I figure to clear 17 ft. before I'm through," said Pennel—but he is in no particular hurry. "I'll go at it a couple of inches at a time."

- DISCUS. A fulltime computer programmer, husky Al Oerter, 26, the 1960 Olympic champion, was out of shape and prac-

time when he stepped into the discus ring at the Mt. San Antonio Relays in Walnut, Calif. His first heave traveled 201 ft. 5 in. On his second try, he hurled the 4.4-lb. discus 205 ft. 5 1/2 in., breaking his own year-old world record by 7 in.

• **MILE RELAY.** Before they took to the track at Walnut for the one-mile relay, four University of Arizona undergraduates got a gift: an autographed baton, the same one that had been carried by the U.S. Olympic relay team in 1960 when it clocked a record 3 min. 5.6 sec. Paced by Sophomore Henry Carr, who flashed through his 440-yd. leg in 45.1 sec., the Arizonans promptly ran the mile in 3 min. 4.5 sec.

• **DECATHLON.** Ducky Drake, his track coach at the University of California at Los Angeles, calls him "the finest athlete in the world." Nationalist China's wiry Yang Chuan-kwang, 29, may be just that. For a few days last January C. K. Yang held the world indoor pole-vault record: 16 ft. 3 1/2 in. Last week at Walnut, his legs were racked with cramps, and Coach Drake had to massage his muscles. Yang still managed to vault 15 ft. 10 1/2 in., enough to earn him 1,515 points on the decathlon scale—the maximum allowed. In the other nine events (100 meters, broad jump, shot-put, high jump, 400 meters, 110-meter hurdles, discus throw, javelin, 1,500 meters), he picked up 7,666 more points. His total of 9,121 smashed Rafer Johnson's three-year-old world decathlon record by 438 points. Groused Yang: "I should have done better."

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING Up to the Gods

Compared to Mount Everest, the Sahara is a sultan's garden and the Amazon jungle is a farmer's meadow. At its summit, the highest point on earth, 29,028 ft. above sea level, spores have trouble surviving. The hardest of mountain creatures—the snow leopard, the lammergeier vulture—stay clear of its bitter cold (down to $-50^{\circ}\text{F}.$) and raging gales (up to 150 m.p.h.), and even the Abominable Snowman—whatever he is—confines his ambulations to the Tibetan plateau, 12,000 ft. below. Transported suddenly to its upper ridges, without an oxygen mask, a healthy man would die within hours—of physical deterioration. Tibetans call the mountain Chomolungma, "Mother of the World," and insist that it is the home of the gods. Why the gods would choose to live there with Elysium at their disposal is beyond human ken.

Yet Mount Everest's horrors have a powerful fascination for a peculiar species of human: the mountaineer. Since 1920, when Tibet first agreed to let footloose foreigners gamble their lives against an instant of immortality at the rooftop of the world, 15 expeditions have started for the summit. Two, perhaps three, made it. New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary and his Sherpa guide, Tenzing, first conquered Everest in 1953; a Swiss party followed in 1956; and Soviet-Chinese climbers say they planted a statue of Mao Tse-tung at the top in 1960—a claim that most ex-

perts do not believe. Other expeditions met only heartbreak or death. In 1924, just 800 ft. from the summit, George Leigh-Mallory and Andrew Irvine vanished forever into the swirling mists. And in 1952, without sleeping bags or even a stove to boil water on, a party of Swiss struggled to 28,200 ft., where sheer exhaustion forced them to turn back.

Specialists All. On that expedition was Norman Dyhrenfurth, a movie cameraman. In 1960, by then an American citizen and a producer of documentary films in Hollywood, Dyhrenfurth decided to have another go at Everest. He planned his assault with the precision of a man-in-space shot. First, he raised \$326,000 (including \$100,000 from the National

set up their base camp at 17,000 ft., cautiously began to feel their way through the treacherous Khumbu icefall.

Never Silent, Never Still. A restless mass of ice that is never silent and never still, Khumbu is a frozen cataract, gashed by echoing crevasses and crisscrossed with cliffs that cannot be scaled. As the men struggled upward, cracks opened and little avalanches plunged down the slopes. On March 23, disaster struck: without warning, an ice wall collapsed and buried Wyoming's John Breitenbach, 27, as he was working to improve the trail. Breitenbach was the first American ever killed scaling Everest.

The U.S. mountaineers and their Sherpas pushed on, through the high valley of



EDWARD GEHR



MT. EVEREST (LEFT) & NEIGHBORS
A fascination of horrors.

Geographic Society), wheedled U.S. firms into supplying equipment at cut-rate prices: lightweight oxygen tanks, walkie-talkies, 13 tons of freeze-dried food, vitamins, Metrecaal wafers. Then Dyhrenfurth picked his team: 20 men, each an experienced part-time mountain climber, each a specialist in his full-time field—a physicist, a psychologist, a philosopher, a geologist, a geographer, physicians, a sociologist. The expedition was more than a sporting assault: on Everest. Dr. William Siri planned to measure the effects of solar radiation, study the effects of high altitudes on the human mind and body. Even the team's diarist was something of a specialist: Novelist (*The White Tower*) James Ramsey Ullman.

Preparations took two years. The U.S. expedition assembled at Katmandu, capital of Nepal. Finally, late in February with 895 Nepalese porters and 32 Sherpa tribesmen (for high-altitude work), the climbers set out on an 18-mile northward trek. Along the way, team doctors took time out to battle a Nepalese smallpox epidemic, flying in vaccine and administering it themselves. At last the climbers neared the looming Everest itself. They

the Western Cwm (rhymes with tomb), across the snow-mantled face of Mount Lhotse to the South Col—the 25,850-ft.-high saddle that joins Lhotse to Everest. Goggles shielded their eyes from snow blindness; they learned to sleep with oxygen masks on. Now the going was savage. By last week, when they pitched camp No. 6 at 27,800 ft.—just 228 ft. below Everest's cloud-swathed summit—only four men were climbing.

The Message. In Katmandu, officials cursed bad weather that had blacked out communications with the U.S. climbers. Where were they? Were they safe? Had they reached the summit? Suddenly, the radio crackled. The message was telecast at exactly 8 a.m. (Greenwich Time) on May 1: two men—an American and his Sherpa guide—had stumbled out of the mist onto the top of Mount Everest. A second assault team was waiting to start on its way. Then the radio went silent. Until both teams returned. Expedition Leader Dyhrenfurth refused to identify the men who had planted the Stars and Stripes at the summit of the world.

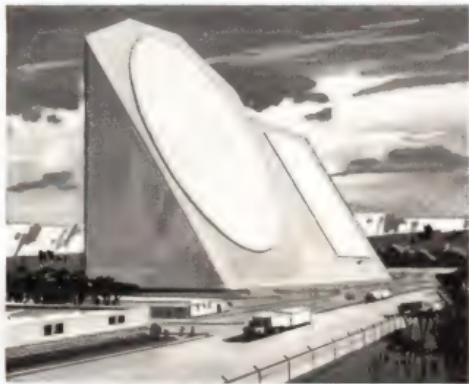
—Lhotse (center), Muztse (right)



1 We built the MINITRACK satellite instrumentation network for Project Vanguard. The network picked up and tracked Soviet Sputnik I and now keeps tabs on domestic and foreign satellites. We also built—and operate for the Navy—the space surveillance system (SPASUR) for detecting "dark" or unidentified satellites.



2 We designed and built the ground stations and the USNS Kingsport shipboard communications terminal for Project SYNCOM, NASA's active scientific satellite communications program for dependable, worldwide radio communication, free of noise interference and frequency crowding.



4 We're developing an advanced space detection and tracking system (SPACE TRACK RADAR) for the Air Force, to seek out, identify and shadow hundreds of friendly or hostile spacecraft—simultaneously. It will employ electronically steerable tracking beams, eliminating the need for rotating radar antennas.



5 We are producing a mobile, air-transportable tropospheric scatter (TROPO SCATTER) communications system for the Air Force. Facilities can be set up in just one day by 7 men. The system reduces the number of relay steps in a microwave communications system where signals travel in a line-of-sight path.

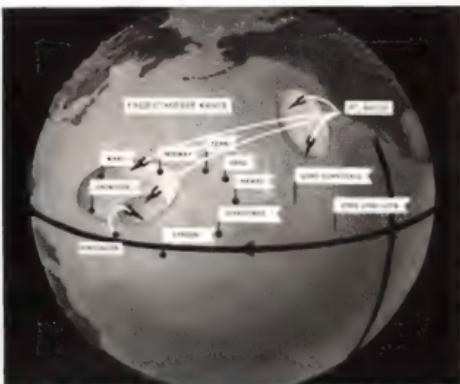
If we're not communicating with something in space, we're probably tracking it.



3 We made-site surveys and installed and tested the tracking and console display equipment as well as the ground-to-air communications for Project Mercury. Currently—on assignment from NASA—we maintain and operate six of the stations and we supply engineering support for the entire network. Additionally, we supplied the highly-sensitive radars used to track our astronauts.



6 We operate the Goldstone facility for Jet Propulsion Laboratory, a key station in NASA's network to support deep-space probes. The facility functions in the areas of data acquisition, tracking and control of a variety of man-made objects, such as Mariner II on its Venus flyby.



7 We operate and maintain the missile impact and location sites which constitute the Navy's Pacific Missile Range (PMR). The range is employed for missile testing and training. In addition, we operate the electronic gear on two recovery ships as well as the communications center at Hawaii.



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TIME, MAY 10, 1963

U.S. BUSINESS

TRENDS

V.P. for the Future

In U.S. industry, not to grow and change is not to survive. What troubles many companies in an increasingly complex world is how to grow and in what direction to change. The man they are turning to for many of the answers (though not the decisions) is a new and influential corporate executive who is expected to combine the brains of a scientist with the intuition of a soothsayer: the corporate planner. "Ideally," says Vice President John P. Gallagher of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, "the corporate planner would have a law degree, an engineering degree, and be able to walk on water." That ideal has not yet been reached, but more than 700 U.S. companies now have formal planners—and the idea is so new that 500 of the companies have hired their planners only in the past four years.

The corporate planner can be expensive—half the companies spend at least \$100,000 a year on planning at the top management level, and many spend much more—but he is not considered a luxury. The increasing complexity of management, the shortened life of many products, the expansion and specialization of markets—all have made necessary the presence of a man who can detach himself from the problems of the present to sniff out the opportunities of the future. The corporate planner is often on a vice-presidential level and usually paid well. His function is to look ahead for as far as ten or 15 years, outpredicting customers and competitors, plotting new products, new markets and new mergers and spying the social, political and economic changes that may affect his company. His basic job is to answer the question "What is this business all about?" Corporate planners like to say that if buggy manufacturers had been able to see that they were basically in the transportation business they might be today's automakers.

Into Hospitals? Michael J. Kami, director of long-range planning for IBM, does not narrow IBM's range to the computer business, believes his firm is in "the problem-solving business"—and acts on that philosophy in his planning. Because the forward planners at A. T. & T. view the company as an all-embracing communications service instead of just a telephone operator, the company had a plan for space communications soon after Sputnik went up—and launched Telstar last year. Working on the theory that "1970 starts today," General Electric has set up a colony of 300 planners—one of the largest groups anywhere—by the ocean at Santa Barbara, Calif., where they ponder everything from long-range prospects for the Japanese economy to the competition in education between the U.S. and Russia. Noting that U.S. consumers are spending increasing portions of their rising personal incomes on medical care, G.E.



JULIAN WEBSTER

G.E.'S CORPORATE PLANNERS AT SANTA BARBARA

Where 1970 starts today.

vice presidents are pondering whether their company should expand its hospital-systems supply business.

Most corporate planners, according to a study by the Stanford Research Institute, are trained engineers of about 45, with ten years' seasoning in their companies and experience in product development or market research. Though most corporate planners concede that successful planning requires the active participation as well as the support of the chief executive, planners have an unusual degree of independence. Unlike the Organization Man—whose slogan one businessman recently described as "I came, I saw, I concurred"—the planner often has to talk back. "He has to have the moral courage to tell management things it may not want to hear," says Aerojet-General Planner Charles W. Tait, "and so he jolly well ought to have job security."

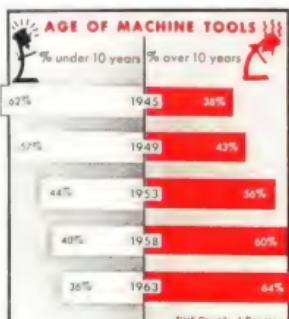
Not Invited. More skeptical fellows around the shop accuse the corporate planner of living in an ivory tower, but—

if true—this sometimes gives him a better view. Among executives who resist change, planners often encountered "the NIH attitude"—not invited here, Planners get their kicks vicariously, by persuading others to do things. "Because we make recommendations and not decisions, there's nothing for which we can take full credit," says Lockheed's Chief Planner James Lipp, an aeronautical engineer. Nonetheless, it was Lipp's cadre of engineers, scientists, economists and retired generals that advised Lockheed to buy Grand Central Rocket Co. and sent it into research that paid off recently in a Government contract. On the suggestion of Planning Chief O. G. Kennedy, Miles Laboratories tripled the capacity of its citric acid plant, merged three chemical divisions into one and opened two plants in Europe. Kennedy received one of the planner's ultimate rewards: he has been made president of the Miles products division. Though the field is new, several other planners have already reached the top, including Westinghouse President Mark Cresap and Northrop's Chairman Tom Jones.

INDUSTRY

Tooling Up

The U.S. machine tool industry, which makes the machines that other industries use to produce \$174 billion worth of the nation's durable goods, is in the midst of the greatest upsurge in new orders in seven years. Machine tools range from simple drilling and stamping presses to wondrously complicated automated machines that bore an auto engine block in one continuous process. Since they sometimes take as long as two years to build, new orders are a key indicator of how businessmen feel about the future. For the first quarter of 1963, U.S. machine toolmakers received \$206,700,000 in new or-



ders, a 21% rise over the same quarter a year ago. And the trend continues strongly upward.

One reason for the upsurge is that ever since World War II the average age of U.S. machine tools has been rising steadily (see chart). The latest census of the *American Machinist* magazine (taken only every five years) showed last week that 64% of the nation's machine tools are now ten or more years old v. only 38% in 1945. Though many of the older machines included in the count are not in use because enough newer ones are available to satisfy current demand, the census nevertheless is a dramatic warning that U.S. industry is in danger of getting rusty.

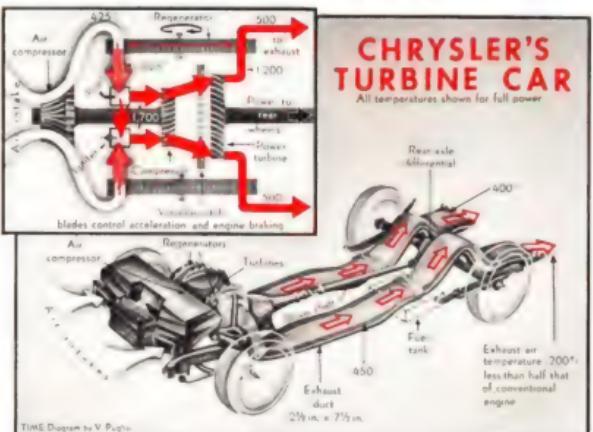
Most burdened with aging equipment are the railroad equipment makers, 80% of whose machine tools are ten years or more old, the farm machinery makers (81%), and the metal producers (72%). The areas with the most obsolescence are

projected \$40 billion in capital spending this year on modernization. The Government has helped to get them moving. Under the Administration's new depreciation allowance, companies can depreciate new equipment 18% faster than before; under a more liberal tax credit plan, they can deduct 7% on plant modernization costs from their taxes. The Treasury estimates that these two plans place an additional \$2.5 billion at the disposal of U.S. companies this year. Businessmen seem eager to reach for the new tools that the machine tool industry is anxious to supply.

AUTOS

The Big Test

Auto engineers who dream of finding replacement for the complicated, churning piston engine have long looked wistfully at the gas-turbine engine that introduced the jet age. The turbine—with



Pittsburgh, where 75% of all machine tools are at least ten years old, and Cincinnati, with 51%. Not surprisingly, the newest tools are found in the electronics and aerospace plants on the West Coast.

A machine tool does not necessarily wear out after ten years, but by that time a new model has usually been developed that does the job more efficiently and at a lower cost. Partly because their plants were either blown up or worn out by the war and partly because of more liberal tax and depreciation allowances, the Europeans have outdistanced the U.S. in modernizing: 50% of Britain's machine tools are under ten years old, 52% of France's, and an estimated 85% of West Germany's. In the Soviet Union about 50% are under ten years old, but age and productivity are less interrelated there: most Soviet machine tools are mass-produced and less efficient than Western-made machines.

To try to catch up, U.S. businessmen plan to concentrate two-thirds of their

its screeching siren noise, high fuel consumption, slow acceleration and searing exhaust gases—now dominates the jet field, but is still far out when it comes to autos. After 14 years of experimenting and several premature publicity outbursts on the subject, Chrysler Corp. is now confident that it has tamed the gas turbine.

Next week it will introduce a smartly styled turbine-powered car that it considers reliable enough to turn loose, at least for testing's sake, on a segment of the general public. In the next year Chrysler will circulate 50 hand-built models among 200 carefully selected motorists to record their experiences; if the car passes the test, it will be another step toward an innovation that may yet transform both the auto and oil industries.

Kerosene & Peanut Oil. Auto men were first attracted to the gas turbine by its simple construction (one-fifth the number of parts in a piston engine) and the fact that it could deliver high power while using almost any fuel that will burn

in a test tube—from kerosene to peanut oil. Its basic works are uncomplicated. It sucks air through an intake and compresses it in a chamber into which fuel is sprayed and ignited by a spark plug (see diagram). The expanding gases drive one turbine wheel that spins the air compressor and then rush on to whirl another turbine that drives a shaft. Turbines in their simplest form have major disadvantages, but where these are not of prime importance, they are already hard at work. They run standby generators in telephone exchanges, drive an Army 13-car overland troop-supply train and power Navy landing craft. Marine hydrofoils boats and Air Force helicopters.

Because the turbines can deliver their greatest horsepower quickly and without faltering on hills, their biggest promise for smaller vehicles is in trucks, earth-moving equipment and farm tractors. Ford, General Motors and International Harvester have directed their research to developing turbines for such vehicles, but have been wary of turbine engines for autos. But only the Chrysler engineering team, headed by Research Engineer George Huehner Jr., seems to have licked the major problems of adapting the turbine to a passenger car.

Uncomfortable Shift. The Chrysler team brought the turbine's shriek under control with sound deadeners and mufflers. To cut fuel consumption down to that of a piston car (about 16 miles per gal.) and to lower the white-hot temperatures of the exhaust gases, Huehner devised a set of ingenious disk-shaped heat exchangers or regenerators, that are pierced with thousands of holes. The disks rotate first through the exhaust gases, absorb up to 90% of the exhaust heat, and thus cool the gases so that there is no longer any danger that they will fry the neighbors' dog or melt an asphalt driveway. Then they rotate into the path of the incoming air and discharge the heat from the exhaust gases, raising the incoming air temperature to 1,025° F. so that it takes less fuel to bring the air temperature to the 1,700° F. necessary to drive the turbines. Huehner has managed to get almost instant acceleration by putting a ring of variable blades beyond the compressor turbine that direct the gases in a sharper stream onto the power turbine when the driver steps on the gas. By reversing the blades to counter the power turbine's spin, Chrysler's engine can brake the car just as a piston engine can.

Chrysler is careful about its claims for the future. It is uncomfortably aware of what a major shift to gas-turbine engines would do to the auto industry's vast investment in the piston engine and to the oil industry's stake in high-octane fuels. It is also mindful of difficulties yet unforeseen in widespread use of the turbines. But there is already plenty of evidence that the public is willing to give the new engines a try. Before the car has even been officially shown, Chrysler has received more than 4,000 letters from motorists pleading for a chance to drive one of the test cars.

RAILROADS

Buying Off the Commuters

Why any hapless commuter would want to hump to work on the wheezing New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad defies reason. Dusty seats, dirty floors, sooty windows, one toilet, no towels, no drinking water—that is what he gets. But 200 oldtime commuters (average age: 55) who prefer such rigors to taking buses or their own cars ride the 36-mile commuter run from New Jersey's bedroom suburbs to North Bergen, where buses hook up with Manhattan. Last year the line collected \$47,289 in revenues from passengers—and lost \$200,000 on them. Former owners did everything to shoot off the commuters, even to removing newer cars and replacing them with 50-year-old cars—but all to no avail. Last month New York Real Estate Man Irvine Maidman, 66, became chairman after having bought control of the line for \$1,000,000. He promptly came up with some new ideas to drive away passengers.

Like most railroaders, Maidman wants to concentrate on freight, but he picked a startling way to get rid of commuters: he offered to buy them out. If they would agree to a cutback in service from three round trips daily to two one-way trips at peak hours, he would put on a comfortable, air-conditioned streamliner. More important, if the 200 commuters agreed unanimously to his scrapping all commuter services, he would pay them \$1.00 each. How to identify all those eligible to collect? Says Maidman: "The conductors know all the commuters on the line." At week's end, a poll showed that six out of seven of Maidman's persistent commuters planned to spurn the \$1.00 and continue to bump it on the Susquehanna.

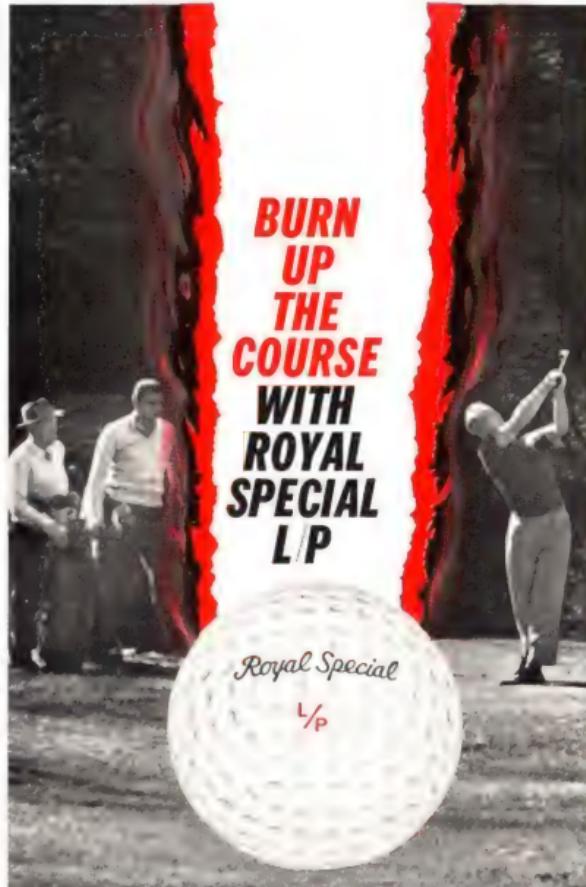
AVIATION

Celebrated Hermit

Everybody knows that Howard Hughes puts a high price on privacy, but no one ever guessed that it was worth \$145 million to him. That is the sum that Trans World Airlines has sued him for—and the sum that a federal judge's ruling last week put in jeopardy after Hughes steadfastly refused to appear in court. Hughes's shyness, ruled the judge, was a "deliberate, willful default."

As the business world's most celebrated hermit, Hughes has been seen by no one in nine years except a handful of his most trusted associates. He controlled TWA until December 1960, when he was forced by a group of New York banks and insurance companies to place his stock in trusteeship in return for a \$165 million loan to buy jets for TWA. When Hughes began to badger Charles Tillinghast, TWA's new, trustee-appointed president, Tillinghast fought back by suing Hughes for damages. Hughes countersued, charging Tillinghast and the lenders with conspiring to take TWA away from him.

The tangle went into pretrial hearings that lasted 13 months, until Hughes's time to testify came. Because Hughes re-



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fused to appear, the judge found him in default and dismissed his suit against TWA. TWA has been smacking its lips over the prospect of a \$145 million windfall—but it has not got the money yet. Since Hughes's lawyers said that they will appeal, the judge decided to let the higher court determine whether TWA was actually damaged by Hermit Howard Hughes.

CORPORATIONS

Test-Tube Forests

No businessmen wait longer for their product to develop than the timber owners of the Pacific Northwest. It takes Douglas firs 80 years to mature, and some still waiting to be cut were young when Paul Revere made his midnight ride. Timber's unique "lead time" is a constant concern of the 63-year-old Weyerhaeuser Co., which turns out more lumber and wood products than any other company in the \$6 billion industry that provides raw material for U.S. homes, newspaper, boats, containers and furniture.

Weyerhaeuser's 3.6 billion velvety green acres of timber, most of them in Washington and Oregon, make up the largest private preserve in the U.S., but company forecasters estimate that the last virgin tree will fall in the year 2020. As far off as that may seem, it is too close for the "Big W." Weyerhaeuser is now developing a revolutionary supertree that will be impervious to disease, perfectly shaped and full-grown in only 40 years. "We control the size of peas and the tenderness of corn," says a Weyerhaeuser scientist, "Why not a test-tube forest?"

Useful Bark. Weyerhaeuser's evergreen empire began in 1906 when Immigrant Lumberman Frederick Weyerhaeuser bought 600,000 acres of forest from his St. Paul neighbor, Northern Pacific Railroad Builder James J. Hill; he paid \$5,400,000 for property today valued at \$1,750,000,000. In the early days, lumber mills customarily burned off waste or dumped it in nearby rivers, polluting them. Weyerhaeuser, spurred by the New Deal's emphasis on conservation, looked for ways to use waste. Over the years, it found a process to bleach fir pulp white to make it suitable for better-grade papermaking, developed paperboard that will take color printing and a polyethylene coating to replace wax on milk cartons.

Aside from its supertrees, Weyerhaeuser's most intensive research is aimed at finding more uses for bark, which represents 15% of each tree. It has developed a hydraulic debarker that bombarbs mill logs with water and leaves them peeled like bananas. Recovered bark chips, once burned for fuel, are now processed as medicine, vanillin, insulation, soil conditioners, reinforcement for polyester plastics, and mud thinner for oil-well drilling. Says Vice President for Wood Products George H. Weyerhaeuser, "You'd almost think that lumber is the byproduct now."

Lumber is almost that. Ten years ago lumber and pulp represented 50% of Weyerhaeuser's output. Today they represent 41%—and the remainder is in plyn-



GEORGE WEYERHAEUSER & FOUNDER
Chipped from the family tree.

wood, veneers, paperboard, containers and paper. But the changeover was unnerving. Once it had learned to bleach fir pulp, Weyerhaeuser quintupled production and set out to become the dominant U.S. pulp supplier. But rival pulpmakers bought up paper companies, which then used only their pulp, to compete. Weyerhaeuser was forced to buy up its own paper and plywood mills. It struggled through organizational shakedowns and an initiation into the unfamiliar areas of new products and consumer sales.

Initiation Over. The initiation and the losses it involved are about over. For the past three years the lumber industry has been plagued by overcapacity. Canadian competition and sales losses to such rival materials as plastics and metal. But Weyerhaeuser increased sales and earnings last year, for the first quarter of 1963 raised sales another 14%, to \$16,876,000 and profits 25%, to \$9,288,000. Its basic position is good: it has no debts. \$117 million in working capital and a fourth-generation-seedling in Vice President Weyerhaeuser, 36, who is ready to take over when his uncle, Chairman Frederick K. Weyerhaeuser, 68, and President Norton Clapp, 57, step down. Trained in Weyerhaeuser tradition since birth, George has the outlook of an executive prepared to wait, if not 80 years, at least 40 for his trees to grow. "We don't go out and shoot ourselves over one bad year," he says. "We're going to be in business for a long, long time."

In a notorious 1934 kidnapping, Weyerhaeuser's then 9-year-old son was snatched between school and home, held eight days while his kidnappers collected a \$200,000 ransom. Released unharmed, he showed up at a farmhouse outside Tacoma. His abductors were traced soon afterward through marked bills spent in Salt Lake City, William Mahan and Harmon Waley, who kidnapped the boy, are still in federal prison. Waley's wife, an accomplice, has been freed.

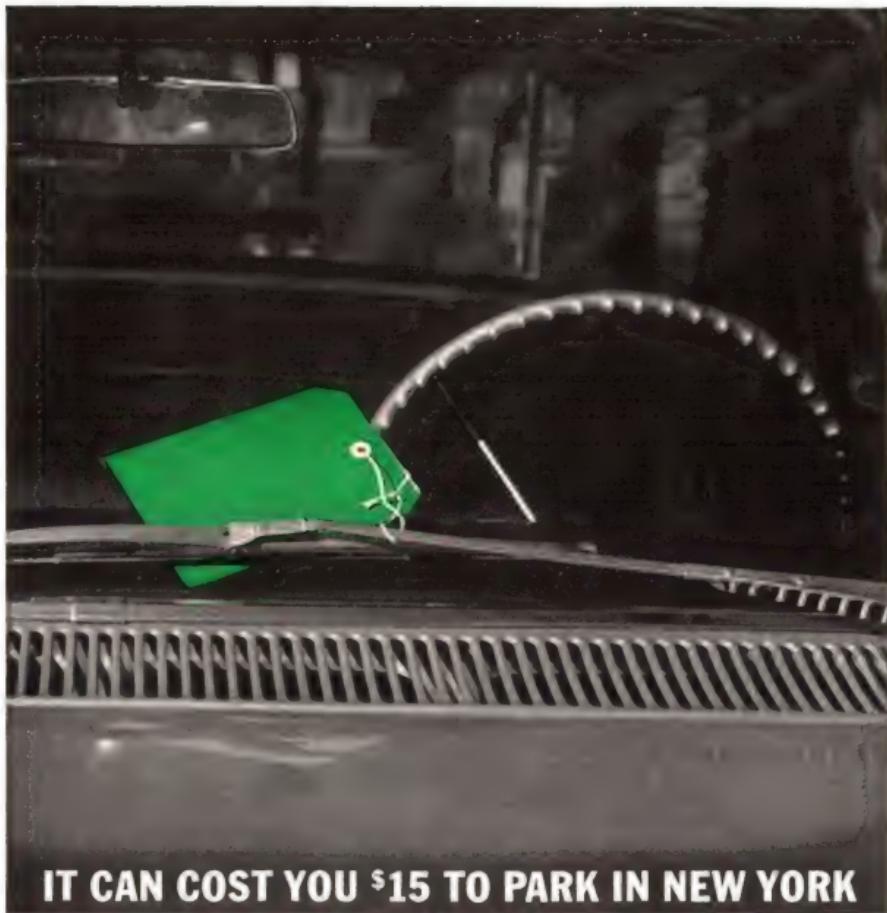


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WORLD BUSINESS

WEST GERMANY Endangered Miracle

One of the mainstays of West Germany's postwar "economic miracle" was its skilled and disciplined workers, who willingly accepted low wages while producing first-class products that won quick acceptance on the world market. In the rush to rebuild the war-ravaged nation, both management and workers proudly summed up their common attitude, *Deutsche streiken nicht*—Germans don't strike. But Germans now do, and last week West Germany was in the grips of its severest labor crisis since the depression of the early '30s. The strike put 400,000 workers in the southwest state of Württemberg-Baden out of work and threatened to spread throughout the country.

But real wage discipline has not lasted. In the past twelve years German wages have risen 150%, while productivity has risen only 107%. As a result, German goods have become more expensive and profit margins in most German industries have narrowed alarmingly. Concerned that German goods will be priced out of the world market, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard in February warned that wage increases this year should be held to 10%.

Employers eagerly seized on Erhard's figure, but the figure did not please ambitious Otto Brenner, 53, boss of the 1.5-million-member German metalworkers union, the world's largest single union and sole bargaining agent for workers in 10% of Germany's industrial plants. When companies in Württemberg-Baden refused to grant an 8% wage increase to the metaworkers (who now draw an average 750 an hour), Brenner called a strike against such strategic targets as automaking

Daimler-Benz and Bosch, which makes electrical systems for most German autos. Other employers retaliated by locking out workers at scores of other plants that Brenner had not struck.

Brenner and Erhard scheduled a meeting in an attempt to head off the strike before it spreads to the heavily industrialized Ruhr, where workers have already voted for a strike. Meanwhile, Volkswagen, Opel and Ford warned that they will have to close down this week because of a shortage of supplies. Unless Erhard can find some way to keep a wage settlement within reasonable bounds, the German miracle is in trouble: 10 million other German workers have already put in new wage claims.

MEXICO Modern Medici

Most wealthy Latin Americans have so far proved too provincial, too prudent or too suspicious to exploit the new common market trading area set up for them 17 months ago. But there is nothing provincial about Bruno Pagliai, a cosmopolitan tycoon who was reared in Italy, made and lost his first million in the U.S. and is now among Mexico's richest men. This week in the biggest deal yet made within the nine-nation Latin American Free Trade Area, Pagliai, 60, loaded the first part of a \$20,000,000 order of steel pipe for the Argentine PASA petrochemical complex. Next month he will open Latin America's biggest aluminum plant at Veracruz. A major force in Mexico's finance, Pagliai is busily negotiating 15 new international ventures.

Pagliai's personal fortune of at least \$50 million is eloquent testimony to the opportunity Latin America offers to those



PAGLIAI & WIFE
Following a green flag.

who dare and who know how. "I give away lots of money and I spend lots," he says with an impish grin. "What the hell."

From Cage to Vault. A small, enthusiastic and well-read man whose heroes are the Renaissance Medici, Don Bruno has always followed the green flag of money and charmingly ingratiated himself with men of wealth, power and connections. At 10, he followed his merchant father to the U.S. learned the banking business from cage to vault at San Francisco's Bank of Italy under the immigrant Gianinis, and turned a substantial fortune speculating in stocks. On vacations in Mexico, he struck up a profitable palsie with Manuel Avila Camacho, who, on becoming President in 1940, invited Pagliai to settle in Mexico and helped him start Mexico City's splendid Hipódromo de las Américas, race track on an army parade ground. Avila Camacho's successor, Miguel Alemán, also became friendly with Pagliai, helped him to form his seamless tube company, TAMSA, in 1952, the year Alemán left office.

TAMSA made a profit from the very beginning by selling pipe to Mexico's Pemex national oil monopoly, last year earned \$4,500,000. Most of Pagliai's deals interlock in some way. Pagliai has helped to finance TAMSA's export sales through a finance company, Intercontinental S.A., that he created with the capital aid of such cronies as Germany's Alfrid Krupp and big U.S. Investment Banker Charles Allen. Intercontinental S.A. has helped finance foreign investments in Mexico and raise large foreign loans for the Mexican government as well as for Pagliai's new aluminum plant, which is owned 35% by Pagliai's interests and 35% by the U.S.'s Alcoa. It is small wonder that he has become the foremost evangelist for U.S. investment in Mexico, and likes to needle gringos who will not take a chance: "Did the people who developed the Wild West cover their covered wagons with insurance?"

Acquisitive Urge. Pagliai lives like the fiscal prince that he is. His \$200,000 home in suburban Mexico City is a white



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brick Georgian mansion, graced with 14 live-in servants and 50 imported Italian umbrella cypresses planted in holes blasted into lava rock. Besides collecting pesos, he acquires Dresden figurines, Chinese jade, Venetian glass and ancient Spanish books that he often pores over until 2 a.m. His house also shelters Mexico's most distinguished selection of wines (7,000 bottles) and its finest private art collection—El Greco, Botticelli, Van Dyck, Dali, Diego Rivera—as well as Pagliai's picturesque third wife, international Screen Star Merle Oberon.[®] When someone once asked why he does not retire to contemplate his gentle Corots and just clip coupons, Pagliai replied that "clipping coupons gives you calluses on the brain. I work because I still have the ability to create." While making articulate points about the businessman's duty to develop a country, he is the first to agree that he has made a good thing out of it, and does not consider the two motives contradictory.

ISRAEL

A Place to Make Money

For Israel, even more than for most new nations, charity has never begun at home. For 15 years the struggling Jewish homeland has depended for financial help on outsiders, mostly in the U.S. American Jews have poured in \$568 million in Bonds for Israel, \$1,035,000,000 through the United Jewish Appeal and another \$250 million in private investments that were often motivated by conscience. Both Israelis and Americans have tired of the endless hoopla of the "parlor meetings" by which such funds are raised. Last week, after a year's discussion, the Securities and Exchange Commission approved the First American Israel Mutual Fund, a \$275 million investment that promises to replace charity with a solid bet on Israel's industrial future.

Stop the Singing. To make sure that there will always be ready cash to redeem shares in the fund, one-fifth of it will be invested in U.S. industries. The remainder will be fed gradually, so as not to rock the young Tel Aviv stock market, into Israeli government-held stocks as well as into private insurance, banks, utilities and such land development projects as the flourishing Dead Sea Works (TIME, March 1). The new money, the biggest single block ever to enter Israel, will help to expand growth projects, while charity will continue to cover such ventures as the resettlement of Jewish refugees.

The idea for an Israeli mutual fund originated with Michael Haft, a 30-year-old Israeli economist sent to the U.S. to plead for investment funds at parlor meetings. Haft did not like the unbusinesslike approach. Says he: "The time has come to stop singing the *Hatikvah* [Israel's anthem] to raise a dollar." Instead Haft settled on mutuals, hoped that \$10 million might be raised. He

[®] Who was born in Tasmania of British parents, is a British citizen.

took his idea to Boston Movie Exhibitor Lawrence Laskey, who had large holdings in Bonds of Israel and was equally tired of parlor meetings. Impressed, Laskey bypassed Jewish-controlled investment houses to avoid any further tinge of sentiment, persuaded Manhattan's Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis to underwrite the plan. Visiting Israel, he also persuaded Finance Minister Levi Eshkol and the socialist Labor government to make concessions to the fund, including below-market-value sale of government-held stocks and an option eventually to purchase \$50 million in such securities.

No Mere Gesture. First American Israel's birth auspiciously coincides with the due date of the first Bonds for Israel issue, and its backers hope that American bondholders will reinvest their earnings in the new fund. If they do, it should no longer be a mere gesture of charity. After a tough currency devaluation last year, Israel is increasing its gross national product 10% a year, has record foreign reserves of \$640 million and a stock market on which the value of shares has risen twelve times in three years. Insists an Israeli investment counselor: "Israel is not merely a place that is sentimentally attractive. It is now a place where money can be invested and money can be made."

INDIA

The Cow & The Tractor

Prime Minister Nehru once described India as "a bundle of the centuries in which the cow and the tractor march together." Indian business suffers from, and sometimes profits by, such intermingling. Among those who are mastering the combination is canny Arvind Mafatlal, who at

MAFATLAL



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40 is chairman of a \$61.9 million family-controlled business that is spreading out from the mills of India's traditional cotton industry into modern petrochemicals.

Mafatlal's jute plant and ten textile mills employ 25,000 Indians, produce 4% of India's cloth, and specialize in the low-cost cottons that make up the traditional dress of most Indians. Dissatisfied with too much dependence on textiles, Mafatlal recently linked up with West Germany's Farbwerke Hoechst to build a \$21 million, nine-plant petrochemical complex that will be India's largest. By bringing a much-needed new industry to India, he hopes to dispel the notion, widely held among his countrymen, that all industrialists are merely greedy. Says Mafatlal: "We can also make a useful contribution to society."

Seeking Good Will. In some ways, Mafatlal has already made a start. For Indian women on a slim budget, his designers are now bringing out new saris that are durable and inexpensive enough for housework, yet attractive enough to be worn in public. Mafatlal has made deals with 34 Indian retail shops to sell his fabrics at low markups and plans to make more such arrangements. He has also taken the unusual step of placing ads in Indian newspapers and magazines to stress his company's interest in the public's welfare as well as in its rupees. "We advertise," he says candidly, "to create good will for private enterprise."

Private enterprise has been kind to Mafatlal and his business, which was founded by Arvind's grandfather in 1905. Mafatlal lives with his wife and three children in a swank Altamont Road mansion in Bombay's outskirts, is served by a staff of 65. A devout Hindu, he eats no meat, keeps his own herd of cows to supply his family with milk, and wears simple white cotton from his own mills. Mafatlal and other Indian industrialists of his generation are more civic-minded and less apologetic about wielding great wealth than were their fathers and grandfathers. Since their companies generally thrive despite India's chaotic economic conditions—while many government projects founder because of red tape and mismanagement—they are understandably anxious to protect themselves from nationalization. Yet they agree that India's problems are so many and so huge that there is plenty of room for both private and public enterprise in the economy.

Close Watch. Mafatlal has given something of a boost to "the public sector" by helping many schools and hospitals, setting up free meal canteens and a free girls' school and donating heavily to scientific and agricultural studies. But he concentrates his attention on his business, recruits bright young men from schools and colleges and trains them for top jobs in his empire. He watches expenses so closely that at the end of each day he summons his accountants into his presence and pores over their books. What Mafatlal sees has encouraged him in his plans to build a 26-story building to house his growing interests.



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Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis	Smith, Barney & Co.
Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	^{Incorporated}
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MILESTONES

Born. To Dennis Day (real name: Eugene Patrick McNulty), 46, longtime Irish tenor sidekick of Comedian Jack Benny, and Peggy Almquist McNulty, 38, his wife of 15 years, their ninth child, sixth son; in Los Angeles.

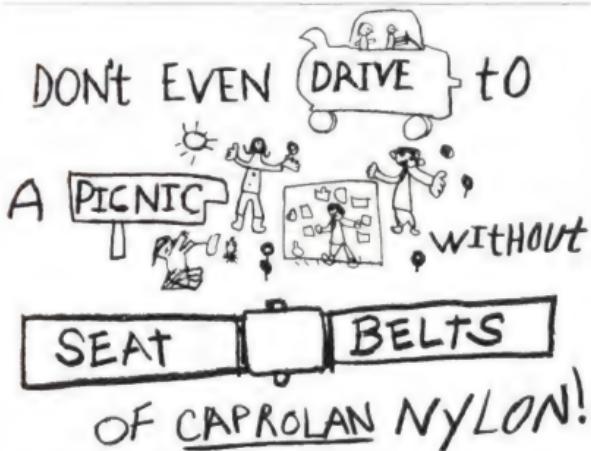
Married. Virginia Leftwich ("Gigi") Graham, 17, eldest of Evangelist Billy Graham's five children; and Stephan Tchividjian, 23, son of Millionaire Financial Ara Tchividjian, the Baptist minister's most active Swiss supporter; in a religious ceremony (which followed by six days the mandatory Swiss civil ceremony) that was presided over by Graham, who also gave the bride away; in Montreux, Switzerland.

Died. Gordon Rufus Clapp, 57, chairman from 1946 to 1954 of the Tennessee Valley Authority and from 1955 president of the Development and Resources Corp., a consulting firm engaged in the Khuzestan project, Iran's version of the TVA; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Kenneth Macgowan, 74, lifelong devotee of the dramatic arts, who in 1925 abandoned a career as a drama critic to produce many of the plays of his close friend Eugene O'Neill, first in their own, early off-Broadway theater and then on Broadway—and after 45 films in Hollywood finally became a teacher, founding U.C.L.A.'s respected theater arts department in 1946; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

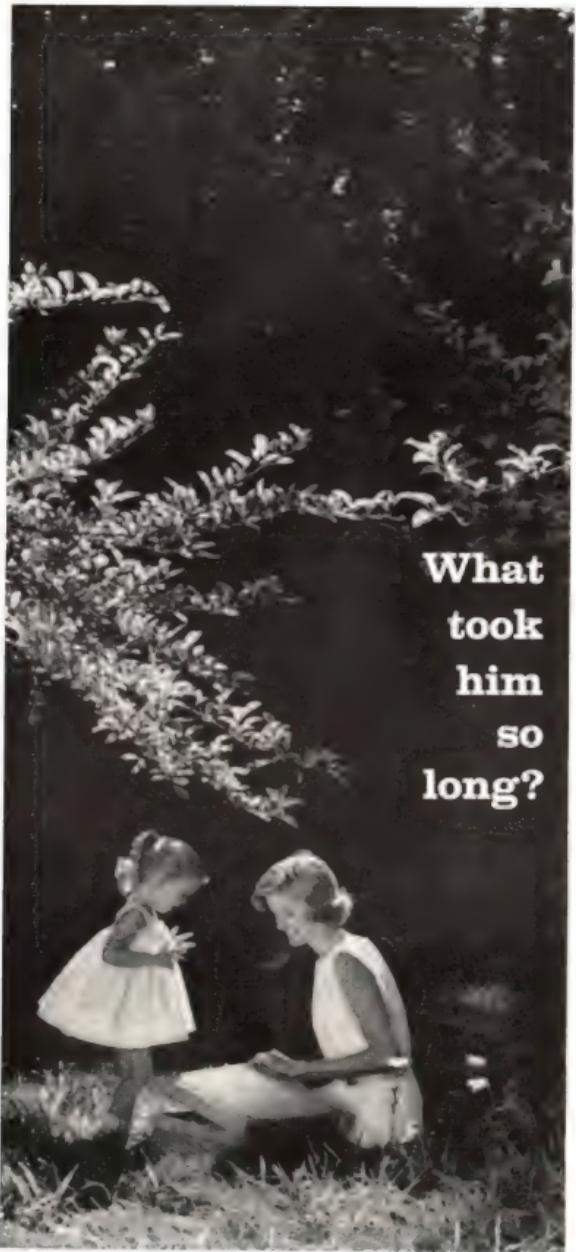
Died. Van Wyck Brooks, 77, critic, literary historian and elder statesman of American letters, a deeply reflective, painfully slow writer who is best known for his massive, five-volume *Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America, 1800-1915*, which took him 20 years to write and spans American literature from Washington Irving to William Faulkner; of cancer; in Bridgewater, Conn. As a critic of his culture, Brooks argued that much of American writing was second rate, that U.S. materialism thwarted genius, and that the true fulfillment of America is yet to come. That it would come, he was certain. The American belief, wrote Brooks, "is that men could be trusted to set things right in time . . . Nothing could be lost and much was to be gained if . . . one placed one's bet on the faith rather than the doubt."

Died. Edward Samuel Corwin, 82, Princeton's McCormick professor of jurisprudence from 1918 to 1946, a distinguished and vocal authority on the U.S. Constitution (*The Constitution and What It Means Today*, 1920) and the presidency (*The President: Office and Powers*, 1940), who bluntly informed the Supreme Court that it should have its "nose well tweaked" for invading legislative and executive competence in three 1956-57 decisions; of cancer; in Princeton, N.J.



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Blob Psychology

The Mind Benders. "PERVERTED! SOULLESS! A LOVE AFFAIR DESTROYED BY AN EXPERIMENT SO TERRIFYING IT DEFIES HUMANITY!" Sound bloody awful? It is. And that's a shame, because it needn't have been. The plot of this British thriller has a built-in heft of a scientific gimmick: a visual recapitulation of some eerie experiments in "sensory deprivation" conducted recently in Britain and the U.S. Object of the experiments: to find out what happens to people who for



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long periods forgo the use of their senses (sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, weight and direction).

For openers, the plot presents a kindly old professor at Oxford who inexplicably accepts a bundle of boodle from the Russians and then jumps to his death from a speeding train. Was the dear old boy a traitor? Or was he a heuristics hero self-brainwashed by sensory deprivation?

To redeem the professor's reputation, a colleague (Dirk Bogarde) engages to repeat his experience. While the camera passionately supervises, Bogarde is led into a room impermeable to light and sound. There he is stuffed into a rubber diving suit and submerged in a tank of water warmed to body heat. His external sensations disappear, and as the hours go by he passes through six successive stages of sensory deprivation: irritation, melancholia, hallucination, panic, disorientation and stupor. When his assistants finally haul him out of the tank, Bogarde is more like a jellyfish than a human being—a mindless blob who will do anything anybody tells him to.

Unfortunately, nobody tells him to shoot the scriptwriter. Instead somebody tells him his wife (Mary Ure), who is



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about to present him with his fifth child, is a tart. Instantly, a competent piece of popular science dissolves into a tepid mess of sentiment, and after floating in it for an hour or more most customers will be well into the sixth stage of sensory deprivation.

Minus Ambiguity

The *Third Lover* flashes a beacon of straightforward storytelling over the dark seas of French cinematic symbolism with its honest camera work and well-motivated plot: the film is unlikely to provoke much cocktail party comment because it is so understandable.

The picture is about envy. A French newspaper writer (Jacques Charrier) comes to a village outside Munich and, after basking for a while in self-pity because nobody will notice him, manages to meet a jolly German (Walther Reyer) who is a famous and successful author. To Charrier's amazement, Reyer and his stunning wife (Stephane Audran) make him feel so at home in their luxurious villa that he soon has a latch-key familiarity with the couple. This sudden rescue from loneliness should make Charrier happy; instead, watching Stephane perch adoringly on the arm of her husband's chair, Charrier decides that he must spoil things for them. Snooping on Stephane when she makes daytime trips to Munich, he discovers that she has a lover. Charrier takes photographs of them embracing on street corners behind shop windows. He shows the pictures to Reyer—a cruel series of enlargements in which a kiss is blown up into a closeup of the lovers' lips, grainy, harsh, terrible. The husband is quiet while he studies the enlargements, then murmurs: "Happiness is so fragile." The picture's climax is bloody, its denouement is filled with despair.

Director Claude Chabrol's choice of the dimpled-faced Charrier to play his twisted protagonist brings a touch of spoiled boyishness to a role that might have been merely sinister in more virile hands. Much of the plot is forthrightly told in the first person by Charrier's own voice—an earnest of Chabrol's continuing drift away from the *Marienbad* labyrinths and the *Breathless* ambiguities of some of his fellow New Wave moviemakers. Plain moviegoers are going to like it.

India for Everybody

Two Daughters. The magic of India's Satyajit Ray, who directed the *Apur* trilogy and *Devri*, lies in his ability to translate the life around him into such universal terms that Western audiences see his India not as a gold-embroidered slum peopled with mystics and mendicants but as an identifiable place where ordinary humans go about their ordinary lives. *Two Daughters*, a two-part film based on short stories by Rabindranath Tagore, is so filled with the basic stuff of humanity that with minor changes of script it could have been made in rural Louisiana.

The Postmaster is a curtain-raiser. It tells about a young civil servant who comes to an isolated village to run the



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post office and finds, as a legacy from his predecessor, a wistful ten-year-old girl who is to be his servant. He teaches her to read and write; when he falls ill with malaria, she nurses him through his fever. He asks for a transfer back to the city and she hides, sobbing, when his replacement arrives. The departing postmaster walks slowly away from the village, calling to the girl to say goodbye. She appears, carrying a heavy pail of water, and looks silently at the ground, tears streaking her face. The last thing he hears as he passes out of sight of the village is the voice of the child calling: "Master, I have brought you the water." But it is her new master that she is calling.

The longer piece is a poignant comedy called *The Conclusion*. Amulya (Soumitra Chatterjee), a young student decked out



AT FREDRICK

APARNA DAS GUPTA
As real as the river.

in all the trappings of intellectual dandyism—city shirt and coat, Argyle socks, polished shoes—comes home from college and marries trouble wrapped in a sari: an underprivileged tomboy, nicknamed Puglee, with a laughing face and eyes like a temple deity. Amulya's mother is horrified, and Puglee, still a child, is rebellious.

On the wedding night Puglee (Aparna das Gupta) escapes from Amulya's flower-decked bedroom to play with her pet squirrel; then she throws all of Amulya's precious books on the floor. In disgust he sends her back home saying: "If you write to me as a wife to her husband, I'll be truly happy." But Puglee cannot write. At first she sulks, then she pines, finally she fasts. But while she is fasting, she learns to write. One night Amulya comes to his room and finds a note on his bed. It reads: "Please come back. Your wife." Before he can go to fetch her, Puglee herself appears—chastened, subdued and glowing with love. But the tomboy is still alive. When Amulya asks how she got into his room, Puglee replies with her Mowgli smile: "I climbed up the tree."

Ray wrote the screenplays, composed the music, directed the actors, and produced the film, which is almost totally free from the stigma of the studio. His settings are real houses, forests, and—a Ray trademark—marshy riverbanks; and his people are as real as their surroundings.

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The Dark & Light of Dreams

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS [398 pp.]—C. G. Jung—Pantheon (\$7.50).

The dreamer was three years old and he loved the gentle giant Jesus. Then came his dream of the phallus-king. The dreamer wandered through a stone palace under the meadow, and there, behind a curtain heavy as earth, stood the king, his one good eye gleaming up from his faceless head. "That is the man-eater!" the dreamer's mother cried out to him in the dream—but did she mean the king or did she mean Jesus? From that night on, the dreamer could never find comfort in Jesus' name. The sound of it flooded him with his frightful revelation: the phallic king of underground terror and the good Lord Jesus were both, somehow, the same.

In dreams, Carl Jung found a window to his "dark side," and, encouraged by the visionary knowledge that invaded his earliest nights, he never abandoned it in all his 85 years. Dreams became for him the stuff that life is made of. "The inner happenings that make up the singularity of my life." In his posthumously published autobiography, Jung ignores the outer events of his life for fear of obscuring the importance of its dreams. In the telling, the dreams become fascinating insights into Jung's thought, and the book becomes an adventurous example of the psychoanalytic monologue, in which events must be deciphered from the hieroglyphic language of the unconscious.

Jung rarely bothers to pursue an idea much past the belittler dream that gave it birth. The fault of the introvert (a word Jung coined) is a reluctance to consider the significance of life in any terms but his own, and it is a fault that becomes the very spirit of Jung's book. The only encounter of his life he discusses in detail is his stormy meeting with Freud, to whom

Jung pays the compliment of a full chapter (Jung's wife of 52 years is scarcely mentioned).

Blue Mountain Air. Long before his quiet death in the summer of 1961, Jung (TIME cover, Feb. 14, 1955) had quietly abandoned his century. With Freud and Adler he had brought the Western world to the Age of Analysis. He was the last survivor of psychiatry's presiding trinity, but he forced himself back from the darkening spirit of his science. He studied ancient cultures and tribes, myths and symbols and alchemy, and from the overpowering sense of nostalgic recognition his studies brought him, he fashioned a new psychology that served him as a shield against Freud's disturbing ideas. To counter Freud's concept of man as an imperiled witness to the struggle between the sexuality and aggression within him, Jung produced a theory of the unconscious that showed each man to be a cultural museum filled with ancient wisdoms, beauty and God. "He has," says J. B. Priestley, the gentle anarchist, "cleared a way through dark jungles into blue mountain air. He has discovered at least one way out of the nightmare maze in which modern Western man was beginning to lose himself."

For all that, few latter-day psychoanalysts take Jung seriously, save for his early studies in word association and schizophrenia. The weight of his immense influence remains outside his science: clergymen are encouraged by his recognition of God (whom Freud considered a creation of man's imagination); esthetes and classicists are enriched by his devoted studies of art and symbol (to Freud, expressions of neurotic conflict); and spiritualists of all varieties take heart from his recognition of occult happenings (to Freud, nonsense).

Caesar's Curse. Jung's encounter with Freud was less a clash of intellects than a crash of personalities. Freud, Jewish and Austrian, thought at first that Jung, Swiss and Christian, was just the man to inherit leadership of the psychoanalytic movement and broaden it, and for a few years their association was close. But Jung's own thoughts soon diverged from Freud's, and with surprising pugnacity, the two analysts began their attacks on each other. Jung, in this book, prefers to discuss the conflict mainly in terms of the salient dreams that defined it for him. Whenever the two got together to swap dreams, Freud would invariably find parricidal elements in Jung's dream scenes. Freud, Jung says, began to smother him with paternalism—Freud the Father, Jung the Son—but he was obsessed with the idea that there was murder in Jung's heart. Once, when Jung told Freud of a dream in which he had seen two skulls, Freud nervously demanded to know whose they were. "My wife and my sister-in-law," Jung recalls lying. "After all, I had to name someone whose death was worth the wishing!"

When Jung at last dared to challenge

Freud's early-libido theory (that neurosis results from sexual trauma in childhood), Jung recalls that Freud fainted dead away at the threat to his authority. Having lost his God, Jung says, Freud had made an even more terrible god out of sexuality. "Sexuality evidently meant more to Freud than to other people," Jung wrote. "For him it was something to be religiously observed." To Jung, Freud was a tragic figure—an authoritarian beset with the curse of the Caesars, a hollow old man haunted by obsessions. At last, Jung dreamed of Freud conclusively: he saw him dressed in the uniform of an imperial Austrian customs inspector.

Jung notes that nothing is a clearer symbol of peevish authority than a customs inspector—but that is only half the dream. Readers who respect the power of a pun are free to ponder which of his customs Jung didn't want Freud inspecting, and as far as Jung's critics are concerned, that is the heart of the matter. For how else account for a man whose method in science was often to find enlightenment in a dream, pronounce the dream a hypothesis, then dream it ten times over again, and announce the establishment of a theory? Delving into his own unconscious (he once took years off from his lecturing at the University of Zurich in order to devote himself to replaying the games of his



H. G. CASPARIUS
FREUD IN VIENNA
... from a customs inspector.

childhood in the hope of finding clues to the riddle of his psyche. Jung often seemed in flight from his times, in flight from science, in flight from Freud.

Flying Saucers. His fancies led him everywhere. He went to Uganda to study the noble savages and swing their rhinoceros whips. He went to New Mexico, and while listening to the words of a Taos Indian chief, began for the first time to wonder about the morality of the Crusades. Everywhere he went he detected a



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"faint note of foolishness" clinging to his European clothes. To Jung, that was proof enough that Western man had "plunged down a cataract of progress," drawing him away from the unfinished business of the Middle Ages, the last age when man naively confronted the issues of good, evil and his God before he was distracted by material progress. But perhaps the feeling of foolishness was nothing more than the stirrings of the sexual embarrassment that Freudians think drove him away from his science in the first place.

His notion of man as the dreamer of age-old dreams led him into a mystic world. His life was plagued by occult phenomena: poltergeists threw his books about, blinding pain awakened him at the instant a patient was committing suicide, and his dreams even came to include flying saucers. In the morning he would ponder perhaps the flying saucer is a magic lantern, and I—I am only the picture it projects.

All his life he felt most at home in the 16th century, and to recapture a time unscarred by "the deceptive sweetenings of existence," he built a round stone tower at Bollingen on Lake Zurich, where he comforted himself in total anachronism. Eager in his old age to chip into stone the thoughts that had escaped him on paper, he surrounded his tower with totems and painstakingly carved stone tablets, and over his door he carved his final confession of faith: "Called or Not Called, God Is Present." Tourists taking their holiday on the lake often saw him, as their boats passed by, dozing and dreaming in his field of stone totems.

The Taming of the House

FORGE OF DEMOCRACY [496 pp.]—Neil MacNeil—McKay (\$6.75).

De Tocqueville, who liked much of what he saw in America, described the House of Representatives as a place of "vulgar demeanor," without a single "man of celebrity." Lord Bryce complained that it made as much noise as "waves in a squall." Dickens scoffed that not even "steady, old chewers" in the House could hit a spittoon. And 19th century Americans generally referred to the House as the "Bear Garden." But the House has improved with age, writes Neil MacNeil, TIME's chief congressional correspondent in this entertaining account of its workings and its history.

Grant on a Cloud. In the early House many members were fresh from the frontier and settled their political squabbles in the ways they knew best—with curses, fists and duels. On one memorable occasion 30 pistols were whipped out during debate on the floor. "Kicking-Buck" Kilgore of Texas once hooted down a locked door to escape a quorum call. Tim Campbell of Tammany threw an arm around President Cleveland, who had complained that a bill he favored was unconstitutional, and growled: "What's the Constitution between friends?" Davy Crockett campaigned for the House on the basis of shooting 100 bears in a year.



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NEIL MACNEIL

Persuasion has replaced the pistol.

(nonsense, scoffed an opponent, Davy could not count that high).

The congressional investigations of the last century make even the antics of Martin Dies seem tame. During the Grant Administration, the Democratic-controlled Judiciary Committee called up a grocer who testified that the President had seduced his sister in his own home. The committee gleefully publicized the story until the grocer declared that President Grant arrived at his house aboard a cloud. When a witness was testifying in an investigation of the Treasury Department in 1837, a Congressman addressed the committee chairman: "I wish you would inform this witness that he is not to insult me in his answers. If he does, I will take his life on the spot." The chairman, who was naturally carrying a revolver, sympathized. "I watched the motion of the witness' right arm, and had it moved one inch, he had died on the spot. This was my determination."

Mutiny on the Floor. To control this rambunctious House, the Speaker had to be tougher than the members, and usually he was. Until Woodrow Wilson presented his own program to Congress, the Speaker decided what bills would be introduced, and often refused even to discuss them with the President. "Gentlemen," Speaker Thomas Reed announced when he was ready to offer a bill, "we have decided to perpetrate the following outrage."

Gradually the members of the House learned to think for themselves. Rotating Representatives every two years went out of fashion in most states; seniority provided members with an expertise that could not easily be challenged anywhere else in the Government. In 1910 the members rebelled against Speaker Joe Cannon and much of his enormous power was shifted to various committees. These committees have occasionally become tyrants in their own right and bottled up bills they did not like. Rules Committee Chairman Adolph Sabath once faked a heart attack when pressure was put on him to put a resolution to a vote. But today's

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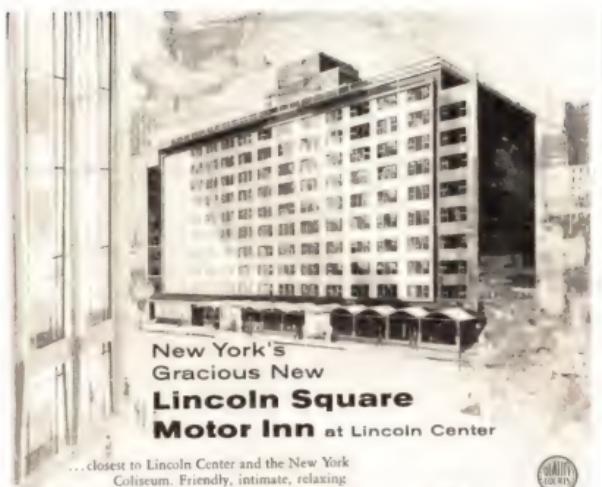
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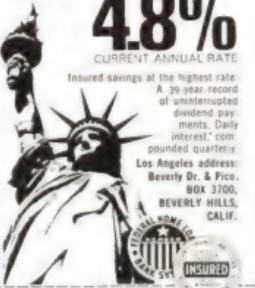


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House operates with much less rancor in the past and more give-and-take. Said Sam Rayburn, one of the greatest Speakers, and yet one of the mildest: "The old day of pounding the desk and giving people hell is gone. We're all grown up now. A man's got to lead by persuasion and kindness and the best reason."

In the Good Old Mothertime

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE (286 pp.)—Julian Glog—Simon & Schuster (\$4.95).

Our Mother's House could be a sick novel in the tradition of those horror jingles which amused the Victorians, such as:

*Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes,
By and by the room grew chilly,
But no one liked to poke up Willie.*

There are these seven children, living in a quiet suburban London street, and when mother dies, they do not tell anybody, but just quietly bury her in the back garden



JULIAN GLOG
A playhouse in the tomb.

and carry on for a year or more as if nothing had happened. Well, nothing much. Gerty is bad, and they punish her and she dies, and they bury her too. Then Dad turns up. They had never seen him before. He thinks they are "a ripe bunch of little bastards," but buys them treats until he gets fed up and wants to pack them "into the bleeding orphanage." So Hubert, the most responsible of the little ones, conks him on the head with a poker. It's that old burial problem all over again; then the spoilsport authorities arrive. "Quite ordinary little children," says their teacher, as a man from the Home nervously prepares to take delivery of the six survivors. "Hubert . . . sensible little fellow," chimes in a neighbor.

The writer who can breathe fictional health into a story as sick as this one must be credited with a minor miracle. Genuine magicanship may be so conceded to Julian Glog a suitably baleful-looking young (age?) New Yorker ten years out of school (at Britain's Rugby and Cambridge), who has made a mem-



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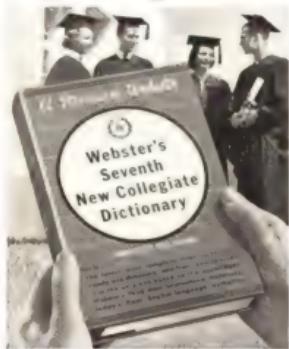
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orable fable about his seven motherless moppets. He has succeeded, partly by attention to details that worry the practical reader, such as how did they get the money? Little Jiminee, a talented penman, forged endorsements on mother's mysterious but regular checks, and Hubert cashed them when he bought the groceries. Gloga's terrifying tots do more than this; they offer the reader no escape from their own zany world, which is presented as complete in itself with its own tribal laws.

Spiv & Tart. Mother rules their lives in death as she did in life. They build a sort of playhouse in her tomb in the backyard lily patch and call it The Tabernacle, and slowly evolve the forms of a religion based on the dead. Hymns and the promulgation of rules and cruel punishments comprise its simple liturgy. The fact is—not that facts, as such, mean much to them—that mother was a local scandal as a woman of loose morals (which is partly why the adults accepted the kids' story that mother was "sick") and no two of the children had the same father. "Dad" is a race-course spin named Charlie Hook who has given them nothing but his name. When he tells them that mother "was an ore—a bleeding tart," he blasphemes the religion of the Sacred Mother. He had to be destroyed.

The tale invites comparison with those classics of darkened childhood, Richard Hughes's *High Wind in Jamaica* and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. Novelist Gloga has named his adult villain Captain Hook, presumably after J. M. Barrie's piratical menace in *Peter Pan*. One does not have to believe in fairies, however, to give cold credence to the awful reality of Gloga's matrilineous, patricidal tribe of tots.

Deep Mist & Shallow Water

THE UNICORN (311 pp.)—Iris Murdoch—Viking (\$5).

In a gesture that seems both apologetic and pompous, Graham Greene has insisted that his light novels (those in which God does not have a speaking part) should be called "entertainments." The tag does not fit all light novels, because it carries the implication that the author can write much more deeply when he cares to. But it suits exactly the books of Iris Murdoch, a professional philosopher and former Oxford don, whose only equal as an entertainment writer is Greene himself.

Murdoch entertainments are usually very witty and more than a little strange. Enthusiasts cherish such oddities as the scene in which two characters try to make love in a recumbent church bell. Further, the entertainments are pleasantly foggy with the mists that rise off deep psychological and intellectual waters. The characters rarely do more than wobble their toes in these depths, but the feeling is conveyed that they are all excellent swimmers. In *The Unicorn*, her seventh novel, the author unwisely grows impatient with toe dipping. She pitches her characters into the murkiest of the soul's dark waters,



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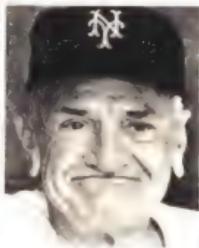
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1 A. L. Kirkpatrick of the Atlanta Quarterback Club responds to raconteur Joe Garagiola on the winter banquette circuit (SI, Jan. 14, '63)

2 A man who needs no introduction grimaces and bears it during poignant moment of New York Mets' opening season (SI, Aug. 13, '62)

3 Austrian Olympic prospect Gerhard Neunig embraces teammate Edith Zimmerman after her victory in slalom at Innsbruck (SI, Feb. 25, '63)



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and leaps in after them. But the water proves to be not deep but merely cloudy.

Author Murdoch sets her novel in the form of a parody of 19th century romanticism. The heroine, a schoolteacher named Marian, agrees to take a job as governess in a country house on a remote British seacoast. When she alights from the train, the locals stare at her strangely; no, there is no taxi or bus that runs to Gaze Castle.

But a car appears, and Marian is conveyed to a gloomy, candlelit stone pile inhabited by a coven of skulkers who might have been left over from an Orson Welles production of *Wuthering Heights*. There is the hulking, rock-silent retainer, Scottow, a homosexual. There is the mad hag, Violet Evercreep. And there is the young mistress of the manor, Hannah Crean-Smith. It develops that there are no children for Marian to oversee; she has been hired, rather slyly, to read *La Princesse de Clèves* to Hannah. And what



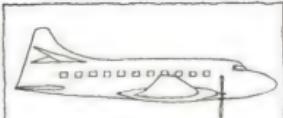
IRIS MURDOCH
Very little below the toe.

ALAN CLIFTON

is wrong with Hannah? She is a prisoner, that's what. Seven years ago, goaded by the infidelities of her brutish husband Peter, she had an affair with the son of a neighboring squire. Peter found out and went into a rage; husband and wife struggled on the edge of a cliff, and over went Peter.

Though cruelly maimed in mind and body, Peter survived and laid a curse upon Hannah before exiling himself to New York; she was never, from that moment, to leave Gaze Castle. The curse tethers Hannah on a chain of neurosis, and she accepts its terms. As her lover watches her from afar with binoculars, she mournfully prowls the grounds of Gaze. Every living soul at Gaze Castle wallows vicariously in her entrapped shame.

This daring parable of guilt builds up to a pitch that is frightfully psychological but not very convincing. At one especially tense point, a character notices "a roaring in his ears which could not be the sea." The reader may well reflect that indeed it is not the sea, but the prose.



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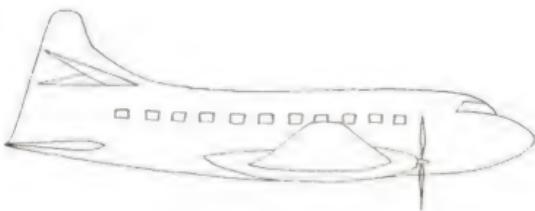
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TIME, MAY 10, 1963



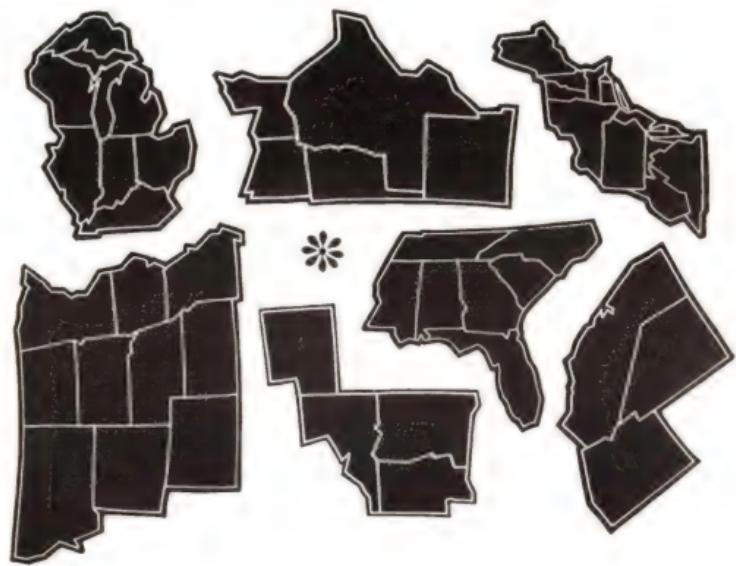
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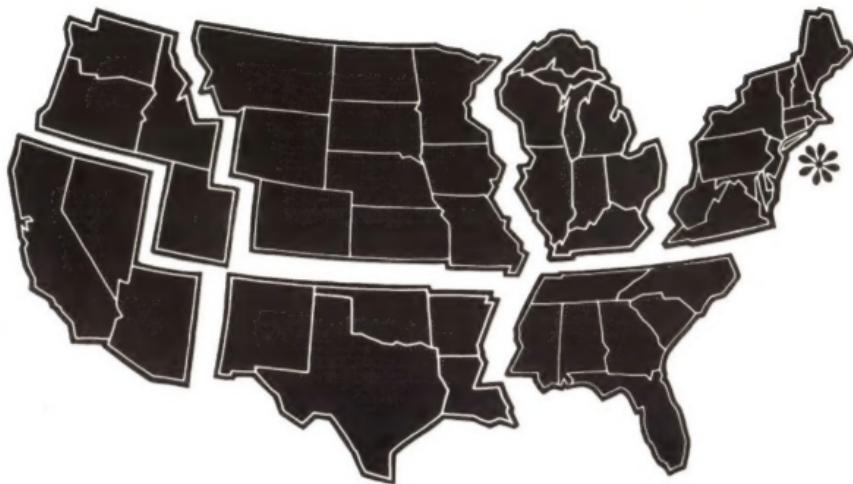
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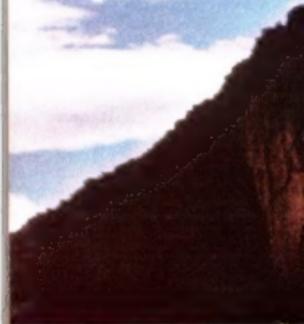
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Design Service—Three regional customer engineering departments with the latest in laboratory equipment assure you of the utmost quality control. A special department employs surface artists and structural display designers to solve your specific design problems. **Products**—All types of corrugated boxes and displays. **Sales Offices**—Twenty-three conveniently located sales offices. This is our Service-In-Depth. Contact the nearest Corrugated Container Division sales office or Continental Can Company, New York 17, N.Y.



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